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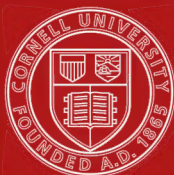
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Death-bed scenes :



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Mrs. PAMELIA CHASE, widow of the late Rev. Abner Chase, departed this life at the family residence, in Penn Yan, N. Y., June 11th, 1859.

Sister Chase, whose maiden name was Joslin, was born in Stephentown, Rensselaer Co., N. Y., June 5th, 1783. She was converted to God in Broadalbon, Montgomery Co. about the year 1804. Here she was also joined in holy matrimony to that man and minister of spotless character, saintly life and precious memory, Rev. Abner Chase. The soundness and vigor of her physical constitution—the genuineness of her conversion—the meekness of her spirit—the even tenor of her Christian life, all conspired to render her a worthy sharer in the toils, reverses, and triumphs of the Gospel ministry. Her most intimate friends, those who knew her best, placed a high estimate upon her Christian character—loved her society and rejoiced in the genial warmth, the sweet cheerfulness of her sincere and earnest piety. The words of King Lemuel, the Prophecy which his mother taught him, were realized in the character and illustrated by the life of our departed sister, in all her relations as wife, mother and friend.—One year ago last July she was prostrated by disease, which finally became seated on her lungs. She suffered long and intensely, but without the least murmur or complaint. In our frequent visits to her, we all ways found her resigned, cheerful, happy. When death came, her solid Christian character, her unwavering faith in the merits of Christ, her well grounded and glorious hope of eternal life, were more than a match for his terrors. There was a calm joy, a settled peace, a “victory that overcometh” in her death, which concentrated and intensified the significance of her boy-life in that inspired declaration, “For me to live is Christ, and to die is gain.” The Church below has lost in the death of our sister Chase, a worthy, devoted member. Her children, (six of whom survive her,) mourn the loss of an affectionate and truly Christian mother, but she has gained an honorable release from the perils and sufferings of this life, and awaits an abundant entrance into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ.

Penn Yan, Sept. 12, 1859.

J.

DEATH-BED SCENES.

DEATH-BED SCENES;

OR,

DYING WITH AND WITHOUT RELIGION:

DESIGNED TO ILLUSTRATE

THE TRUTH AND POWER OF CHRISTIANITY.

EDITED BY

Davis W. Clark, D. D.

New-York:

PUBLISHED BY LANE & SCOTT,

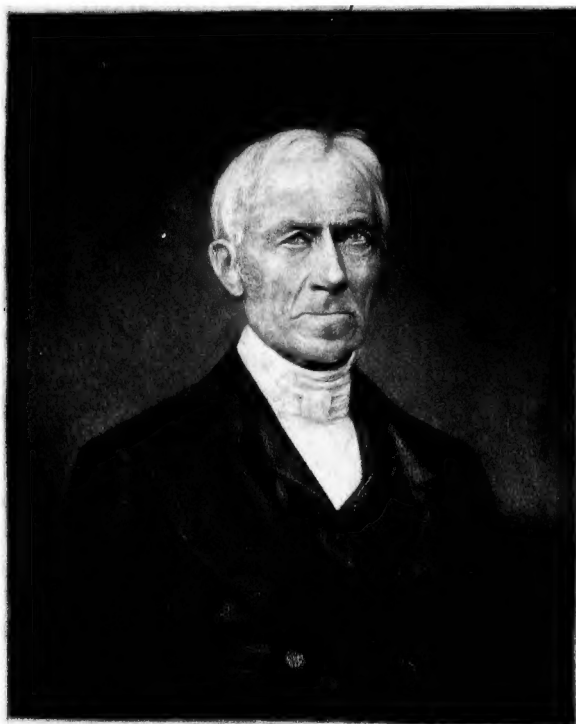
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JOSEPH LONGKING, PRINTER.

1851.

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P R E F A C E .

THIS volume owes its origin to a season of calamity. While the cholera was raging in the city of New-York during the summer of 1849, the author was called to witness a great variety of "death-bed scenes." At the same time his own health was too much shaken to admit of any severe literary pursuit. Under those circumstances, the work was suggested to his mind as one likely to subserve a useful purpose; and during that season most of the material for the work was collected and arranged. Since then, it has occupied the hours of respite from more imperious duties, in revision and preparation for the press. In now presenting it to the public, the author would express the hope that it may promote the great interests of true religion.

The selection of examples has been made with great care, from a wide range, so far as age, place, avocation, condition, character, and opinions are concerned. It has been the aim of the author to give a condensed view of the character and life of each individual, as preparatory to the delineation of the closing scene. Everything extraneous has been carefully excluded. The subjects naturally range themselves into two classes; and to correspond with this, the work has been divided into two

parts, one picture exhibiting the close of a life of righteousness, the other of a life of sin. Part first—THE DYING CHRISTIAN—comprises six sections under the following heads:—*Christian Martyrs—Christian Ministers—Christian Men—Christian Women—Christian Children and Youth—Dying Regrets of Worldly-minded Professors*. Part second—DYING WITHOUT RELIGION—comprises five sections, as follows:—*The Dying Sinner—The Dying Backslider—The Dying Persecutor—The Dying Infidel—Insensibility in the Hour of Death*. Under each of these heads the most striking and instructive examples that have occurred are presented; the whole forming the most complete array of facts ever embodied in any one work, on a subject of universal and most weighty concern.

D. W. CLARK.

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y.,
Sept. 1, 1851.

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INTRODUCTION.

FROM the earliest ages the dying expressions of men have excited peculiar attention, and been preserved with peculiar care. Even the sacred Scriptures give their sanction to that feeling which would hallow the last words of the departed. How emphatic the record of the dying expressions of Abraham, Jacob, and Joseph; of David, Elijah, and Elisha; of Simeon, Stephen, and Paul; and, above all, the dying expressions of our Lord himself! From whatever cause this desire to receive and to treasure up these dying expressions may arise, whether from the promptings of natural sympathy, from a simple desire to know their state of mind at the last moment, or from a presentiment that the dying receive a clearer revelation of truth and a supernatural insight into the future, it is scarcely necessary for us to inquire. Certain it is, that the patriarchs at that season were gifted with the divine power of prophecy, and foretold the destinies of their posterity. It seems, indeed, to have been a sentiment prevalent from the earliest antiquity, that the nearer men approach to their dissolution, the more spiritual do they become, and the greater insight do they have into the future. Thus the dying Socrates is represented as saying, that he is desirous of prophesying to the Athenians what should afterwards happen; "For," says he, "I am now arrived at that state in which men prophesy most, viz., when they are about to die." Xenophon, the Grecian historian, also represents

Cyrus as declaring, when at the point of death, "That the soul of man at that moment appears most divine, and then also foresees something of future events." Diodorus declares this to have been the opinion of the wise men of his, and of preceding ages. He also says, that "Pythagoras, the Samian, and others of the ancient naturalists, have demonstrated that the souls of men are immortal, and, in consequence of this opinion, that they also foreknow future events, at the time they are making their separation in death." Shakspeare, in the language he ascribes to the dying Percy, gives utterance to the same sentiment:—

"O, I could prophesy,
But that the earthy and cold hand of death
Lies heavy on my tongue."

Schiller, a little before his death, with a reviving look, said, "Many things are becoming to me plainer and clearer."

The idea that departing spirits, and especially the spirits of good men, receive supernatural manifestations, must often occur to those who are called to witness dying scenes, and who are accustomed to meditate thoughtfully upon them. Nor does any high improbability attach itself to this idea. The dying linger for a moment upon the confines of both worlds; and why may they not, when just leaving the one, catch some glimpses of the other?

"Leaving the old, both worlds at once they view
Who stand upon the threshold of the new."

In death the natural and the supernatural meet. The two worlds here bound upon each other. The saints of God are divinely prepared for their exit. Heaven was opened to the vision of the dying Stephen. Angels gathered around the dying Lazarus. It was divinely revealed to Peter, that he was shortly to put off the mortal tabernacle; and to Paul, that he was shortly to

be offered up, and that the time of his departure was at hand. And is there not a large class of facts—some of which are recorded in this volume—which have a most obvious connexion with this general thought, and a most distinct and impressive bearing upon the relation that exists between the present and the eternal world and the revelations that may be made to the soul while in its transition state? Said a dying Sunday-school scholar from my flock, while in the very article of death, but with perceptive and reasoning powers still unimpaired, “The angels have come.” The pious Blumhardt exclaimed, “Light breaks in! Hallelujah!” and expired. Dr. McLain said, “I can now contemplate clearly the grand scene to which I am going.” Sargent, the biographer of Martin, with his countenance kindled into a holy fervour, and his eye beaming with unearthly lustre, fixed his gaze as upon a definite object, and exclaimed, “That bright light!” and when asked what light, answered, “The light of the Sun of righteousness.” The Lady Elizabeth Hastings, a little before she expired, cried out, with a beaming countenance and enraptured voice, “Lord, what is it that I see?” and Olympia Morata, an exile for her faith, as she sank in death, exclaimed, “I distinctly behold a place filled with ineffable light!” Dr. Bateman, a distinguished physician and philosopher, died exclaiming, “What glory! the angels are waiting for me!” In the midst of delirium, Bishop Wilson was transported with the vision of angels. Not unfrequently the mind is filled with the most striking conceptions of the presence of departed friends. A most affecting instance of such “spiritual recognitions” is given in the subsequent pages of this volume. Most touching is the story of Carnaval, who was long known as a lunatic wandering about the streets of Paris. His reason had been unsettled by the early death of the object of his tender and most devoted affection. He could

never be made to comprehend that she was dead; but spent his life in the vain search for the lost object of his love. In most affecting terms he would mourn her absence, and chide her long delay. Thus life wore away; and when its ebbing tide was almost exhausted, starting as from a long and unbroken reverie, the countenance of the dying man was overspread with sudden joy, and stretching forth his arms, as if he would clasp some object before him, he uttered the name of his long-lost love, and exclaiming, "Ah, there thou art at last!" expired. The aged Hannah More, in her dying agony, stretching out her arms as though she would grasp some object, uttered the name of a much-loved deceased sister, cried "Joy!" and then sank down into the arms of death.

We are far, however, from thinking, with the poet philosopher, Young, that

"Men may live fools, but fools they cannot die."

For instances are not wanting which afford striking illustrations of Pope's "ruling passion strong in death." Thus the dying warrior, when life and animation are almost extinct, may exclaim, "One charge more, my braves," and then sink in the conflict with his last foe. The cold speculatist, whose very heart has become seared and frozen by the ungenial abstractions that have puzzled and bewildered the intellect, dying, may still be absorbed in the thought, "I am now going to satisfy my curiosity on the principle of things, on space, on infinity, on being, on nothing." The drunkard, brought by dissipation to life's last hour, may resolve with his latest breath to "curse God and die drunk." The miser—who can better describe his "ruling passion" than Pope, himself?

" 'I give and I devise,' old Enclio said,
And sigh'd, 'my lands and tenements to Ned.'

‘Your money, sir?’ ‘My money, sir, what, all?
 Why, if I must,’ then wept, ‘I give to Paul.’
 ‘The manor, sir?’ ‘The manor! hold!’ he cried,
 ‘Not that—I cannot part with that!’—and died.”

The “ruling passion strong in death” is drawn in another picture, equally true and graphic, by the same master hand:—

“‘Odious! in woollen! ’twould a saint provoke!’
 Were the last words that poor Narcipsa spoke.
 ‘No! let a charming chintz and brussels lace
 Wrap my cold limbs, and shade my lifeless face.
 One need not, sure, be frightful, though one’s dead;
 And, Betty, give my cheek a little red.’”

The poor, frivolous, sceptical Rabelais, on his death-bed, said, “I am going to try the great *Perhaps!*” Anne Boleyn, the mistress of Henry VIII., vain of her finely-turned and beautiful neck, just before her execution said to the lieutenant of the Tower, “I hear that the executioner is very good, and I have a little neck;” at the same time clasping it with her hands and laughing. Sir Thomas More, equally vain of his beard, when he had laid his head upon the block, and the executioner was about to aim the blow of death, said to him, “Stay, friend, till I put aside my beard, for that never committed treason.” Fabre d’Eglantine, when preparing for the guillotine, only regretted that he was compelled to leave unpublished a comedy which he had written, and which he apprehended Vananes would publish as his own. Talma, the French tragedian, during his dying moments, continually called on the name of Voltaire, as if he knew no other divinity. It is certainly possible, then, to hug one’s delusion even in a dying hour—to die “as dieth the fool.” Nor, on the other hand, can we fully receive—though the exceptions are still more unfrequent—that expression of Augustine—*“Non potest male mori, qui bene vixerit”*—No man

can die ill who has lived well. For we believe it possible, from some idiosyncrasy of the individual, some peculiarity of temperament, some peculiar effect of the physical malady, or even from some morbid state of the moral and religious feelings, for one who has lived well to die gloomy and wretched. The poet Cowper, though once possessed of the consolations of religion, afterwards became subject to despondency, which at length deepened into despair. He believed himself forsaken of God and destined to eternal ruin. This lamentable state of mind cast a gloomy shade over his later years, and it was hardly lifted up even at the closing scene of his life. When a friend sought to encourage him with the prospect of a speedy release from suffering, and of an entrance upon the glorified state, he besought him to desist; and the night of death as it was gathering around him seemed only to deepen the darkness of that delusion that had embittered his life. Yet no one could doubt the genuineness of his piety, or the security of his future state.

These statements are not made to lessen in the mind the importance of the spiritual phenomena exhibited while in the dying state; but to guard against undue and improper reliance upon them, and to prepare the way for an inquiry into their true value. But to pass from these facts to the general conclusion, that the dying scene is unaffected by the moral and religious character, the past history, or the future prospects of the individual, would be unwarranted either by reason or facts. We might say that the state of the mind in the hour of death is not an infallible test of truth; and even that it is not an infallible test of the religious state of the individual. The Hindoo widow will sit down with tranquil composure upon the funeral pyre; and the Indian savage, while the fire of his enemies is kindling and burning around him, will hurl a frenzied exulting triumph in their teeth. But these were instances of minds acted upon by some

mighty impulse—a height of enthusiasm or an excitement of passion, that for the moment held in check every other instinct or impulse. A sublime exhibition of this was given in the Girondists who went forth to execution chanting their national hymn, and as one after another continued to fall under the blade of death, the others continued their song till the last victim was heard alone. Seneca truthfully said, that “Not only the brave and wretched, but even the fastidious can wish to die.” And Lord Bacon, also, said, “Revenge triumphs over death; love slights it; honour aspires to it; grief flies to it; fear preoccupates it.” But widely different are all these from the scenes of triumph exhibited by the Christian in the hour of death; or, on the other hand, from those scenes of despair and woe exhibited by the dying sinner, from whose eye no rank delusion or frenzied enthusiasm has shut out the light of God’s truth, and the appalling retributions of the future state.

The Holy Scriptures do unquestionably make an emphatic distinction between the death of the righteous and that of the wicked; and human experience is found in strict accordance with divine revelation. “The sting of death is sin; but thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ.” Of the righteous it is said, “he hath hope in his death,” and that his end is “peace;” but of the wicked, that he “is driven away in his wickedness.” The righteous is represented as “in a strait betwixt two, having a desire to depart and to be with Christ;” while again it is said that “when the wicked man dieth, his expectations shall perish.” The dying saint is heard to exclaim, “We are confident, I say, and willing rather to be absent from the body and to be present with the Lord;”—“Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me;”—“My flesh and my heart faileth, but

God is the strength of my heart, and my portion forever :” but of the wicked it is said, “Terrors take hold on him as waters, a tempest stealeth him away,” and “he would fain flee out of God’s hand.” With these facts of revelation before us, who can doubt but that there is a moral and religious significance in the phenomena of life’s closing scene! It is here, in the light of revealed truth, that we learn why the righteous, “with heaven full in view,” can meet death with the song of triumph—

“The festal morn, my God, is come,
That calls me to thy hallow’d home.”

While, on the other hand, the mental agonies of the wicked, stung with remorse, wrought up to desperation by “a fearful looking-for of judgment,” conscience-smitten and dismayed,

“Tell what lesson may be read
Beside a sinner’s dying bed.”

These death-bed scenes constitute a part of “the portable evidence of Christianity.” It is the concentrated light of earthly experience reflected from the future back upon the disc of time. It is at this moment that the dying sinner seems to anticipate the horrors of the damned—the dying saint to receive a foretaste of the felicities of the redeemed.

Part First.

THE DYING CHRISTIAN.

THE DYING CHRISTIAN.

SECTION I.

The Christian Martyrs.

PATRIOTS have toil'd, and in their country's cause
Bled nobly; and their deeds, as they deserve,
Receive proud recompense. We give in charge
Their names to the sweet lyre; the' historic muse,
Proud of the treasure, marches with it down
To latest time; and sculpture, in her turn,
Gives bond in stone and ever-during brass
To guard them, and to immortalize her trust
But fairer wreaths are due, though never paid,
To those, who, posted at the shrine of Truth,
Have fallen in her defence. * * * * *
* * * * * Their blood is shed
In confirmation of the noblest claim—
Our claim to feed upon immortal truth,
To walk with God, to be divinely free,
To soar and to anticipate the skies!
Yet few remember them. They lived unknown,
Till persecution dragg'd them into fame,
And chased them up to heaven. Their ashes flew
—No marble tells us whither. With their names
No bard embalms and sanctifies his song!
And history, so warm on meaner themes,
Is cold on this. She execrates indeed
The tyranny that doom'd them to the fire,
But gives the glorious sufferers little praise.—COWPER.

THE history of Christian martyrdom at once illustrates the depth of man's depravity, and the richness and power of Divine grace. The first three centuries of the Christian era was an age illustrious for the persecutions suffered by Christians, no less than for the signal triumphs of Christianity. In the ten persecutions that mark that age, the millions that suffered for the cause of Christ will never be numbered on earth. The variety and cruelty of their torments almost tran-

scend the power of belief. Robanus thus enumerates the modes of torture they suffered: "Some were slain with the sword; some burnt with fire; some scourged with whips; some stabbed with forks of iron; some fastened to the cross or gibbet; some drowned in the sea; some had their skins plucked off; some their tongues cut off; some stoned to death; some killed with cold; some starved with hunger; some their hands cut off, or otherwise dismembered, have been so left naked to the open shame of the world." The very refinement of cruelty seemed to have been attained under Nero. He had some sewed up in the skins of wild beasts, and then worried by dogs till they expired. He had others dressed in garments made stiff with wax, fastened them to axle-trees in his gardens, and then set them on fire. In the persecution under Domitian, rack-ing, searing, broiling, burning, scourging, and worrying, were resorted to. Some were torn piecemeal with red-hot pincers, and others thrown upon the horns of wild bulls. In other persecutions, many were obliged to walk, with their already wounded feet, naked, upon thorns, nails, and sharp shells. Others were scourged till their sinews and veins lay bare, and after suffering the most excruciating tortures, they were destroyed by the most terrible deaths. But Saint Augustine says of all these martyrs, that diverse and terrible as were their deaths, their constancy and firmness were one. These were they who "had trial of cruel mockings, and scourgings, yea, moreover, of bonds and imprisonments; they were stoned, they were sawn asunder, were tempted, were slain with the sword; they wandered about in sheepskins and goat-skins, being destitute, afflicted, tormented; they wandered in deserts, and in mountains, and in dens and caves of the earth." By these sufferings did they "declare plainly, that they sought a country"—a city that hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God.

In all these persecutions, they realized the fulfilment of the words of their Lord, "Ye shall be hated of all men for my name's sake." But in the severest and most fearful conflict, the consolations of the Gospel sustained them; and the crown of glory now constitutes their eternal and abundant reward.

The martyrs are an innumerable host. In almost every land has their blood been shed; and in almost every clime have the slaughtered followers of our Lord borne witness to the truth, that religion is better than life. On earth, the Church will hold them in everlasting remembrance; in heaven, their souls yet cry from beneath the altar, "How long, O Lord, holy and true, dost thou not judge and avenge our blood on them that dwell on the earth!"

1. OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST.

THE first martyr to Christianity was Christ himself. After closing his public ministry in Jerusalem, he celebrated the Passover with his disciples, and instituted that sacred rite which was to be observed by his followers as a perpetual memorial of himself. Conscious that his end was drawing nigh, he predicted the events that were to happen to him, and continued till a late hour to instruct and console his disciples—holding up before them his own love for them as an example of the affection that should ever unite their hearts together. The affecting and impressive scene was closed by a fervent and solemn prayer to the Father, in behalf of his followers in the world. This being concluded, the whole company, with the exception of Judas, who had already gone away to betray his Master, went forth to the Mount of Olives. Then exclaimed he to his disciples, "All ye shall be offended because of me this night; for it is

written, I will smite the shepherd and the sheep of the flock shall be scattered abroad." Though they all protested that though they should die with him, yet would they not deny him; yet he, knowing the weakness of human courage, said to the boldest and most confident of them, "Verily I say unto thee, that this night, before the cock crow, thou shalt deny me thrice."

They then entered into Gethsemane, a garden beyond the brook Kidron, where he had often resorted with his disciples. Having entered the garden, he said to the disciples, "Sit here while I go and pray yonder." Then taking with him Peter, and James, and John, he said, "My soul is exceedingly sorrowful, even unto death; tarry ye here and watch with me. And he went a little farther, and fell on his face and prayed, saying, "O my Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me; nevertheless, not as I will, but as thou wilt." Returning to the disciples, he found them asleep, and said to Peter, "Simon, sleepest thou? Couldst not thou watch with me one hour?" Again he went away and prayed in the same language. On returning, he found them again asleep, for their eyes were heavy; and they were perplexed what to answer him. And the third time he went away and prayed, saying, "O my Father, if this cup may not pass away from me, except I drink it, thy will be done." "And there appeared an angel unto him from heaven, strengthening him. And being in an agony, he prayed more earnestly; and his sweat was, as it were, great drops of blood falling down to the ground." Rising from prayer, he returned a third time to his disciples and found them again asleep. Then said he to them, "Behold the hour is at hand, and the Son of man is betrayed into the hands of sinners; he is at hand that doth betray me."

And while he was yet speaking, Judas, having received a band of men and officers from the chief priests and

Pharisees, approached, with lanterns and weapons. The salutation of Judas was to be the sign to the multitude whom they should arrest. Then, coming immediately to Christ, he exclaimed, "Hail, Master; and kissed him." But Jesus, beholding the perfidious traitor, exclaimed, "Judas, betrayest thou the Son of man with a kiss?" Then said he also to the captains of the band, "Be ye come out as against a thief, with swords and staves? When I was daily with you in the temple, ye stretched forth no hands against me; but this is your hour, and the power of darkness." After this he submitted himself to them, and the officers took him and bound him. Then the disciples forsook him and fled. Jesus is led to the palace of the high priest, where were assembled the chief priests, the elders, and the council. There they sought false witnesses against him without success, till the high priest adjured him by the living God to tell whether he were "the Christ, the Son of God." Then Jesus replied, "Thou hast said;" and immediately the high priest adjudged him guilty of blasphemy, and the whole multitude declared him worthy of death. Then they spit in his face and buffeted him; they blindfolded his eyes, and smote him with the palms of their hands, and called upon him to prophesy who it was that smote him.

As soon as it was morning, the whole multitude carried away Jesus to the hall of justice, and delivered him to Pontius Pilate, the governor. Then the chief priests accused him of many things, but he made no reply, inso-much that Pilate was greatly astonished. Learning, however, that he was of Herod's jurisdiction, he sent him to Herod who was then at Jerusalem. While in the presence of Herod, though vehemently accused, he maintained the same silence that he had observed before Pilate. Then Herod and his men of war set him at naught, and mocked him, and arrayed him in a gorge-

ous robe, and sent him back to Pilate. But Pilate, when he had called the accusers of Christ together, and rehearsed their accusations against him, said to them, "I, having examined him before you, have found no fault in this man touching those things whereof ye accuse him. No, nor yet Herod—for I sent you to him; and lo, nothing worthy of death has been done by him; I will therefore chastise him and release him." But the assembled Jews, instigated by the priests and elders, all cried out, "Away with this man!" And as Pilate spoke again unto them, and said, "I find in him no fault at all," the whole multitude cried out, "Crucify him, crucify him!" Pilate the third time remonstrated with the people, and inquired, "Why, what evil hath he done? I have found no cause of death in him." But the people were only the more vehement that he should be crucified. Then Pilate took water and washed his hands before the multitude, saying, "I am innocent of the blood of this just person; see ye to it." Blinded and infuriated, the multitude cried out, "His blood be on us, and on our children." Then sentence of death was pronounced upon Christ, and he was delivered over to be crucified.

The grand and awful tragedy was now rapidly drawing to its consummation. Jesus was led into the common hall, and the whole band of soldiers was gathered around him. And they stript him of his clothes, and put on him a scarlet robe. They also platted a crown of thorns, and put it upon his head, and a reed in his right hand. Then they bowed the knee before him, and cried, "Hail, King of the Jews!" They also spit upon him, and took the reed and smote him on the head. After they had thus derided and mocked him, they took off the robe, put on his own raiment, and led him forth to crucify him. And there followed a great company of people, and of women, who bewailed and lamented him. But Jesus, turning to them, said, "Daughters of Jerusalem,

weep not for me, but weep for yourselves and for your children. If they do these things in the green tree, what shall be done in the dry?" Two malefactors were also led forth to be crucified with him. And, bearing his cross, Jesus went forth to a place called Calvary. On arriving at the place of execution, they offered him vinegar mingled with gall to drink, but he refused it. Then they crucified him between the two thieves; and the Scripture, which says, "He was numbered with transgressors," was thus fulfilled. The four soldiers that crucified him parted his garments among them, and cast lots for his coat which was without seam. Over the cross was placed, by Pilate, the inscription—JESUS OF NAZARETH, KING OF THE JEWS. The people stood aghast at the spectacle! But the rulers derided him, crying aloud, Thou that destroyest the temple and re-buildest it in three days, save thyself. If thou art the Son of God, as thou hast pretended, come down from the cross and save thyself. The soldiers also mocked him, and in his thirst offered him vinegar to drink. Then said Jesus, "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do." From twelve o'clock till three in the afternoon, a supernatural darkness overspread the land. At this moment Jesus cried out, with a loud voice, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" Some of those who heard his cry, said, He calleth for Elias; and others said, Let us see whether Elias will come to save him. And one of them, filling a sponge with vinegar, put it on a reed and gave it to him to drink. Then, when Jesus had received the vinegar, he said, "It is finished; Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit." He then bowed his head and gave up the ghost. Thus closed a scene of indignity and torture, of mental and bodily suffering protracted through eighteen hours; and to which, when we consider who it is that suffers and dies, the earth furnishes no parallel.

The omens of that solemn moment were grand and awful. The veil of the temple was rent asunder from top to bottom, the earth was shaken by an earthquake, the rocks were rent, the graves were opened, and the bodies of many holy persons arose and appeared to many in the city. No wonder that the centurion, and those with him who were guarding Jesus, were led to exclaim, "Truly this was the Son of God;" and that the people who had witnessed the awful spectacle returned to Jerusalem smiting upon their breasts in anguish.

Such was the tragic end of our Lord. No wonder that infidelity itself has been forced to the confession that the "life and death of Jesus Christ were those of a God."*

* The following encomium upon our holy religion and its Divine Founder, was given by Rousseau, one of the most profligate and hardened infidels of the French school:—"I will confess to you, that the majesty of the Scriptures strikes me with admiration, as the purity of the Gospel has its influence on my heart. Peruse the works of our philosophers with all their pomp of diction; how mean, how contemptible are they, compared with the Scripture! Is it possible, that a book, at once so simple and sublime, should be merely the work of man? Is it possible, that the sacred personage, whose history it contains, should be himself a mere man? Do we find that he assumed the tone of an enthusiast or ambitious sectary? What sweetness, what purity in his manner! What an affecting gracefulness in his delivery! What sublimity in his maxims! What profound wisdom in his discourses! What presence of mind, what subtlety, what truth in his replies! How great the command over his passions! Where is the man, where the philosopher, who could so live, and so die, without weakness, and without ostentation! When Plato described his imaginary good man, loaded with all the shame of guilt, yet meriting the highest rewards of virtue, he describes exactly the character of Jesus Christ; the resemblance is so striking, that all the Fathers perceived it.

"What prepossession, what blindness must it be, to compare the son of Sophroniscus to the son of Mary! What an infinite disproportion there is between them! Socrates, dying without pain

2. ST. STEPHEN.

Soon after the special outpouring of the Holy Spirit on the day of Pentecost, the disciples had become so multiplied, that the Apostles became burdened with the care of the needy among them. To aid them St. Stephen, and six others, "men of honest report, full of the Holy Ghost and wisdom," were set apart as deacons, and appointed over that work. St. Stephen was an able and

or ignominy, easily supported his character to the last; and if his death, however easy, had not crowned his life, it might have been doubted whether Socrates, with all his wisdom, was anything more than a vain Sophist. He invented, it is said, the theory of morals. Others, however, had before put them in practice; he had only to say therefore what they had done, and to reduce their examples to precepts. Aristides had been just, before Socrates defined justice; Leonidas had given up his life for his country, before Socrates declared patriotism to be a duty; the Spartans were a sober people, before Socrates recommended sobriety; before he had even defined virtue, Greece abounded in virtuous men. But where could Jesus learn, among his competitors, that pure and sublime morality, of which he only hath given us both precept and example? The greatest wisdom was made known among the most bigoted fanaticism, and the simplicity of the most heroic virtues did honour to the vilest people upon earth. The death of Socrates, peaceably philosophizing with his friend, appears the most agreeable that could be wished for; that of Jesus, expiring in the midst of agonizing pains, abused, insulted, and accused by a whole nation, is the most horrible that could be feared. Socrates, in receiving the cup of poison, blest indeed the weeping executioner who administered it; but Jesus, in the midst of excruciating tortures, prayed for his merciless tormentors. Yes: if the life and death of Socrates were those of a sage, the life and death of Jesus are those of a God. Shall we suppose the evangelic history a mere fiction? Indeed, my friend, it bears not the marks of fiction; on the contrary, the history of Socrates, which nobody presumes to doubt, is not so well attested as that of Jesus Christ. Such a supposition, in fact, only shifts the difficulty without obviating it; it is more inconceivable

successful preacher ; and being full of faith and power, he did great wonders and miracles among the people. The principal persons of the different synagogues entered into repeated altercations with him ; but they found themselves unable to resist the force of his arguments, or the wisdom and power with which he spake. This so exasperated them, that they bribed false witnesses to accuse him of speaking blasphemous words against God, and against Moses. On these charges, he was arrested and carried before the Council. Here he had everything to fear from the furious rage of the people and the blind prejudice and enmity of his judges ; but his confidence did not forsake him, nor was his tranquillity disturbed. Conscious innocence, firm faith in his Redeemer, and the confident expectation of immortal bliss, sustained him in this trying hour. A Divine splendour overspread his very countenance ; so that the whole council were attracted with steadfast gaze to him, and they beheld "his face as it had been the face of an angel."

When permitted to speak for himself, he made a most noble defence. He ran through a detail of the Divine dispensations to the patriarchs and their posterity, till he came down to the days of Solomon. Then, perceiving the impatience of the men who had already determined upon his destruction, and that they were about to interrupt him, he suddenly changes his discourse, and addresses his audience in the language of accusation and reproach. "Ye stiff-necked and uncircumcised in heart and ears, ye do always resist the Holy Ghost ; as your

that a number of persons should agree to write such a history, than that one only should furnish the subject of it. The Jewish authors were incapable of the diction, and strangers to the morality, contained in the Gospel, the marks of whose truth are so striking and inimitable, that the inventor would be a more astonishing character than the hero."

fathers did, so do ye. Which of the prophets have not your fathers persecuted? And they have slain them which showed before of the coming of the Just One, of whom ye have now been the betrayers and murderers. Who have received the law by the agency of angels, and have not kept it." Such was the strain of sublime invective with which the man of God charged home their sins upon the infuriated multitude. Their rage now knew no bounds. They literally "gnashed upon him with their teeth." That was a critical, an awful moment. An ordinary man, unsustained by religious faith, would have had recourse to tears and supplications that the hearts of his persecutors might be melted and they induced to spare; or, pale with fear, stupified with horror, he would in the very sullenness of despair yield to his fate. Not so with the suffering saint. Calmly he lifts his eyes above the scene around him, high up to the place of his help. Just then a vision of heaven was opened to his view; and he said, "Behold, I see the heavens opened, and the Son of man standing on the right hand of God."

The multitude could bear no more. "They cried out with a loud voice," that they might drown the voice of the blasphemer; they "stopped their ears," lest they should hear more of his words. Disregarding all the decencies of a court of justice, and all the integrity of judicial proceedings, they rushed upon him with one accord, thrust him out of the city, and stoned him. The few moments of life that remained to Stephen were spent in commending his soul to God, and in the utterance of that ever-memorable prayer for his murderers: "Lord, lay not this sin to their charge." As the last syllable of that prayer fell from his tongue, the mortal blow was inflicted by his murderers, and the martyr "fell asleep." Noble, illustrious servant of God! Martyred hero of the cross! Nobly didst thou illustrate the power and

excellence of the Gospel of Christ! Glorious was thine example, set before the martyrs of every succeeding age!*

3. IGNATIUS.

DURING the third primitive persecution, Ignatius, the celebrated bishop of Antioch, suffered martyrdom. He received the Gospel from St. John, the Evangelist; was deeply imbued with his spirit; and, in spite of all dangers and persecutions, continued, with untiring zeal, to preach Christ. In a letter to Polycarp, he describes some of his adventures, his sufferings, and his purposes. "From Syria, even till I came to Rome, had I to battle with beasts, as well by sea as land, both day and night, being bound in the midst of ten cruel libards, (i. e., soldiers,) who, the more benefits they had received at my hands, became so much the worse unto me. But now, being well acquainted with their injuries, I am taught every day more and more. And would to God I were once come to the beasts that are prepared for me; which also I wish, with gaping mouths, were ready to come upon me. Now begin I to be a scholar; I esteem no visible things, nor yet invisible things, so that I may obtain Christ Jesus. Let the fire, the gallows, the devouring of wild beasts, the breaking of bones, the pulling asunder of my members, the bruising or pressing of my whole body, and the torments of the devil or hell itself come upon me, so that I may win Christ!"

Nor was this an empty boast. When brought before the emperor, he boldly vindicated the faith of Christ. For this he was cast into prison, and there tormented in

* The death of Stephen was succeeded by a persecution at Jerusalem, in which Nicanor, another deacon, and over two thousand other Christians, suffered martyrdom, and multitudes were obliged to flee abroad, and seek refuge in other countries.

a manner shocking to humanity. After being dreadfully scourged, he was compelled to hold fire in his hands, and at the same time papers dipped in oil were applied to his sides and set on fire. His flesh was then torn with red-hot pincers; and at last he was delivered over to the wild beasts, and by them torn in pieces. Through all this torture the venerable bishop passed with the utmost self-possession and constancy of faith; and thus attained the martyr's crown.

4. SYMPHORSA AND HER SONS.

THIS lady and her seven sons had become Christians. Having been commanded by the emperor to sacrifice to the heathen gods, they promptly and unanimously refused to comply with the impious mandate. The emperor, in a rage, threatened their destruction; but this not shaking their constancy, he immediately put his threat into execution. The mother was taken to the temple of Hercules, where she was first fearfully scourged, and afterwards hung up for some time by the hair of her head. After the savage monsters had thus glutted their vengeance upon her, a large stone was fastened to her neck, and she was thrown into the river.

The sons were fastened to seven posts, and being drawn up by pulleys, their limbs were dislocated. But these tortures, and even the indignities and cruelties practised upon their mother, had no power to affect their resolution. Their tortures were at length terminated. The eldest was stabbed in the throat, the second in the breast, the third in the heart, the fourth in the navel, the fifth in the back, the sixth in the side, and the seventh was sawn asunder. Thus was the whole family exterminated by the most cruel and relentless persecution.*

* About this time (the beginning of the second century,) not less than ten thousand Christians suffered martyrdom in Rome.

5. POLYCARP.

POLYCARP was the hearer and pupil of John the Evangelist; and by him was constituted bishop of Smyrna. He was venerable for years, as well as for long and distinguished service in the cause of Christ, having been a follower of Christ for eighty-six years, and active in the ministry about seventy. During the fourth primitive persecution, this eminent servant of God was called to wear the crown of martyrdom. Germanicus, a young and true Christian, when delivered over to wild beasts on account of his faith, behaved with such astonishing courage, that several Pagans became converts to Christianity. This so enraged the persecutors that they began to cry out, "Destroy the wicked men; let Polycarpus be sought for." A great uproar and tumult then ensued. Polycarp, hearing that persons were after him to apprehend him, escaped; but he was discovered by a child. From this circumstance, and having dreamed that his bed had suddenly taken fire and was consumed in a moment, he concluded that it was God's will that he should suffer martyrdom. He therefore did not attempt to make a second escape when he had an opportunity of so doing. Those who arrested him were amazed at his serenity of countenance and gravity. After supplying food to the soldiers who had arrested him, he requested that he might have an hour for prayer; which being granted, he prayed with such fervency and power, that his guards began to repent that they had been instrumental in taking him.

When he was brought before the tribunal, the proconsul, struck with his great age and venerable appearance, besought him, saying, "Have pity on thine own great age; swear by the fortune of Cæsar; repent, ab-

jure the atheists,"—meaning Christians. Polycarp, casting his eyes solemnly over the multitude, waving his hand towards them, and looking up to heaven, said, "Take away *these* atheists,"—meaning the idolaters and persecutors around him. The pro-consul still continued to urge him: "Swear, and I will release thee; reproach Christ." The venerable bishop calmly replied: "Eighty and six years have I served him, and he hath never wronged me; and how can I blaspheme my God and King who hath saved me!" "But I have wild beasts," said the pro-consul, "and I will expose you to them unless you repent." "Call them," said the martyr. "I will tame your spirit by fire," said the Roman. "You threaten me," said Polycarp, "with the fire which burns only for a moment, but are yourself ignorant of the fire of eternal punishment, reserved for the ungodly." The pro-consul, finding it impossible to shake his steadfastness, adjudged him to the flames. But in their midst he sung praises to God, and exclaimed, "O Father of thy beloved and blessed Son, Jesus Christ! O God of all principalities and of all creation! I bless thee, that thou hast counted me worthy of this day and this hour, to receive my portion in the number of the martyrs—in the cup of Christ."

6. JUSTIN MARTYR.

THIS celebrated Christian philosopher and martyr suffered not long after Polycarp. He had been favoured with the best education the times could afford. He was a great lover of truth, and a universal scholar. He had investigated the different systems of philosophy then in vogue; and had also travelled into Egypt, where the polite tour for improvement was made in that age. He was especially conversant with the Platonic philosophy,

which he had embraced, and in which he took great delight. When about thirty years of age, he became a convert to Christianity, and soon after wrote an elegant epistle to the Gentiles, to convert them to the Christian faith. He likewise employed his talents to convince the Jews of the truth of the Christian doctrines. After travelling for some time, he at length fixed his residence in Rome. Here he addressed to the emperor Antonius, to the Senate and people, an apology in favour of the persecuted Christians. This apology, it is said, displays great learning and genius, and induced the emperor to publish an edict in favour of the Christians.

A short time after, he entered into a controversy with Crescens, a person of vicious life, but a celebrated cynic philosopher. His arguments only exasperated the philosopher, and he determined upon his destruction. An occasion to accomplish this was soon offered. Two Christians being put to death, Justin wrote a second apology, commenting upon the severities exercised towards them. His cynic antagonist seized upon the opportunity to prejudice the mind of the emperor against him. He was accordingly apprehended, and commanded to deny his faith and to sacrifice to the gods. This he firmly refused to do; and, after being scourged, he was finally beheaded, and thus suffered martyrdom for the truth.

7. EPIPODIUS AND ALEXANDER.

AMONG the martyrs of Lyons, in the year of our Lord 177, were Epipodius and Alexander, celebrated for their strong Christian affection for each other. When the persecution began first to rage at Lyons, they were in the prime of life, and to avoid its severities they thought proper to withdraw to a neighbouring village. Here they were for some time concealed by a Christian

widow. But their malicious persecutors sought after them with indefatigable industry, and pursued them to their place of concealment, whence they were committed to prison without examination. At the expiration of three days, when brought before the governor, they were examined in the presence of a crowd of heathen: here they boldly confessed Christ, upon which the enraged governor exclaimed, "What signifies all the former persecutions, if some yet remain who dare to acknowledge Christ."

"They were then separated, that they should not console with each other, and he began to tamper with Epipodius, the youngest of the two. He pretended to pity his condition, and entreated him not to ruin himself by obstinacy. 'Our deities,' continued he, 'are worshipped by the greater part of the universe, and their rulers; we adore them with feasting and mirth, while you adore a crucified man; we, to honour them, launch into pleasures—you, by your faith, are debarred from all that indulges the senses. Our religion enjoins feasting, yours fasting; ours the joys of licentious blandishment, yours the barren virtue of chastity. Can you expect protection from one who could not secure himself from the persecution of a contemptible people? Then quit a profession of such austerity, and enjoy those gratifications which the world affords, and which your youthful years demand.' Epipodius, in reply, contemning his compassion: 'Your pretended tenderness,' said he, 'is actual cruelty; and the agreeable life you describe, is replete with everlasting death. Christ suffered for us, that our pleasure should be immortal, and hath prepared for his followers an eternity of bliss. The frame of man being composed of two parts, body and soul, the first, as mean and perishable, should be rendered subservient to the latter. Your idolatrous feasts may gratify the mortal, but they injure the immortal part: that cannot,

therefore, be enjoying life which destroys the most valuable moiety of frame.

“‘Your pleasures lead to eternal death, and our pains to eternal happiness.’

“For this rational speech, Epipodius was severely beaten and then put to the rack, upon which being stretched, his flesh was torn with iron hooks. Having borne his torments with incredible patience and fortitude, he was taken from the rack and beheaded. Alexander, his companion, was brought before the judges two days after his execution; and on his absolute refusal to renounce Christianity, he was placed on the rack and beaten by three executioners, who relieved each other alternately. He bore his sufferings with as much fortitude as his friend had done, and at length was crucified.”

8. VIVIA PERPETUA.

MR. MILMAN says, that “of all the histories of martyrdom, none is so unexaggerated in its tone and language—so entirely unencumbered with miracle; none abounds in such exquisite touches of nature, or, on the whole, from its minuteness and circumstantiality, breathes such an air of truth and reality, as that of Perpetua and Felicitas,” who suffered martyrdom at Carthage, about the year of our Lord 202.

Vivia Perpetua was a woman of good family, liberal education, about twenty-two years of age, honourably married, and her first-born child still an infant at the breast. When her father, who alone of all the family continued a heathen, heard that his daughter was informed against, he sought, by every art of persuasion, and even resorted to compulsion, to induce her to surrender her faith. Soon after, she was thrown into prison. Here the darkness of the prison, the dreadful heat occa-

sioned by the crowd of the prisoners, and the rude insults of the soldiers, greatly terrified her. She was also wrung with solicitude about her infant. Through the kindness of those who had charge of her she was permitted to inhale the fresh air, and to nurse her infant for several hours each day. She addressed a letter of consolation and encouragement to her mother, and commended her infant child to the care of her brother. Upon her examination, her faith and constancy were subjected to a most fearful trial. After her fellow-prisoners had all confessed that they were Christians, and before Perpetua had opportunity to do it in the customary form, her father appeared before her with her infant in his arms. He drew her down the step, and besought her, for his sake, for the sake of her mother, for the sake of her helpless offspring, and for the sake of the whole family, to abjure Christ. Hilarianus, the procurator, moved by the deeply affecting scene, joined in the entreaties of the father. "Spare," said he, "spare the gray hairs of your parent; spare your infant; offer sacrifice for the welfare of the emperor." Great was the struggle in her breast; but grace triumphed over nature, and she said, "I am not in my own power, but in that of God." Then said the procurator, "Art thou a Christian?" Calmly and distinctly she answered, "I am a Christian." She was then condemned to be given up to the wild beasts. But she returned to her prison filled with joy. Her child was now taken entirely away from her, but she bore the privation with uncommon fortitude. In her confinement, she was filled with unspeakable comfort, and her soul often ravished with visions of coming glory.

As the day of execution drew near, her father again visited her. He was haggard with affliction, he plucked out his beard, fell before her with his face in the dust, and with the most pathetic and heart-rending exclama-

tions, besought her to save her life by renouncing Christ. But her determination was unalterably fixed. She had counted the cost, and she could say, "None of these things move me." When the day of execution arrived, the prisoners, consisting of Perpetua and Felicitas, and three men who had been condemned, walked forth with erect and cheerful countenances. On reaching the gate of the amphitheatre, the officers, according to custom, began to clothe the men in the dresses of the priests of Saturn, and the women in those of the priestesses of Ceres. But when they remonstrated against the injustice of being compelled by force to do that, for refusing which they were willing to lay down their lives, the tribune granted them the privilege of dying in their own habits.

They then entered the amphitheatre; when Perpetua advanced singing hymns, and her three male companions solemnly exhorting the people as they went along. Coming in view of the pro-prætor, they said, "You judge us, but God will judge you." This so enraged the populace, that, at their request, all the three were scourged; but in this they rejoiced, as having the honour to share in one part of the sufferings of their Saviour.

When the wild beasts were let loose upon the three men, the first was instantly killed by several rushing upon him at once; the second was killed by a leopard and a bear. The third was first dragged about by a wild bull, then delivered over to a leopard; and when a stream of blood gushed out at one of his bites, the multitude ridiculed him, and cried out, that he was *baptized with blood*! Not being quite killed he was taken away and was next day beheaded, continuing steadfast to the end.

The two females were stripped naked and enclosed in nets to be gored by a wild cow. But even the excited

populace shrank with horror at the spectacle of two young and delicate women in that state. They were recalled by acclamation, and brought forward again in loose robes. Perpetua was first tossed in the air by the beast; but her injuries were not mortal, and she soon arose, adjusted her dress, and then raised up her fainting and mortally wounded companion. She seemed now to be in an ecstasy of soul, and inquired how long before the scene would close. Her last words were tenderly addressed to her brother, exhorting him to be steadfast in the faith. She and her companion then gave to each other the kiss of charity, and resignedly submitted themselves to the stroke of the executioner.

Who can behold young and delicate women passing unmoved through such a scene as this without being filled with wonder and astonishment? What courage of the hero upon the battle-field can compare with this? Moral heroism is always sublime, but this is the most sublime form of its manifestation. How inestimable and glorious the riches of that grace that can effect such signal triumphs!

9. BLANDINA.

THE following account of the martyrdom of Blandina of Vienne, about the close of the second century, is taken mainly from Lardner's translation of the history of the sufferings of the martyrs of that time. "When her friends and fellow-pilgrims in the kingdom and patience of Christ were all in pain for her, lest, upon account of the infirmity of her body, she should not be able to make an open confession, she was furnished with such strength, that they, who by turns tortured her all manner of ways from morning to evening, became feeble and faint, and acknowledged themselves overcome, there

being nothing more that they could do to her. And they wondered that she had any breath left, her whole body having been torn and mangled; declaring that any one kind of torture, used by them, was sufficient to deprive her of life, much more so many and so great. But she seemed to renew her strength; and it was a refreshment and an abatement of the torments inflicted upon her to say, 'I am a Christian: nor is there any wickedness practised among us.'

"Afterwards she was brought into the amphitheatre; and having been hung upon a stake, was left for a prey to wild beasts, which were let out upon her. Here she seemed like one hanging upon the cross, and earnestly prayed unto God. None of the wild beasts touching her at that time, she was taken down from the stake, and sent again to prison, being reserved for another combat; that, having overcome in many encounters, she might be an encouragement to the brethren, when she, who was of little account, infirm, and despicable, being clothed with the great and invincible champion, having often overcome the enemy, obtained an incorruptible crown of glory.

"After all these, on the last day of the shows, Blandina was again brought in, with a young man named Ponticus, about fifteen years of age; who had also been every day successively brought in to see the sufferings of the others. They now were required to swear by their idols; but, as they remained firm, and set their gods at naught, the multitude was greatly incensed against them, so that they had no compassion on the age of the young man, nor any respect for the sex of the other, but exposed them to all manner of sufferings, and made them go through the whole circle of tortures, at times calling out to them to swear, without being able to effect it. For Ponticus, animated and established by his sister, as the Gentiles also perceived, after having

courageously endured every kind of torment, expired. But the blessed Blandina, the last of all, having, like a good mother, encouraged her children, and sent them before her, victors to the King; after having again measured over the same course of combats that her sons had passed through, hastened to them, rejoicing and exulting at her departure, as if she had been invited to a wedding-supper, and not cast to wild beasts. After she had been scourged, after she had been exposed to wild beasts, and after the iron chair, she was enclosed in a net, and thrown to a bull: having been often tossed by the beast, she was at length run through with a sword.

10. LAURENTIUS.

LAURENTIUS, generally called St. Laurence, the principal of the deacons, who taught and preached under Sextus, followed him to the place of execution,* when Sextus predicted that he should meet him in heaven three days after. Laurentius considering this as a certain indication of his own approaching martyrdom, at his return collected all the Christian poor, and distributed among them all the treasures of the Church, which had been committed to his care, thinking the money could not be better disposed of, or less liable to fall into the hands of the heathen. His conduct alarmed the persecutors, who seized on him, and commanded him to give an immediate account to the emperor of the Church treasures.

Laurentius promised to satisfy them, but begged a short respite to put things in proper order; when three days being granted him he was suffered to depart; whereupon, with great diligence, he collected together a great number of aged, helpless, and impotent poor, and

* Sextus, bishop of Rome, suffered martyrdom, A. D. 258.

repaired to the magistrate, presenting them to him, saying, "These are the true treasures of the Church."

Provoked at the disappointment, the governor ordered him to be immediately scourged. He was then beaten with iron rods, set upon a wooden horse, and had his limbs dislocated. He endured these tortures with such fortitude and perseverance, that he was ordered to be fastened to a large gridiron, with a slow fire under it, that his death might be the more tedious. But his astonishing constancy during these trials, and his serenity of countenance while under such excruciating torments, gave the spectators so exalted an idea of the dignity and truth of the Christian religion, that many immediately became converts.

Having endured this torture for a long time, and having been turned once upon the gridiron, he at length cheerfully lifted his eyes to heaven and calmly yielded his spirit to the Almighty.

11. JULIAN OF CILICIA.

JULIAN, according to St. Chrysostom, having been apprehended for being a Christian, and frequently tortured, remained inflexible in his determination to die rather than renounce Christ. He was frequently brought from prison, but as often remanded to suffer still greater cruelties. He was at length obliged to travel for twelve months together, from town to town, to be exposed to the insults of the populace. When all these efforts to make him recant his religion had failed, and he seemed as fixed as ever in his faith, he was brought before the judge, stripped naked, and scourged in a most terrible manner. But all without effect: nor did he shrink even when he was thrust into a leather bag, together with a number of scorpions, serpents, and other venomous rep-

tiles. In this, the most shocking of all conditions, he was thrown into the sea. In the midst of all, and to the very last, his constancy was unshaken.

12. CYPRIAN OF CARTHAGE.

THE martyrdom of Cyprian conferred a melancholy celebrity on the persecution of Valerian. He was, at that time, the most distinguished prelate of Western Christendom. He was supposed to be of honourable birth; but his learning and talents had raised him to eminence and wealth. He was already advanced in life when he embraced Christianity. He entered upon his new career with the mature reason of age, and with the ardour and freshness of youth. His wealth was devoted to pious and charitable purposes; his style of delivery was warm and impassioned, while his rhetorical studies gave order and clearness to his language.

When the bishopric of Carthage became vacant, his reluctant diffidence was overpowered by the acclamations of the whole city, who environed his house and almost compelled him to assume the functions of the distinguished office. The fearful times which arose during his episcopate tried most thoroughly, but did not shake the firmness of his faith. The first rumour of persecution designated the bishop of Carthage for its victim; and the first cry of the pagans was, "Cyprian to the lions—Cyprian to the beasts!" When he received a summons to appear before the pro-consul, he would not listen to the earnest solicitations of his friends, who entreated him again* to consult his safety by withdrawing

* During the persecution of Decius, Cyprian had retired from the city and spent some years in a retreat, from which he addressed encouraging and consolatory letters to the Church; and where also he wrote an affecting account of the persecutions suf-

to some place of concealment. His trial was postponed for a day; and he was treated, while in custody, with respect and even delicacy. But the intelligence of the apprehension of Cyprian drew together the whole city—the heathen to behold the spectacle of his martyrdom; the Christians to watch in their affectionate zeal at the doors of his prison. In the morning he had to walk some distance, and was violently heated by the exertion. A Christian soldier offered to procure for him some dry linen, apparently from mere courtesy, but in reality to obtain some precious relics, steeped in the “bloody sweat” of the martyr. Cyprian intimated that it was useless to seek remedy for inconveniences which perhaps would that day pass away forever.

When the pro-consul appeared, he inquired, “Art thou Thasicus Cyprian, the bishop of so many impious men? The most sacred emperor commands thee to sacrifice.” Cyprian calmly replied, “I will not sacrifice.” The pro-consul then besought him to consider, whether he had not better cast a grain of incense into the fire, in honour of idols, than to die so degraded a death. His noble reply was, “Execute your orders; the case admits of no consideration.” Galerius then consulted with his council, and finding all their efforts vain to induce the bishop to recant, reluctantly delivered his sentence in the following terms:—

“Thascius Cyprian, thou hast lived long in thy impiety, and assembled around thee many men involved in the same wicked conspiracy. Thou hast shown thyself an enemy alike to the gods and the laws of the empire; the pious and sacred emperors have in vain endeavoured to recall thee to the worship of thy ancestors. Since, then, thou hast been the chief author and leader of these

ferred by it. A second time he was banished from the city instead of being executed.

most guilty practices, thou shalt be an example to those whom thou hast deluded to thy unlawful assemblies. Thou must expiate thy crime with thy blood."

On hearing his sentence, Cyprian said, "God be thanked!" He was soon after carried into a neighbouring field and beheaded: his serene composure was maintained to the last.

13. JOHN HUSS.

JOHN HUSS was born at Hussenitz, in Bohemia, in the year 1380; and early in life gave evidence of uncommon endowments. He became bachelor of divinity in 1398, and was soon after chosen pastor of the church of Bethlehem, in Prague, and dean and rector of the university. He enjoyed here the highest reputation—as well for the sanctity of his life and the purity of his doctrines, as for his sound acquirements in knowledge. The light of reformation which Wiclif had kindled in England, had shone into Bohemia; and great numbers of the people received the doctrines he taught with joy and gladness. In the breast of Huss they found a ready and earnest response; and in 1407, he began openly to preach them to his flock. The archbishop of Prague, finding the reformists daily increasing, issued a decree for the suppression of Wiclif's writings; but this only stimulated the friends of reform to still greater activity. Huss, in particular, opposed the decree of the archbishop, and with some other members of the university appealed from his decision.

The affair being made known to the pope, he granted a commission to Cardinal Colonna, to cite John Huss to appear personally at the court of Rome, to answer the accusations laid against him—of preaching both errors and heresies. Huss desired to be excused from a per-

sonal appearance, and was so greatly favoured in Bohemia, that king Winceslaus, the queen, the nobility, and the university, desired the pope to dispense with such an appearance.

Three proctors appeared for Huss before cardinal Colonna. They endeavoured to excuse his absence, and said, they were ready to answer in his behalf. But the cardinal declared Huss contumacious, and excommunicated him accordingly. From this unjust sentence, Huss appealed to a future council, but without success; and, notwithstanding so severe a decree, and an expulsion in consequence from his church in Prague, he retired to Hussenitz, his native place, where he continued to promulgate his new doctrine, both from the pulpit and with the pen.

In the month of November, 1414, a general council was assembled at Constance, in Germany, in order, as was pretended, for the sole purpose of determining a dispute then pending between three persons who contended for the papacy; but the real motive was, to crush the progress of the reformation.

John Huss was summoned to appear at this council; and, to encourage him, the emperor sent him a safe-conduct: the civilities, and even reverence, which Huss met with on his journey, were beyond imagination. The streets, and sometimes the very roads, were lined with people, whom respect, rather than curiosity, had brought together. He was ushered into the town with great acclamations; and it may be said, that he passed through Germany in a kind of triumph. He could not help expressing his surprise at the treatment he received: "I thought," said he, "I had been an outcast. I now see my worst friends are in Bohemia."

As soon as Huss arrived at Constance, he immediately took lodgings in a remote part of the city. When it was known that he was in the city, he was immedi-

ately arrested, and committed prisoner to a chamber in the palace. This violation of common law and justice was particularly noticed by one of Huss's friends, who urged the imperial safe-conduct; but the pope replied, he never granted any safe-conduct, nor was he bound by that of the emperor.

While Huss was in confinement, the council acted the part of inquisitors. They condemned the doctrines of Wiclif, and even ordered his remains to be dug up, and burnt to ashes; which orders were strictly complied with. In the mean time, the nobility of Bohemia and Poland strongly interceded for Huss; and so far prevailed as to prevent his being condemned unheard, which had been resolved on by the commissioners appointed to try him.

When he was brought before the council, the articles exhibited against him were read: they were upwards of forty in number, and chiefly extracted from his writings.

After his examination, he was taken from the court, and a resolution was formed by the council to burn him as a heretic if he would not retract. He was then committed to a filthy prison, where, in the daytime, he was so laden with fetters on his legs, that he could hardly move; and every night he was fastened by his hand to a ring against the walls of the prison.

After continuing some days in this situation, many noblemen of Bohemia interceded in his behalf. They drew up a petition for his release, which was presented to the council by several of the most distinguished nobles of Bohemia; a few days after the petition was presented, four bishops and two lords were sent by the emperor to the prison, in order to prevail on Huss to make a recantation. But he called God to witness, with tears in his eyes, that he was not conscious of having preached, or written, against the truth of God, or the faith of his orthodox Church.

On the fourth of July, Huss was brought, for the last time, before the council. After a long examination he was desired to abjure, which he refused without the least hesitation. The bishop of Lodi then preached a sanguinary sermon, concerning the destruction of heretics,—the prologue to his intended punishment. After the close of the sermon, his fate was determined, his vindication disregarded, and judgment was pronounced. Huss heard this sentence without the least emotion. At the close of it he knelt down, with his eyes lifted towards heaven, and, with all the magnanimity of a primitive martyr, thus exclaimed: “May thy infinite mercy, O my God, pardon this injustice of mine enemies! Thou knowest the injustice of my accusations—how deformed with crimes I have been represented; how I have been oppressed with worthless witnesses, and a false condemnation; yet, O my God, let that mercy of thine, which no tongue can express, prevail with thee not to avenge my wrongs!”

These excellent sentences were esteemed as so many expressions of treason, and tended to inflame his adversaries. Accordingly, the bishops appointed by the council stripped him of his priestly garments, degraded him, and put a paper mitre on his head, on which was painted devils, with this inscription, “A ringleader of heretics.” Our heroic martyr received this mock mitre with an air of unconcern, which seemed to give him dignity rather than disgrace. A serenity, nay, even a joy, appeared in his looks, which indicated that his soul had cut off many stages of a tedious journey in her way to the realms of everlasting peace.

After the ceremony of degradation was over, the bishops delivered Huss to the emperor, who put him into the hands of the duke of Bavaria. His books were burnt at the gates of the church; and on the sixth of July he was led to the suburbs of Constance, to be burnt

alive. On his arrival at the place of execution, he fell on his knees, sung several portions of the Psalms, looked steadfastly towards heaven, and repeated these words : " Into thy hands, O Lord, do I commit my spirit : thou hast redeemed me, O most good and faithful God. Lord Jesus Christ, assist and help me, that, with a firm and present mind, by thy most powerful grace, I may undergo this most cruel and ignominious death, to which I am condemned for preaching the truth of thy most holy Gospel."

When the chain was put about him at the stake, he said, with a smiling countenance, " My Lord Jesus Christ was bound with a harder chain than this for my sake, and why then should I be ashamed of this rusty one ?"

When the fagots were piled up to his very neck, the duke of Bavaria was so officious as to desire him to abjure. " No," said Huss, " I never preached any doctrine of an evil tendency ; and what I taught with my lips I now seal with my blood." He then said to the executioner, " You are now going to burn a goose, (Huss signifying goose in the Bohemian language,) but in a century you will have a swan, whom you can neither roast nor boil." If this were prophetic, he must have meant Martin Luther, who shone about a hundred years after, and who had a swan for his arms.

The flames were now applied to the fagots, when our martyr sung a hymn, with so loud and cheerful a voice, that he was heard through all the cracklings of the combustibles, and the noise of the multitude. At length his voice was interrupted by the severity of the flames, which soon closed his existence.

14. JEROME OF PRAGUE.

JEROME was the intimate friend and companion of Huss, and suffered martyrdom about one year later. He was educated at the university of Prague, had travelled abroad, visiting most of the countries and universities of Europe, and was distinguished for his virtues, no less than for his uncommon learning and eloquence. On his return from his travels he openly professed the doctrines of Wiclif, and became an assistant to Huss in the great work of reformation.

On the fourth of April, 1415, Jerome arrived at Constance, about three months before the death of Huss. He entered the town privately, and consulting with some of the leaders of his party, whom he found there, was easily convinced he could not be of any service to his friend.

Finding that his arrival at Constance was publicly known, and that the council intended to seize him, he thought it most prudent to retire. Accordingly, the next day he went to Iberling, an imperial town, about a mile from Constance. From this place he wrote to the emperor, and proposed his readiness to appear before the council, if he would give him a safe-conduct; but this was refused. He then applied to the council, but met with an answer no less unfavourable than that from the emperor.

After this he set out on his return to Bohemia. He had the precaution to take with him a certificate, signed by several of the Bohemian nobility, then at Constance, testifying that he had used all prudent means in his power to procure a hearing.

Jerome, however, did not thus escape. He was seized at Hirsaw, by an officer belonging to the duke of Sults-

bach, who, though unauthorized so to act, made little doubt of obtaining thanks from the council for so acceptable a service.

The duke of Sultsbach, having Jerome now in his power, wrote to the council for directions how to proceed. The council, after expressing their obligations to the duke, desired him to send the prisoner immediately to Constance. The elector palatine met him on the way, and conducted him into the city, himself riding on horseback, with a numerous retinue, who led Jerome in fetters by a long chain; and immediately on his arrival he was committed to a loathsome dungeon.

Jerome was treated nearly in the same manner as Huss had been, only that he was much longer confined, and shifted from one prison to another. At length, being brought before the council, he desired that he might plead his own cause, and exculpate himself; which being refused him, he broke out into the following elegant exclamation:—

“What barbarity is this! For three hundred and forty days have I been confined in a variety of prisons. There is not a misery, there is not a want, that I have not experienced. To my enemies you have allowed the fullest scope of accusation—to me you deny the least opportunity of defence. Not an hour will you now indulge me in preparing for my trial. You have swallowed the blackest calumnies against me. You have represented me as a heretic, without knowing my doctrine; as an enemy to the faith, before you knew what faith I professed; as a persecutor of priests, before you could have an opportunity of understanding my sentiments on that head. You are a general council: in you centre all this world can communicate of gravity, wisdom, and sanctity: but still you are men, and men are seducible by appearances. The higher your character is for wisdom, the greater ought your

care to be not to deviate into folly. The cause I now plead is not my own cause: it is the cause of men; it is the cause of Christians; it is a cause which is to affect the rights of posterity, however the experiment is to be made in my person."

This speech had not the least effect; he was obliged to hear the charge read, which was reduced under the following heads: 1. That he was a derider of the papal dignity; 2. An opposer of the pope; 3. An enemy to the cardinals; 4. A persecutor of the prelates; 5. A hater of the Christian religion.

The trial of Jerome was brought on the third day after his accusation, and witnesses were examined in support of the charge. The prisoner was prepared for his defence, which appears almost incredible, when we consider he had been three hundred and forty days shut up in loathsome prisons, deprived of daylight, and almost starved for want of common necessities. But his spirit soared above these disadvantages, under which a man less animated would have sunk; nor was he more at a loss for quotations from the fathers and ancient authors, than if he had been furnished with the finest library.

The most bigoted of the assembly were unwilling he should be heard, knowing what effect eloquence is apt to have on the minds of the most prejudiced. At length, however, it was carried by the majority, that he should have liberty to proceed in his defence, which he began in such an exalted strain of moving elocution, that the heart of obdurate zeal was seen to melt, and the mind of superstition seemed to admit a ray of conviction. He made an admirable distinction between evidence as resting upon facts, and as supported by malice and calumny. He laid before the assembly the whole tenor of his life and conduct. He observed that the greatest and most holy men had been known to differ in points of speculation, with a view to distinguish truth, not to keep it con-

cealed. He expressed a noble contempt of all his enemies, who would have induced him to retract the cause of virtue and truth. He entered upon a high encomium of Huss; and declared he was ready to follow him in the glorious track of martyrdom. He then touched upon the most defensible doctrines of Wiclif; and concluded with observing that it was far from his intention to advance anything against the state of the Church of God—that it was only against the abuse of the clergy he complained, and that he could not help saying, it was certainly impious that the patrimony of the Church, which was originally intended for the purpose of charity and universal benevolence, should be prostituted to the pride of the eye, in feasts, foppish vestments, and other reproaches to the name and profession of Christianity.

The trial being over, Jerome received the same sentence that had been passed upon his martyred countryman. In consequence of this, he was, in the usual style of popish affectation, delivered over to the civil power: but as he was a layman, he had not to undergo the ceremony of degradation. They had prepared a cap of paper painted with red devils, which being put upon his head, he said, “Our Lord Jesus Christ, when he suffered death for me, a most miserable sinner, did wear a crown of thorns upon his head, and for his sake will I wear this cap.”

Two days were allowed him in hopes that he would recant; in which time the cardinal of Florence used his utmost endeavours to bring him over. But they all proved ineffectual. Jerome was resolved to seal the doctrine with his blood; and he suffered death with the most distinguished magnanimity.

In going to the place of execution he sung several hymns, and when he came to the spot, which was the same where Huss had been burnt, he knelt down, and prayed fervently. He embraced the stake with great

cheerfulness, and when they went behind him to set fire to the fagots, he said, "Come here, and kindle it before my eyes; for if I had been afraid of it, I had not come to this place." The fire being kindled, he sung a hymn, but was soon interrupted by the flames; and the last words he was heard to say were these: "This soul in flames I offer, Christ, to thee."

15. ESCH AND VOES.

THE convent of the Augustines at Antwerp contained within it many monks, who hailed with joy the truths of the Gospel as taught by Luther. Several of them had passed some time in Wittemberg; and subsequently to 1519, the doctrine of salvation by grace alone had been preached in their churches with unusual power. Toward the close of the year 1521, the prior and one of the most distinguished of the monks were arrested. The prior recanted, while the other found means to appease his judges, and escaped condemnation. These proceedings no way overawed the monks; but they continued to preach the Gospel with earnestness. The people crowded to their church in such numbers that it was unable to contain them.

In October, 1522, the storm of persecution burst forth upon them—the convent was closed; the monks imprisoned, and sentenced to die. The sacred vessels were publicly sold, the entrance to the church barricaded, and the holy sacrament carried forth as if from a place of pollution. An order was given that not one stone should be left upon another of that heretical monastery. "The cause," said Luther, when he heard of these things, "is no longer a mere trial of strength; it demands the sacrifice of our lives, and must be cemented by our blood." Esch and Voes, two of the

younger monks, evaded for a time the search of the inquisitors ; but were at length discovered, put in chains, and conducted to Brussels. When summoned into the presence of the inquisitors, it was demanded, "Do you retract your opinion that the priest has no power to forgive sins, but that that power belongs to God alone?" and then several other Gospel truths they were required to abjure, were enumerated.

They firmly replied, "No, we will retract nothing; we will not disown God's word; we will rather die for the faith."

"Confess that you have been deceived by Luther," said the inquisitor.

They replied, "As the apostles were deceived by Jesus Christ."

The inquisitors then said, "We declare you to be heretics, worthy of being burned alive; and we deliver you over to the secular arm."

The council having delivered them bound to the executioner, Hockstratin, and three other inquisitors, accompanied them to the place of execution. Arriving at the scaffold, the young martyrs contemplated it with calmness. Their constancy, their piety, and their youth, drew tears from the inquisitors themselves. When they were bound to the stake, the confessors drew near,—“Once more we ask you if you will receive the Christian faith?”

"We believe," said they, "in the Christian Church, but not in your Church."

Half an hour then elapsed. It was a pause of hesitation. A hope had been cherished that the near prospect of such a death would intimidate these youths. But alone tranquil of all the crowd that thronged the square, they began to sing psalms,—stopping once in a while to declare that they were resolved to die for the name of Jesus Christ.

"Be converted! be converted!" cried the inquisitors, "or you will die in the name of the devil."

"No," answered the martyrs; "we will die like Christians, and for the truth of the Gospel."

The pile was then lighted. While the flame slowly ascended, a heavenly peace dilated their hearts; and one of them could even say, "I seem to be on a bed of roses." The solemn hour was come; death was at hand. They cried with a loud voice, "O Lord Jesus, thou Son of David, have mercy on us!" and then began to recite their creed. At last the flames reached them; but the fire consumed the cords which fastened them to the stake before their breath was gone. One of them feeling his liberty, dropped upon his knees in the midst of the flames, and clasped his hands, exclaiming, "Lord Jesus, Son of David, have mercy on us!" When their bodies were wrapped in flame, they shouted aloud, "*Te Deum laudamus.*" Soon their voices were stifled,—and their ashes alone remained. The execution occurred on the 1st of July, 1523, and lasted four hours. These were the first martyrs of the Reformation.

All good men shuddered when they heard of these events. The future was big with fearful anticipations. "The executions have begun," said Erasmus. "At length," exclaimed Luther, "Christ is gathering some fruits of our preaching, and preparing new martyrs." A noble harvest, says the historian, sprung up from the blood of these martyrs. Brussels manifested a willingness to receive the Gospel. This occasioned Erasmus to remark, "Wherever Alexander lights a pile, there it seems as if he had sowed heretics."

16. HENRY ZUPHTEN.

WHEN the convent at Antwerp was broken up, Henry Zuphten was rescued by the courage of some women, from the hands of the executioners. Subsequently he was engaged in preaching the Gospel at Bremen.

Nicholas Boye, pastor at Mehldorf, in the country of the Dittmarches, and several devout persons of the neighbouring districts, having invited him to come over and declare Jesus Christ, he complied. Immediately, the prior of the Dominicans and the vicar of the official of Hamburg concerted measures. "If he is allowed to preach, and the people give ear," said they, "we are undone." The prior passed a disturbed night; and, rising early in the morning, repaired to the wild and barren heath on which the forty-eight regents of the country were accustomed to hold their meetings. "The monk from Bremen is come among us," said he, addressing them, "and will bring ruin on the Dittmarches." Those forty-eight simple-minded and unlearned men, deceived into the belief that they would earn imperishable renown by delivering the world from the heretical monk, decided on putting him to death without so much as giving him a hearing.

It was Saturday—and the prior was bent on preventing Henry's preaching on the following Sunday. In the middle of the night he knocked at the door of the pastor Boye, armed with the mandate of the forty-eight regents. "If it be the will of God that I should die among the Dittmarches," said Henry Zuphten, "heaven is as easily reached from thence as from anywhere else. I will preach."

He ascended the pulpit, and spoke with earnestness. His hearers, moved and roused by his Christian elo-

quence, had scarcely quitted the church, when the prior delivered to them the mandate of the forty-eight regents forbidding the monk to preach. They immediately sent a deputation to the heath, and the Dittmarches, after long discussion, agreed that, considering their total ignorance, further measures should be deferred till Easter. But the prior, irritated at this, approached certain of the regents, and stirred up their zeal afresh.

"We will write to him," said they.

"Have nothing to do with him," replied the prior; "if he begins to speak, we shall not be able to withstand him. We must seize him during the night, and burn him without giving him time to open his lips."

Everything was arranged accordingly. The day after Conception Day, at nightfall, *Ave Maria* was rung. At the signal, all the peasants of the adjacent villages assembled, to the number of five hundred, and their leaders having broached three butts of Hamburg beer, by this means stimulated their resolution. The hour of midnight struck as the party entered Mehldorf; the peasants were under arms; the monks carried torches; all went forward in disorder, exchanging shouts of fury. Arrived at the village, there was a deep silence lest Henry, receiving intimation of danger, should effect his escape.

Of a sudden the gates of the parsonage were burst open—the drunken peasantry rushed within, striking everything in their way—tossing pell-mell, dishes, kettles, cups, and articles of apparel. They seized any money that they could find, and then rushing on the poor pastor, they struck him down, shouting, "Kill him! kill him!" and then threw him into the mud. But Henry was their chief object in the attack. They pulled him out of bed, tied his hands behind him, and dragged him after them, naked as he was, in the piercing cold. "What are you come here for?" cried they; and

as Henry answered meekly, they exclaimed, "Down with him! down with him! if we listen to him we shall become heretics like himself." They had dragged him naked over ice and snow, his feet were bleeding profusely, and he begged to be set on horseback. "A fine thing, truly," said they, "for us to furnish horses for heretics. On, on!"—and they continued dragging him behind them till they arrived at the heath. A woman, who stood at the door of the house just as the servant of God was passing, burst into tears. "My good woman," said Henry, "weep not for me." The bailiff pronounced his sentence. Then one of his ferocious escort, with a sword, smote the preacher of Jesus Christ on the head. Another struck him with a club. A monk was ordered to approach and receive his confession.

"My brother," said Henry, "have I done *you* any wrong?"

"None," replied the monk.

"Then," returned Henry, "I have nothing to confess to you; and you have nothing to forgive."

The monk retired in confusion. Many attempts were made to set fire to the pile; but the wood would not catch. For two hours the martyr stood thus in presence of the infuriated peasantry—calm, and lifting his eyes to heaven. While they were binding him, that they might cast him into the flame, he began to confess his faith. "First burn," said a countryman, dealing him a blow with his fist on the mouth; "burn; and after that, speak." They threw him on the pile; but he rolled down on one side. John Holme, seizing a club, struck him upon the breast, and laid him dead upon the burning coals.

17. THE TWO WIRTHS.

STAMMHEIM was the residence of the deputy-bailiff Wirth, whose two eldest sons, John and Adrian, young priests, full of piety and courage, were zealously engaged in preaching the Gospel. Anna, the mother, had reared a numerous family in the fear of God, and was herself revered for her virtues the whole country round. The deputy-bailiff and his two sons had long been objects of special dislike on account of their faith. Upon some trifling pretext, a band of soldiers was sent from Zurich to arrest them. Rutiman, the bailiff of Nussbaum, shared their confinement. By the authority of Zurich they were surrendered to the Diet, and conveyed to Baden. This was in August, 1524.

On the evening, the prisoners arrived at Baden, where an immense crowd was awaiting to receive them. They were taken first to an inn, and afterwards to the jail. The people pressed so closely round to see them that they could scarcely move. The father, who walked first, turned round toward his sons, and meekly said,—“See, my dear children, we are like those of whom the apostle speaks—men appointed to death, a spectacle to the world, to angels, and to men.” (1 Cor. iv, 9.) Just then he chanced to observe among the crowd the bailiff Am-Berg, his mortal enemy, and the prime author of all his misfortunes. He went up to him, held out his hand, and, grasping Am-Berg’s,—though the bailiff would have turned away,—said, with much composure, “There is a God above us, and he knows all things.”

The examination began the next morning. Wirth, the father, was the first who was brought before the tribunal. Without the least consideration for his character or for his age, he was put to the torture; but he

persisted in declaring that he was innocent both of the pillage and the burning of Ittingen. A charge was then brought against him of having destroyed an image representing St. Anne. As to the other prisoners, nothing could be substantiated against them, except that Adrian Wirth was married, and that he was accustomed to preach after the manner of Zwingle and Luther; and that John Wirth had given the holy sacrament to a sick man without candle or bell."

But the more conclusively their innocence was established, the more furious became the excitement of their adversaries. From morning till noon of that day, the old man was made to endure all the severity of torture. His tears were of no avail to soften the hearts of his judges. John Wirth was still more cruelly tormented. "Tell us," said they, in the midst of his agonies, "from whom didst thou learn thy heretical creed? Was it Zwingle, or who else, that taught it thee?" And when he was heard to exclaim, "O merciful and everlasting God, grant me help and comfort!" "Aha!" said one of the deputies, "where is your *Christ* now?" When Adrian was brought forward, Sebastian von Stein, a deputy of Berne, addressed him thus:—"Young man, tell us the truth; for if you refuse to do so, I swear by my knighthood,—the knighthood I received on the very spot where God suffered martyrdom,—we will open all the veins in your body, one by one." The young man was then hoisted up by a cord; and while he was swinging in the air, "Young man," said Stein, with a fiendish smile, "this is our wedding-gift;" alluding to the marriage which the youthful ecclesiastic had recently contracted.

The examination being now concluded, the deputies returned to their several cantons to make their report, and did not assemble again until four weeks had expired. The bailiff's wife—the mother of the two young

priests—repaired to Baden, carrying a child in her arms, to appeal to the compassion of the judges. John Escher, of Zurich, accompanied her as her advocate. The latter recognised among the judges Jerome Stocker, the landamman of Zug, who had twice been bailiff of Frauenfeld.

“Landamman,” said he, accosting him, “you remember the bailiff Wirth; you know that he has always been an honest man.”

“It is most true, my good friend Escher,” replied Stocker; “he never did any one an injury: countrymen and strangers alike were sure to find a hearty welcome at his table; his house was a convent,—inn,—hospital, all in one. And knowing this, as I do, had he committed a robbery or a murder, I would have spared no effort to obtain his pardon; but since he has burned St. Anne, the grandmother of Christ, it is but right that he should die.”

“Then God take pity on us!” ejaculated Escher.

The gates were now shut, (this was on the 28th of September,) and the deputies of Berne, Lucerne, Uri, Schwitz, Underwald, Zug, Glaris, Friburg, and Soleure, having proceeded, agreeably to usage, to deliberate on their judgment with closed doors, sentence of death was passed upon the bailiff Wirth, his son John, who, of all the accused, was the firmest in his faith, and who appeared to have gained over the others, and the bailiff Rutiman. They spared the life of Adrian, the younger of Wirth’s sons, as a boon to his weeping mother.

The prisoners were now brought forth from the tower in which they had been confined.

“My son,” said the father to Adrian, “we die an undeserved death; but never do thou think of avenging it.”

Adrian wept bitterly.

"My brother," said John, "where Christ's word comes his *cross* must follow."

After the sentence had been read to them, the three Christian sufferers were led back to prison; John Wirth walking first, the two bailiffs next, and a vicar behind them. As they crossed the castle bridge, on which there was a chapel dedicated to St. Joseph, the vicar called out to the two old men,—“Fall on your knees, and invoke the saints.”

At these words, John Wirth, turning round, said, “Father, be firm. You know there is but one Mediator between God and man—Christ Jesus.”

“Assuredly, my son,” replied the old man; “and by the help of His grace I will continue faithful to him, even to the end.”

On this, they all three began to repeat the Lord's prayer, “Our Father who art in heaven.” . . . And so they crossed the bridge.

They were next conducted to the scaffold. John Wirth, whose heart was filled with the tenderest solicitude for his father, bade him a solemn farewell.

“My beloved father,” said he, “henceforth thou art my father no longer, and I am no longer thy son; but we are brothers still in Christ our Lord, for whose name's sake we are doomed to suffer death. So now, if such be God's will, my beloved brother, let us depart to be with him who is the father of us all. Fear nothing!”

“Amen!” answered the old man, “and may God Almighty bless thee, my beloved son, and brother in Christ.”

Thus, on the threshold of eternity, did father and son take their leave of each other, with joyful anticipations of that unseen state in which they should be united anew by imperishable ties. There were but few among the multitude around whose tears did not flow profusely.

The bailiff Rutiman prayed in silence. All three then knelt down "in Christ's name,"—and their heads were severed from their bodies.

18. JOHN LECLERC.

ON the 12th of April, 1523, an ordinance of the bishop deprived the evangelical ministers of Meaux of their licenses to preach, and compelled them to seek safety abroad. Those who had received the truth then sought to edify one another. Prominent among them for piety, intelligence, boldness, and zeal, was Leclerc, a poor wool-comber. He was one of those men whom the Spirit of God inspires with courage, and places foremost in the rank of a religious movement. He began to visit from house to house, strengthening and confirming the disciples in their faith. Having rashly posted a placard against antichrist at the door of the cathedral, the priests were excited to the highest degree of indignation. "What!" exclaimed they, "shall a base wool-comber be allowed to assail the pope?" The Franciscans were furious. They insisted that at least on this occasion a terrible example should be made. Leclerc was first thrown into prison, then condemned to be publicly whipped through the city three successive days, and on the third day to be branded on the forehead.

The mournful spectacle began. Leclerc was led through the streets, his hands bound, his back bare, and receiving from the executioners the blows he had drawn upon himself by his opposition to the bishop of Rome. A great crowd followed the martyr's progress, which was marked by his blood: some pursued the heretic with yells; others, by their silence, gave no doubtful signs of sympathy with him; and one woman

encouraged the martyr by her looks and words—she was his mother.

At length, on the third day, when the bloody procession was over, Leclerc was made to stop at the usual place of execution. The executioner prepared the fire, heated the iron which was to sear the flesh of the minister of the Gospel, and, approaching him, branded him as a heretic on his forehead. Just then a shriek was uttered—but it came not from the martyr. His mother, a witness of the dreadful sight, wrung with anguish, endured a violent struggle between the enthusiasm of faith and maternal feelings; but her faith overcame, and she exclaimed, in a voice that made the adversaries tremble, “Glory be to Jesus Christ and his witnesses.” Thus did this Frenchwoman of the sixteenth century have respect to that word of the Son of God, “Whosoever loveth his son more than me is not worthy of me.” So daring a courage at such a moment might have seemed to demand instant punishment; but that Christian mother had struck powerless the hearts of priests and soldiers. Their fury was restrained by a mightier arm than theirs. The crowd falling back and making way for her, allowed the mother to regain, with faltering step, her humble dwelling. Monks, and even the town-serjeants themselves, gazed on her without moving; “not one of her enemies,” says Theodore Beza, “dared put forth his hand against her.” After this punishment, Leclerc, being set at liberty, withdrew, first to Rosay en Bric, a town six leagues from Meaux, and subsequently to Metz, in Lorraine. “And there,” says Theodore Beza, “he acted on the example of St. Paul, who, while labouring at Corinth as a tent-maker, persuaded both the Jews and the Greeks.” Having his spirit stirred within him at the idolatry of the people, he broke down the images in one of their chapels, and scattered the fragments before the altar. This passage

had been impressed upon his mind as though uttered by the voice of God to him, "Thou shalt not bow down to their gods; but thou shalt utterly overthrow them, and quite break down their images." *Exod. xxiii, 24.* And he did not doubt but that he was moved by the special inspiration of the Spirit of God to perform this apparently rash act. The excitement was intense. "Death—death to the sacrilegious wretch," resounded on all sides. Leclerc was seized; but instead of attempting to defend himself, he exhorted the people to worship God alone. This appeal only inflamed the fury of the multitude to a still higher pitch, and they would willingly have dragged him to instant execution. When placed before his judges, nothing daunted, he courageously declared that Jesus Christ—God manifest in the flesh—ought to be the sole object of worship. He was sentenced to be burnt to death, and conducted to the place of execution.

Here an awful scene awaited him: his persecutors had been devising all that could render his sufferings more dreadful. At the scaffold, they were engaged heating pincers, as instruments of their cruelty. Leclerc heard with calm composure the savage yells of monks and people. They began by cutting off his right hand; then taking up the red-hot pincers, they tore away his nose; after this, with the same instrument, they lacerated his arms; and having thus mangled him in many places, they ended by applying the burnings to his breasts. All the while that the cruelty of his enemies was venting itself on his body, his soul was kept in perfect peace. He ejaculated solemnly,—
"Their idols are silver and gold, the work of men's hands. They have mouths, but they speak not; eyes have they, but they see not; they have ears, but they hear not; noses have they, but they smell not; they have hands, but they handle not; feet have they, but

they walk not; neither speak they through their throat. They that make them are like unto them; so is every one that trusteth in them. O Israel, trust thou in the Lord; he is their help and their shield." The enemies were awed by the sight of so much composure; believers were confirmed in their faith; and the people, whose indignation had vented itself in the first burst of anger, were astonished and affected. After undergoing these tortures, Leclerc was burned by a slow fire in conformity to the sentence. Such was the death of the first martyr of the Gospel in France.

19. SCHUCH.

TOWARDS the end of the year 1524, information was conveyed to "*Anthony the Good*" that a pastor, named Schuch, was preaching the evangelical doctrine in St. Hippolyte. "Let them return to their duty," was his stern reply, "or I will march against the town, and lay it waste with fire and sword." The faithful pastor resolved to sacrifice himself for his flock, and forthwith repaired to the city of Nancy, where the duke resided. Immediately on his arrival, he was lodged in a noisome prison, under the custody of brutal and cruel men. Bonaventure, the infamous confessor of the duke, now had the heretic in his power. He presided at the tribunal before which Schuch was examined. Addressing the prisoner, he cried out, "Heretic! Judas!! Devil!!!"

Schuch, preserving the utmost tranquillity and composure, made no reply to these insults; but holding in his hand a little Bible, all covered with notes which he had written in it, he meekly and earnestly confessed Jesus Christ and him crucified. On a sudden, he assumed a more animated mien,—stood up boldly, raised his voice as if moved by the Spirit from on high,—and,

looking his judges in the face, denounced against them the fearful judgments of God.

Brother Bonaventure and his companions, inwardly appalled, yet agitated with rage, rushed upon him at once with vehement cries, snatched away the Bible, from which he read those menacing words,—and “raging like so many mad dogs,” says the chronicler, “because they could not wreak their fury on the doctrine, carried the book to their convent, and burnt it there.”

The whole court of Lorraine resounded with the obstinacy and presumption of the minister of St. Hippolyte; and the prince, impelled by curiosity to hear the heretic, resolved to be present at his final examination, secretly, however, and concealed from the view of the spectators. But as the interrogatory was conducted in Latin, he could not understand it; only he was struck with the steadfast aspect of the minister, who seemed to be neither vanquished nor abashed. Indignant at this obstinacy, Anthony the Good started from his seat, and said, as he retired, “Why dispute any longer? He denies the sacrament of the mass; let them proceed to execution against him.” Schuch was immediately condemned to be burned alive. When the sentence was communicated to him, he lifted up his eyes to heaven, and mildly made answer, “I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord.”

On the 19th of August, 1525, the whole city of Nancy was in motion. The bells gave notice of the death of a heretic. The mournful procession set out. It must pass before the convent of the Cordeliers, and there the whole fraternity were gathered in joyful expectation before the door. As soon as Schuch made his appearance, Father Bonaventure, pointing to the carved images over the convent gateway, cried out, “Heretic, pay honour to God, his mother, and the saints.”

“O hypocrites!” replied Schuch, standing erect before those pieces of wood and stone, “God will destroy you, and bring your deceits to light.”

When the martyr reached the place of execution, his books were first burnt in his presence, and then he was called upon to recant: but he refused, saying, “Thou, God, hast called me, and thou wilt strengthen me to the end;” and immediately he began, with a loud voice, to repeat the fifty-first Psalm, “Have mercy upon me, O God, according to thy loving-kindness!” Having mounted the pile, he continued to recite the Psalm until the smoke and flames stifled his voice.

20. THE HERMIT OF LIVRY.

IN the forest of Livry, three leagues distant from Paris, and not far from the site of an ancient abbey of the order of St. Augustin, lived a hermit, who, having chanced in his wanderings to fall in with some of the men of Meaux, had received the truth of the Gospel into his heart. The poor hermit had felt himself rich indeed that day in his solitary retreat, when, along with the scanty dole of bread which public charity had afforded him, he brought home Jesus Christ and his grace. He understood from that time how much better it is to give than to receive. He went from cottage to cottage in the villages around, and as soon as he crossed the threshold, began to speak to the poor peasants of the Gospel, and the free pardon which it offers to every burdened soul,—a pardon infinitely more precious than any priestly absolution. The good hermit of Livry was soon widely known in the neighbourhood of Paris; many came to visit him at his poor hermitage, and he discharged the office of a kind and faithful missionary to the simple-minded in all the adjacent districts.

It was not long before intelligence of what was doing by the new evangelist reached the ears of the Sorbonne, and the magistrates of Paris. The hermit was seized,—dragged from his hermitage—from his forest—from the fields he had daily traversed,—thrown into a dungeon in that great city which he had always shunned,—brought to judgment,—convicted,—and sentenced to “the exemplary punishment of being burnt by a slow fire.”

In order to render the example the more striking, it was determined that he should be burnt in the close of Notre Dame—before that celebrated cathedral, which typifies the majesty of the Roman Catholic Church. The whole of the clergy were convened, and a degree of pomp was displayed equal to that of the most solemn festivals. A desire was shown to attract all Paris, if possible, to the place of execution. “The great bell of the church of Notre Dame swinging heavily,” says an historian, “to rouse the people all over Paris.” And accordingly from every surrounding avenue, the people came flocking to the spot. The deep-toned reverberations of the bell made the workman quit his task, the student cast aside his books, the shop-keeper forsake his traffic, the soldier start from the guard-room bench,—and already the close was filled with a dense crowd, which was continually increasing. The hermit, attired in the robes appropriated to obstinate heretics, bare-headed, and with bare feet, was led out before the doors of the cathedral. Tranquil, firm, and collected, he replied to the exhortations of the confessors, who presented him with the crucifix, only by declaring that his hope rested solely on the mercy of God. The doctors of the Sorbonne, who stood in the front rank of the spectators, observing his constancy, and the effect it produced upon the people, cried aloud, “He is a man foredoomed to the fires of hell.” The clang of the great

bell, which all this while was rung with a rolling stroke, while it stunned the ears of the multitude, served to heighten the solemnity of that mournful spectacle. At length the bell was silent,—and the martyr having answered the last interrogatory of his adversaries by saying that he was resolved to die in the faith of his Lord Jesus Christ, underwent his sentence of being “burnt by a slow fire.” And so, in the cathedral close of Notre Dame, beneath the stately towers erected by the piety of Louis the younger, amidst the cries and tumultuous excitement of a vast population, died peaceably, a man whose name history has not deigned to transmit to us,—“the hermit of Livry.”

21. JOHN LAMBERT.

JOHN LAMBERT was born in Norfolk, educated at Cambridge, and became a preacher to the English merchants at Antwerp. Here he was ensnared by the minions of popery and conveyed to London about the year 1532. After undergoing an examination before the archbishop Warham, he was confined in prison, where he remained till after the death of the bishop.

In 1538, his opinion of the nature of the Lord's supper became a subject of public notoriety. Gardiner, then bishop of Winchester—a man of infamous memory—seized upon the occasion to instil into the mind of the King, Henry VIII., that he had now an opportunity to clear himself from the aspersions which his opposition to the Romish hierarchy had brought upon him, if he would proceed vigorously against John Lambert for heresy. The king hearkened to this advice, and sent out a general commission, commanding his nobles and bishops to assemble in London to assist him against heretics and heresies, upon which he himself would sit

in judgment. When all things were prepared, a day was appointed for Lambert's appearance, many of the nobility were there, and all the scaffolds were filled with spectators. At length the faithful servant of Christ was brought from prison with a guard of armed men, and was placed opposite the king's seat, who came as the judge of that controversy; on his right hand sat the bishops, behind the lawyers, and on the left hand the peers of the realm. Henry, turning to his counsellors, commanded the bishop of Exeter to declare to the people the cause of their assembling. He informed the multitude, that though the king had abolished the authority of the bishop of Rome, yet that he would not have any suppose he intended to extinguish religion, or to give liberty to heretics to disturb the Church's peace; and that his purpose was to refute the heresies of the prisoner then before them, and other similar heretics, and openly to condemn them in the presence of them all.

The bishop having ended his oration, the king stood up, and with bent brows looking upon Lambert, demanded of him what was his name. Kneeling down, he meekly said, "My name is John Nicholson, though ordinarily I am called Lambert." After various questions and answers, Henry ordered him to declare his opinion about the sacrament of the altar; he then gave God thanks, who had inclined the heart of the king himself to hear, and understand the cause of religion: but the king with an angry voice interrupted him, saying, "I came not hither to hear mine own praises, therefore briefly go to the matter, without any more circumstances." Alarmed by these angry words, he paused awhile, considering what he should do in such an extremity. The king, still more incensed at his delay, cried out in great fury, "Why standest thou still? Answer what thy judgment is about the sacrament of the altar." Lambert first quoted Augustine's opinion,

and then plainly denied that it was the body of Christ. Archbishop Cranmer then, at the king's command, argued the point with him; but the answers of the prisoner were so acute, and his arguments so conclusive, that the archbishop was unable to cope with him. This greatly excited the king and amazed the people. Gardiner broke in upon the argument, with taunts and jeers; and also others, till no less than ten bishops had pressed the prisoner with their arguments. At length, wearied with his long standing, which had continued five hours, afflicted with the taunts and indignities he had received, and seeing no hope that the truth would prevail or have even a decent hearing, Lambert resolved to say no more.

The king then said to him: "What sayest thou after all this pains taken with thee? Wilt thou live or die? What sayest thou? Thou hast yet free choice." He answered, "I submit myself wholly to the will of your majesty." The king replied, "Commit thyself into the hands of God, not of me." To which the martyr answered, "I commend my soul into the hands of God, but my body I wholly submit to your clemency." Then said the king, "If you commit yourself to my judgment you must die; for I will be no patron to heretics." He then commanded that the sentence of condemnation should be read.

Upon the day appointed for this holy martyr to suffer, he was brought out of prison by eight o'clock in the morning. When the hour of death came, he found much joy and comfort in his soul. Coming out of the chamber into the hall, he saluted the gentlemen, and sat down to breakfast with them, after which he was soon conveyed to Smithfield, the place of execution. When his legs were burned to the stumps, the wretched tormentors withdrew the fire from him, leaving but a small fire, and coals under him: after this two of them thrust their

halberds into his sides, with which they lifted him up as far as the chain would permit. At this time of extreme misery the holy sufferer lifting up his hands, while his fingers' ends were flaming with fire, said, "*None but Christ—none but Christ!*" Being let down, he fell into the fire, where he ended his sorrows, and his spirit fled to the joy of his Lord.

22. ANN ASKEW.

SIR WILLIAM ASKEW, of Kelsay, in Lincolnshire, was blessed with several daughters. His second, named Ann, had received a genteel education, which, with an agreeable person and good understanding, rendered her a very proper person to be at the head of a family. Her father, regardless of his daughter's inclination and happiness, obliged her to marry a gentleman who had nothing to recommend him but his fortune, and who was a most bigoted papist. No sooner was he convinced of his wife's regard for the doctrines of the reformation from popery, than, by the instigation of the priests; he violently drove her from his house, though she had borne him two children, and her conduct was unexceptionable. Abandoned by her husband, she came up to London in order to procure a divorce; but here she was cruelly betrayed by him, and, upon his information, taken into custody, and examined concerning her faith. After undergoing an examination before an inquisitor, and also before Bonner, through the importunity of friends she was liberated upon bail.

Some time after she was again apprehended, and carried before the king's council. The lord chancellor asked her opinion about the sacrament: she answered, that she believed, that so often as she received the bread in remembrance of Christ's death, she received the fruits

of his most glorious passion. The bishop of Winchester ordered her to give a more direct reply. She answered, she would not sing the Lord's song in a strange land. The bishop told her she was a parrot. After much other debate she was imprisoned till the next day, when they again inquired what she said to the sacrament: she answered, that she had said what she could say. Gardiner with some others, earnestly persuaded her to confess the sacrament to be the flesh, blood, and bone of Christ; she told two of them, that it was a great shame for them to counsel her contrary to their own knowledge: after much other arguing, they dismissed her. The Sabbath following she was very ill, and seeming likely to die, she desired to speak with Mr. Latimer; but instead of granting this small request, ill as she was, they sent her to Newgate.

She was afterwards brought to trial in Guildhall, where she was required to recant, or be condemned as a heretic; she answered that she was no heretic. They asked her if she would deny the sacrament to be Christ's body and blood? She said, "Yea, for Christ that was born of the blessed virgin is now in heaven, and will come from thence at the latter day. That," said she, "which you call your god, is but a piece of bread, and after a time will grow mouldy, and turn to nothing that's good: therefore it cannot be God." They wished her to confess to a priest: she said she would confess her faults to God, for she was sure that he would hear her with favour. She was then condemned.

Soon after this she was conveyed from Newgate, and again brought before Bonner, who endeavoured in vain to draw her from God. One Nicholas Shaxton, an apostate, advised her to recant. She told him it had been good for him if he had never been born. She was then sent to the tower. It was strongly suspected that Mrs. Askew was favoured by some ladies of high rank,

and that she carried on a religious correspondence with the queen; so that the chancellor Wriothesley, hoping that he might discover something that would afford matter of impeachment against that princess, the earl of Hertford, or his countess, who all favoured the Reformation, ordered her to be put to the rack. The rack was placed in a dismal dungeon, down into which she was led and stretched on the infernal instrument of torture. But her fortitude in suffering, and her resolution not to betray her friends, were proof against that diabolical invention. Not a groan, not a word could be extorted from her. After she had endured these horrid torments, the lieutenant of the tower was about to take her out, but the chancellor bade him rack her again, which he refused to do on account of her weakness. The chancellor threatened to complain of him to the king, and he and Mr. Rich, throwing off their gowns, with their own hands, augmented her tortures with dreadful violence. She, quietly and patiently praying to God, endured their infernal cruelty till her joints and bones were pulled out of place. When taken from the rack she fainted away, but being recovered, passed above two hours on the bare floor, reasoning with the chancellor, who wished her to renounce her faith. She said, "My Lord God (I thank his everlasting goodness) gave me grace to persevere, and I hope will do so to the end." She was returned to Newgate, and condemned to the flames. While there, she wrote a confession of her faith, which she concluded with the following prayer:—

"O Lord, I have more enemies now than there are hairs of my head; yet, Lord, let them never overcome me with vain words; but fight, Lord, thou, in my stead, for on thee cast I my care. With all the spite they can imagine, they fall upon me which am thy poor creature; yet, dear Lord, let me not set by them which are against me, for in thee is my whole delight. And, Lord, I

heartily desire of thee, that thou wilt, of thy merciful goodness, forgive them that violence which they do and have done unto me. Open thou also their blind hearts, that they may hereafter do that thing in thy sight which is acceptable before thee, and set forth thy truth aright, without the vain fancies of sinful men : so be it, O Lord, so be it."

The day for her execution having arrived, she was carried in a chair to Smithfield, her bones being so dislocated that she was unable to walk. She was there fastened round the middle with a chain to the stake. While at it, letters were brought her from the lord chancellor, offering her the king's pardon if she would recant; but she refused to look at them, telling the messenger, "that she came not thither to deny her Lord and Master." The same letters were also tendered to three other persons condemned to the same fate, and who, animated by her example, refused to accept them : whereupon the lord mayor commanded the fire to be kindled, and with savage ignorance cried out, *Fiat Justitia*—Let justice take its course. The fagots being lighted, she commended her soul, with the utmost composure, into the hands of her Maker, and, like the great Founder of the religion she professed, expired, praying for her murderers, July 16, 1546, about the twenty-fifth year of her age.

"I do not know," observes a good writer, "if all circumstances be considered, whether the history of this or any other nation can furnish a more illustrious example than this now related. To her father's will she sacrificed her own inclinations; to a husband unworthy of her affections, she behaved with prudence, respect, and obedience. The secrets of her friends she preserved inviolable even amidst the tortures of the rack. Her constancy of suffering, considering her age and sex, was equal, at least, if not superior to anything on record ;

and her piety was genuine and unaffected, of which she gave the most exalted proof, in dying a martyr for the cause of her religion and liberty of conscience."

23. ADAM WALLACE.

THE martyrdom of Adam Wallace took place at St. Andrews, in Scotland, during the reign of Edward VI. The precise year, whether in 1547 or 1549, is uncertain. John Lander, was appointed to preach the sermon of accusation. The judges and a vast concourse of people being assembled in the abbey, Wallace was then called before them. He was apparently a simple and poor man. Lander told him that he was accused of preaching and teaching various blasphemies and heresies, which he denied, and said he taught nothing but what he found in the Bible, and he was ready to be judged by it. He was then charged with teaching that the mass is idolatry, and abominable in the sight of God; and he answered, that he had read the Bible in three tongues,—French, Dutch, and English, for he had not much Latin,—and had demurred to the word Consecration, and could not find the word Mass. If it could be found in Scripture, he would grant his error, and submit to all lawful punishment. Then he was charged with saying, that the God they worshipped was only bread; but he said that he worshipped the three persons of the trinity in one Godhead, yet could not tell what God they worshipped. On returning to what the sacrament is after consecration, he said, he had already answered. On repeating the whole, Wallace answered to them as before; and, turning to the lord-governor and others, he said, "If you condemn me for holding by God's word, my innocent blood shall be required at your hands, when you shall be brought before the judgment-seat of Christ, who is mighty to de-

fend my innocent cause, before whom you shall not deny it, nor yet be able to resist his wrath, to whom I refer the vengeance."

No more was said, but sentence was given, and he was delivered to the provost of Edinburgh to be burned on the Castle-hill. He was instantly sent to the highest house in the town, with irons on his legs and neck. Two gray friars were sent to instruct him, but he would not hear them; and then two black friars, one an Englishman, who had no commission to enter into disputation. The dean of Roscalrigg next came to him, but he would hear nothing without evidence from Scripture. They had robbed him of his Bible as soon as he was condemned, and therefore he spent the night in singing psalms; and his enraged keeper, upon this, plundered him of the rest. Next day he was kept in irons, when the dean came to him again, but he still referred only to the Scripture; and when Terry, his ignorant keeper, though a minister and an imp of Satan, came, he desired to be alone in quiet. On being brought from the town to the Castle-hill to meet his doom, the common people said, "God have mercy upon you;" "And on you too," said he. Though the provost had commanded him not to speak, when at the fire he said, "Let it not offend you that I suffer death this day for the truth's sake; for the disciple is not greater than his master." The provost having expressed his anger, Wallace only added, "They will not let me speak;" on which, the cord being about his neck, the fire was lighted, and he firmly submitted to his fate.

24. HUGH LAVERICK AND JOHN APRICE.

THESE two individuals suffered martyrdom during the third year of the reign of Mary. The first was a painter by trade; he was also a cripple, and sixty eight years of age. The other was blind,—dark indeed in his visual faculties, but intellectually and spiritually illuminated with the radiance of the everlasting Gospel of truth. These inoffensive men were informed against, and dragged before the bishop of London. Here they underwent examination, and boldly declared the truth, showing themselves worthy to tread in the footsteps of the Christian martyrs who had gone before them. They were afterwards re-examined in the consistory of St. Paul's, and entreated to recant; and upon their refusal, were sent to Fulham, where Bonner, by way of a dessert after dinner, condemned them to the agonies of fire. On the 15th of May, 1556, they were taken in a cart from Newgate to Stratford-le-Bow, where they were fastened to the stake. When Hugh Laverick was secured by the chain, having no further occasion for his crutch, he threw it away, saying to his fellow-martyr: "Be of good cheer, my brother; for my lord of London is our good physician; he will heal us both shortly—thou of thy blindness, and me of my lameness." They then sank down into the flame, and were honoured with the martyr's crown.

25. BISHOPS RIDLEY AND LATIMER.

THESE reverend prelates suffered martyrdom together on the 16th of October, 1555, at Oxford. "Pillars of the Church, and accomplished ornaments of human nature, they were the admiration of the realm, amiably conspicuous in their lives, and glorious in their deaths."

Ridley was born in Northumberland, and educated at Cambridge, where his learning and abilities raised him gradually, till he became the head of Pembroke College. Subsequently he was appointed chaplain to Henry VIII., and bishop of Rochester, and afterwards was transferred to the see of London in the time of Edward VI.

His tenacious memory, extensive erudition, impressive oratory, and indefatigable zeal in preaching, drew after him not only his own flock, but persons from all quarters, desirous of godly exhortation or reproof. His tender treatment of Dr. Heath, who was a prisoner with him during one year, in Edward's reign, evidently proves that he had no Catholic cruelty in his disposition. In person, he was erect and well-proportioned; in temper, forgiving; in self-mortification, severe. In brief, he was a pattern of godliness and virtue, and such he endeavoured to make men wherever he came.

His attentive kindness was displayed particularly to old Mrs. Bonner, mother of Dr. Bonner, the cruel bishop of London. Dr. Ridley, when at his manor in Fulham, always invited her to his house, placed her at the head of his table, and treated her like his own mother; he did the same by Bonner's sister and other relatives: but when Dr. Ridley was under persecution, Bonner pursued a conduct diametrically opposite, and would have sacrificed Dr. Ridley's sister and her husband, Mr.

George Shippide, had not Providence delivered him by the means of Dr. Heath, bishop of Worcester. Dr. Ridley was first in part converted by reading Bertram's book on the Sacrament, and by his conferences with Archbishop Cranmer and Peter Martyr. When Edward VI. was removed from the throne, and bloody Mary succeeded, Bishop Ridley was immediately marked as an object of slaughter. He was first sent to the Tower, and afterward, at Oxford, was consigned to the common prison of Bocardo.

Bishop Latimer was the son of Hugh Latimer, of Thirkelson, in Leicestershire, a husbandman of repute, with whom he remained till he was four years old. His parents, finding him of acute parts, gave him a good education, and then sent him at fourteen to the University of Cambridge, where he entered into the study of the school divinity of that day, and was from principle a zealous observer of the Romish superstitions of the time. In his oration, when he commenced bachelor of divinity, he inveighed against the reformer Melancthon, and openly declaimed against good Mr. Stafford, divinity lecturer in Cambridge.

Mr. Thomas Bilney, moved by a brotherly pity towards Mr. Latimer, begged to wait upon him in his study, and to explain to him the groundwork of his (Mr. Bilney's) faith. This blessed interview effected his conversion; the persecutor of Christ became his zealous advocate, and before Dr. Stafford died he became reconciled to him.

Once converted, he became eager for the conversion of others, and commenced public preacher and private instructor in the university. His sermons were so pointed against the absurdity of praying in the Latin tongue, and withholding the oracles of salvation from the people who were to be saved by belief in them, that he drew upon himself the pulpit animadversions of

several of the resident friars and heads of houses, whom he subsequently silenced by his severe criticisms and eloquent arguments. At length Dr. West prohibited him from preaching again in the churches of the university; notwithstanding which, he continued during three years to advocate openly the cause of Christ, and even his enemies confessed the power of those talents he possessed. Mr. Bilney remained here some time with Mr. Latimer, and thus the place where they frequently walked together obtained the name of Heretics' Hill.

Soon after Queen Mary was proclaimed, a messenger was sent to summon Mr. Latimer to town, and there is reason to believe it was wished that he should make his escape. On entering Smithfield he jocosely said, that the place had long groaned for him. After being examined by the council, he was committed to the Tower, where his cheerfulness is displayed in the following anecdote:—Being kept without fire in severe frosty weather, his aged frame suffered so much that he told the lieutenant's man that if he did not look better after him he should deceive his master. The lieutenant, thinking he meant to effect his escape, came to him to know what he meant by this speech; which Mr. Latimer replied to, by saying, "You, Mr. Lieutenant, doubtless suppose I shall BURN; but, except you let me have some fire, I shall deceive your expectation, for here it is likely I shall be STARVED WITH COLD."

Mr. Latimer, after remaining a long time in the Tower, was transported to Oxford, with Cranmer and Ridley. He remained imprisoned till October, 1555; and the principal objects of all his prayers were three—that he might stand faithful to the doctrine he had professed, that God would restore his Gospel to England once again, and preserve the Lady Elizabeth to be queen: all which happened. When he stood at the stake without the Bocardo-gate, Oxford, with Dr. Rid-

ley, and fire was putting to the pile of fagots, he raised his eyes benignantly toward heaven, and said, "God is faithful, who doth not suffer us to be tempted above our strength."

When they came to the stake, Dr. Ridley embraced Latimer fervently, and bid him be of good heart. He then knelt by the stake, and after earnestly praying together, they had a short private conversation. Dr. Smith then preached a short sermon against the martyrs; who would have answered him, but were prevented by Dr. Marshal, the vice-chancellor. Dr. Ridley then took off his gown and tippet, and gave it to his brother-in-law, Mr. Shipside. He gave away also many trifles to his weeping friends, and the populace were anxious to get even a fragment of his garments. Mr. Latimer gave nothing; and from the poverty of his garb, was soon stripped to his shroud, and stood venerable and erect, fearless of death. Dr. Ridley being unclothed to his shirt, the smith placed an iron chain about their waists, and Dr. Ridley bid him fasten it securely; his brother having tied a bag of gunpowder about his neck, gave some also to Mr. Latimer. A lighted fagot was now laid at Dr. Ridley's feet, which caused Mr. Latimer to say, "Be of good cheer, Ridley, and play the man. We shall this day, by God's grace, light up such a candle in England as, I trust, will never be put out." When Dr. Ridley saw the flame approaching him, he exclaimed, "Into thy hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit!" and repeated often, "Lord, receive my spirit." Mr. Latimer, too, ceased not to say, "O Father of heaven, receive my soul!" Embracing the flame, he bathed his hands in it, and soon died, apparently with little pain; but Dr. Ridley, by the ill adjustment of the fagots,—which were green, and placed too high about the furze,—was burned much downwards. At this time, piteously entreating for more fire to come to him, his

brother-in-law imprudently heaped the fagots up over him, which caused the fire more fiercely to burn his limbs, whence he literally leaped up and down under the fagots, exclaiming that he could not burn: indeed, his dreadful extremity was but too plain; for after his legs were quite consumed, he showed his body and shirt unsinged by the flame. Crying upon God for mercy, a man with a bill pulled the fagots down, and when the flames arose, he bent himself towards that side: at length the gunpowder was ignited, and then he ceased to move, burning on the other side, and falling down at Mr. Latimer's feet over the chain that had hitherto supported him. Every eye shed tears at the afflicting sight of these sufferers, who were among the most distinguished persons of their time in dignity, piety, and public estimation.

26. ARCHBISHOP CRANMER.

THOMAS CRANMER was descended from an ancient family, and was born at Arselacton, in Northampton. He was educated at Cambridge, and afterwards chosen fellow of Jesus College. Subsequently he was promoted to be Divinity Lecturer, and one of the examiners of the candidates to become bachelors or doctors of divinity. It was his principle to judge of the candidates by their knowledge of the Holy Scriptures rather than the ancient fathers. Having obtained the favour of Henry VIII. by his vindication of that king's divorce from Catharine, he was elevated, upon the death of Dr. Warham, the archbishop of Canterbury, to that eminent station.

In this office he continued, with unwearied diligence, to promote the purity and success of the English Church. He was especially anxious to perfect the Reformation.

In 1538, the Holy Scriptures were openly used and on sale; and the places of worship overflowed everywhere to hear them expounded.

Upon the king's passing into a law the famous Six Articles, which went nearly to establish again the essential tenets of the Romish creed, Cranmer shone forth with all the lustre of a Christian patriot, in resisting the doctrines they contained, and in which he was supported by the bishops of Sarum, Worcester, Ely, and Rochester, the two former of whom resigned their bishoprics. The king, though now in opposition to Cranmer, still revered the sincerity that marked his conduct. The death of Lord Cromwell in the Tower, in 1540, the good friend of Cranmer, was a severe blow to the wavering Protestant cause; but even now Cranmer, when he saw the tide directly adverse to the truth, boldly waited on the king in person, and by his manly and heartfelt pleading, caused the book of Articles to be passed on his side, to the great confusion of his enemies, who had contemplated his fall as inevitable.

With the approval of Henry, Cranmer was vigorously prosecuting the work of abolishing the mass in the kingdom, when that monarch departed this life, in 1546. Edward, who succeeded to the throne, continued Cranmer in office; and upon the coronation of the king, the archbishop delivered a charge that will ever honour his memory for its purity, freedom, and truth. During the reign of Edward, he continued to prosecute the Reformation with unabated zeal.

The death of Edward, in 1553, exposed Cranmer to all the rage of his enemies. Though the archbishop was among those who supported Mary's accession, he was attainted at the meeting of Parliament, and in November adjudged guilty of high treason at Guildhall, and degraded from his dignities. By virtue of this instrument, Cranmer was gradually degraded, by putting

mere rags on him to represent the dress of an archbishop; then stripping him of his attire, they took off his own gown, and put an old worn one upon him instead.

But subsequently he was induced, by his love of life, and by the wiles of his insidious foes, to sign a paper condemning the Reformation. His enemies, though they knew that his death was already determined upon in Council, promised him restoration to all his former dignities, and even the favour of the queen, if he would recant. The first paper brought for his signature was conceived in general terms; this once signed, five others, explanatory of the first, were obtained. His enemies then supposed his recantation complete.

But the queen's revenge was only to be satiated in Cranmer's blood; and therefore she wrote an order to Dr. Cole to prepare a sermon to be preached, March 21, directly before his martyrdom, at St. Mary's, Oxford. About nine in the morning of the day of sacrifice, the queen's commissioners, attended by the magistrates, conducted the amiable unfortunate to St. Mary's church. His torn, dirty garb—the same in which they habited him upon his degradation—excited the commiseration of the people. In the church, he found a low, mean stage erected opposite to the pulpit, on which being placed, he turned his face, and fervently prayed to God. The church was crowded with persons of both persuasions, expecting to hear the justification of his late apostasy—the Catholics rejoicing, and the Protestants deeply wounded in spirit at the deceit of the human heart. Dr. Cole, in his sermon, represented Cranmer as having been guilty of the most atrocious crimes; encouraged the deluded sufferer not to fear death, not to doubt the support of God in his torments, nor that masses would be said in all the churches of Oxford for the repose of his soul. The doctor then noticed his conversion, and which he ascribed to the evident work-

ing of almighty Power; and in order that the people might be convinced of its reality, asked the prisoner to give them a sign. This Cranmer did, and begged the congregation to pray for him, for he had committed many and grievous sins; but, of all, there was one which awfully lay upon his mind, of which he would speak shortly.

During the sermon Cranmer wept bitter tears; lifting up his hands and eyes to heaven, and letting them fall, as if unworthy to live: his grief now found vent in words: before his confession he fell upon his knees, and in the following words unveiled the deep contrition and agitation which harrowed up his soul:—

“O Father of heaven! O Son of God, Redeemer of the world! O Holy Ghost, three Persons and one God! have mercy on me, most wretched caitiff and miserable sinner! I have offended both against heaven and earth more than my tongue can express. Whither, then, may I go, or whither may I flee? To heaven I may be ashamed to lift up mine eyes, and in earth I find no place of refuge or succour. To thee, therefore, O Lord, do I run; to thee do I humble myself, saying, O Lord, my God, my sins be great; but yet have mercy upon me for thy great mercy. The great mystery that God became man was not wrought for little or few offences. Thou didst not give thy Son, O heavenly Father, unto death for small sins only, but for all the greatest sins of the world, so that the sinner return to thee with his whole heart, as I do at this present. Wherefore, have mercy on me, O God, whose property is always to have mercy; have mercy upon me, O Lord, for thy great mercy! I crave nothing for my own merits, but for thy name’s sake, that it may be hallowed thereby, and for thy dear Son Jesus Christ’s sake. And now, therefore, O Father of heaven, hallowed be thy name,” &c.

Then rising, he said he was desirous before his death to give them some pious exhortations, by which God might be glorified and themselves edified. He then descanted upon the danger of a love of the world, the duty of obedience to their magistrates, of love to one another, and the necessity of the rich administering to the wants of the poor. He quoted the three verses of the fifth chapter of James, and then proceeded, "Let them that be rich ponder well these three sentences: for if they ever had occasion to show their charity, they have it now at this present, the poor people being so many, and victual so dear.

"And now, forasmuch as I am come to the last end of my life, whereupon hangeth all my life past, and all my life to come,—either to live with my master Christ forever in joy, or else to be in pain forever with the wicked in hell,—and I see before mine eyes presently either heaven ready to receive me, or else hell ready to swallow me up,—I shall therefore declare unto you my very faith how I believe, without any colour of dissimulation; for now is no time to dissemble whatsoever I have said or written in times past.

"First. I believe in God the Father Almighty, maker of heaven and earth, &c. And I believe every article of the Catholic faith, every word and sentence taught by our Saviour Jesus Christ, his apostles and prophets, in the New and Old Testament.

"And now I come to the great thing which so much troubleth my conscience, more than anything that ever I did or said in my whole life, and that is the setting abroad of a writing contrary to the truth; which now here I renounce and refuse, as things written with my hand contrary to the truth which I thought in my heart, and written for fear of death, and to save my life, if it might be; and that is, all such bills and papers which I have written or signed with my hand since my degra-

dition, wherein I have written many things untrue. And forasmuch as my hand hath offended, writing contrary to my heart, therefore my hand shall first be punished; for when I come to the fire, it shall first be burned.

“And as for the pope, I refuse him as Christ’s enemy, and antichrist, with all his false doctrine.

“And as for the sacrament, I believe as I have taught in my book against the bishop of Winchester, which my book teacheth so true a doctrine of the sacrament, that it shall stand in the last day before the judgment of God, where the Papistical doctrines contrary thereto shall be ashamed to show their face.”

Upon the conclusion of this unexpected declaration, amazement and indignation were conspicuous in every part of the church. The Catholics were completely foiled, their object being frustrated; Cranmer, like Samson, having completed a greater ruin upon his enemies in the hour of death than he did in his life.

Cranmer would have proceeded in the exposure of the Popish doctrines; but the murmurs of the idolaters drowned his voice, and the preacher gave an order to lead the heretic away. The savage command was directly obeyed; and the lamb about to suffer was torn from his stand to the place of slaughter, insulted all the way by the revilings and taunts of the pestilent monks and friars. With thoughts intent upon a far higher object than the empty threats of man, he reached the spot dyed with the blood of Ridley and Latimer. There he knelt for a short time in earnest devotion, and then arose, that he might undress and prepare for the fire. Two friars, who had been parties in prevailing upon him to abjure, now endeavoured to draw him off again from the truth; but he was steadfast and immovable in what he had just professed and before publicly taught. A chain was provided to bind him to the stake; and

after it had tightly encircled him, fire was put to the fuel, and the flames began soon to ascend. Then was the glorious sentiment of the martyr made manifest; then it was, that, stretching out his right hand, he held it unshrinkingly in the fire till it was burned to a cinder, even before his body was injured, frequently exclaiming, "This hand—this unworthy right hand!" Apparently insensible of pain, with a countenance of venerable resignation, and eyes directed to Him for whose cause he suffered, he continued, like St. Stephen, to say, "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit!" till the fury of the flames terminated his powers of utterance and existence. He closed a life of high sublunary elevation, of constant uneasiness, and of glorious martyrdom, on March 21, 1556.

27. JOHN ROGERS.

JOHN ROGERS was educated at Cambridge, and was afterward many years chaplain to the merchants adventurers at Antwerp, in Brabant. Here he met with the celebrated martyr William Tindal, and Miles Coverdale, both voluntary exiles from their country for their aversion to Popish superstition and idolatry. They were the instruments of his conversion; and he united with them in that translation of the Bible into English, entitled, "The Translation of Thomas Matthew." From the Scriptures he knew that unlawful vows may be lawfully broken; hence he married, and removed to Wittenberg, in Saxony, for the improvement of learning; and he there learned the Dutch language, and received the charge of a congregation, which he faithfully executed for many years. On King Edward's accession, he left Saxony to promote the work of reformation in England: and, after some time, Nicholas Ridley, then bishop of London, gave him a prebend in St. Paul's

Cathedral, and the dean and chapter appointed him reader of the divinity lesson there. Here he continued until Queen Mary's succession to the throne, when the Gospel and true religion were banished, and the anti-christ of Rome, with his superstition and idolatry, introduced.

Mr. Rogers preached at St. Paul's Cross after Queen Mary arrived at the Tower. He confirmed in his sermon the true doctrine taught in King Edward's time, and exhorted the people to beware of the pestilence of Popery, idolatry, and superstition. For this he was called to account, but so ably defended himself, that, for that time, he was dismissed. The proclamation of the queen, however, to prohibit true preaching, gave his enemies a new handle against him. Hence he was again summoned before the council, and commanded to keep his house. He did so, though he might have escaped; and though he perceived the state of the true religion to be desperate. "He knew he could not want a living in Germany; and he could not forget a wife and ten children, and to seek means to succour them." But all these things were insufficient to induce him to depart; and, when once called to answer in Christ's cause, he stoutly defended it, and hazarded his life for that purpose.

After long imprisonment in his own house, the restless Bonner, bishop of London, caused him to be committed to Newgate, there to be lodged among thieves and murderers.

He underwent two examinations. The first was on the 22d of January, 1555; the second was on the 28th and 29th of the same month. On his first examination the chancellor demanded, "Are you content to unite and knit yourself to the faith of the catholic Church with us, in the state in which it now is in England? will ye do that?"

To this Rogers replied, "The catholic Church I never did nor will dissent from."

Then said the chancellor, "I speak of the state of the catholic Church in which we now stand in England, having received the pope to be supreme head."

Then Rogers answered, "I know none other head but Christ of his catholic Church; neither will I acknowledge the bishop of Rome to have any more authority than any other bishop hath by the word of God, and by the doctrine of the old and pure catholic Church four hundred years after Christ."

To this the chancellor demanded, "Why didst thou then acknowledge King Henry the VIII. to be supreme head of the Church, if Christ be the only head?"

And Rogers replied, "I never granted him to have any supremacy in spiritual things—as are the forgiveness of sins, giving of the Holy Ghost, authority to be a judge above the word of God."

All efforts to induce Mr. Rogers to recant having failed, he was degraded from office, condemned to death, and given over into the hands of the sheriff for execution. The sentence of condemnation, which has been preserved by Mr. Fox, contains only two specific charges as being proved against Mr. Rogers. First, that he held and taught "that the Catholic Church of Rome is the Church of antichrist." Secondly, "That in the sacrament of the altar there is not, substantially nor really, the natural body and blood of Christ." For these sentiments, this man of God was adjudged "to be guilty of the detestable, horrible, and wicked offences of heretical pravity and execrable doctrine."

"We, therefore," says Gardiner, the bishop of Winchester, "I say,—albeit, following the example of Christ, 'which would not the death of a sinner, but rather that he should convert and live,' we have gone about oftentimes to correct thee, and by all lawful means that we

could, and all wholesome admonitions that we did know, to reduce thee again unto the true faith and unity of the universal Catholic Church,—notwithstanding have found thee obstinate and stiff-necked, willingly continuing in thy damnable opinions and heresies, and refusing to return again unto the true faith and unity of the holy mother-Church; and, as the child of wickedness and darkness, so to have hardened thy heart, that thou wilt not understand the voice of thy Shepherd, which, with a fatherly affection, doth seek after thee, nor wilt be allured with his fatherly and godly admonitions: we, therefore, Stephen, the bishop aforesaid, not willing that thou which art wicked shouldest now become more wicked, and infect the Lord's flock with thy heresy, (which we are greatly afraid of,) with sorrow of mind and bitterness of heart do judge thee, and definitively condemn thee, the said John Rogers, otherwise called Matthew, thy demerits and faults being aggravated through thy damnable obstinacy, as guilty of most detestable heresies, and as an obstinate and impenitent sinner, refusing penitently to return to the lap and unity of the holy mother-Church; and that thou hast been, and art by law, excommunicate, and do pronounce and declare thee to be an excommunicate person. Also, we pronounce and declare thee, being a heretic, to be cast out from the Church, and left unto the judgment of the secular power; and now presently so do leave thee as an obstinate heretic, and a person wrapped in the sentence of the great curse, to be degraded worthily for thy demerits, (requiring them, notwithstanding, in the bowels of our Lord Jesus Christ, that this execution and punishment worthily to be done upon thee, may so be moderated, that the rigour thereof be not too extreme, nor yet the gentleness too much mitigated, but that it may be to the salvation of thy soul, to the extirpation, terror, and conversion, of the heretics, to the unity of the

Catholic faith;) by this our sentence definitive, which we here lay upon and lay against thee, and do with sorrow of heart promulgate in this form aforesaid."

After this sentence, the bishop declared Mr. Rogers to be under the great curse, with the danger of eating and drinking anything with persons accursed, or even giving them anything, because all such persons would be partakers of the same great curse. To which Mr. Rogers replied, "Well, my lord, here I stand before God and you, and all this honourable audience, and take him to witness, that I never wittingly or willingly taught any false doctrine; and, therefore, have I a good conscience before God and all good men; I am sure, that you and I shall come before a Judge that is righteous, before whom I shall be as good a man as you; and I nothing doubt but that I shall be found there a true member of the true catholic Church of Christ, and everlastingly saved. And, as for your false Church, ye need not excommunicate me forth of it; I have not been in it these twenty years, the Lord be thanked therefor."

After this, Mr. Rogers requested that his wife, being a stranger, and having ten children to care for, might be permitted to come and speak with him, that he might counsel her what to do; but even this poor boon was denied by the heartless, cruel bishop. After being remanded to prison, he wrote a most eloquent letter, vindicating the truth, and exposing the wickedness of his persecutors.* The following seems almost prophetic:—

* This letter, as well as the account of his examinations, taken in his own hand-writing, were preserved in a most striking manner. These were hid away in a secret corner of the prison where he lay, and escaped the vigilance of those who came to take away his letters and writings. After his death, his wife and one of his sons visited the cell in which he had been confined, seeking for

“If God look not mercifully upon England, the seeds of utter destruction are sown in it already by these hypocritical tyrants, and antichristian prelates, popish Papists, and double traitors to their natural country. And yet they speak of mercy, of blessing, of the catholic Church, of unity, of power, and strengthening of the realm. This double dissimulation will show itself one day when the plague cometh, which undoubtedly will light upon these crown-shorn captains, and that shortly, whatsoever the godly and the poor realm suffer in the mean while by God’s sufferance and will.

“Spite of Nebuchadnosor’s beard, and maugre his heart, the captive, thrall, and miserable Jews must come home again, and have their city and temple built up again by Zorobabel, Esdras, and Nehemias, &c.; and the whole kingdom of Babylon must go to ruin and be taken of strangers, the Persians and Medes. So shall the dispersed English flock of Christ be brought again into their former estate, or to a better, I trust in the Lord God, than it was in innocent King Edward’s days; and our bloody Babylonical bishops, and the whole crown-shorn company brought to utter shame, rebuke, ruin, decay, and destruction. For God cannot, and undoubtedly will not, suffer forever their abominable lying, false doctrine, their hypocrisy, blood-thirst, whoredom, idleness, their pestilent life, pampered in all kinds of pleasure, their thrasonical, boasting pride, their malicious, envious, and poisoned stomachs, which they bear towards his poor and miserable Christians. Peter truly warneth, that, ‘if judgment beginneth in the

his books and writings. When they were about to leave, having searched in vain, they soon spied something black in a dark corner, under a pair of stairs; and upon an examination, it was found to be a book written in his father’s hand, containing the account of his examinations and other matters, which have been thus preserved to the Christian Church.

house of God, what shall be the end of them that believe not the Gospel? If the righteous shall scarcely be saved, where shall the ungodly and sinner appear? Some shall have their punishment here in this world and in the world to come; and they that do escape in this world shall not escape everlasting damnation."

On the 4th of February, early in the morning, he was awakened out of a sound sleep, and called upon to prepare himself for the fire. He was brought first before Bonner, by whom he was degraded, and handed over to the secular power. He besought that he might speak a few words with his wife before his burning, but this was again refused. He was then conveyed to Smithfield. On the way he sang a psalm, and the people were astonished at his constancy and firmness, and gave thanks to God for the same. His wife and ten children—one an infant at the breast, met him on his way to the stake. It was a piteous spectacle; but even then the offer of a pardon which was made, could not prevail upon him to recant. At the stake "he showed most constant patience, not using many words—for he was not permitted—but only exhorting the people constantly to remain in that faith and true doctrine which he before had taught, and they had learned, and for the confirmation whereof he was not only content patiently to suffer, and bear all such bitterness and cruelty as had been showed him, but also most gladly to resign up his life, and to give his flesh to the consuming fire, for the testimony of the same." As he was burning, he bathed his hands in the flame, and with great constancy received death in defence of the Gospel of Christ.

28. LAWRENCE SAUNDERS.

MR. SAUNDERS was first designed for the mercantile business ; but being fond of learning and possessed of a great desire to do good, he changed his purpose, and was educated at Cambridge for the ministry. At the time of Mary's accession he held a benefice in London. Without intermeddling in the affairs of state, he continued boldly to preach against the Popish heresies. On the 15th of October, 1554, as he was about entering his church, he was arrested, on the charge of treason, by an officer of the bishop of London. Mr. Saunders, perfectly conscious that he had nothing to hope from the bloody Bonner, when desired to write what he believed upon the doctrine of transubstantiation, immediately did so, boldly saying at the same time : " My lord, you seek my blood, and you shall have it ; I pray God that you may be so baptized with it, that you may ever after loathe blood-sucking, and become a better man." The bishop was so enraged that he exclaimed, " Carry away this frenzied fool to prison." Being thus remanded to prison, he was kept in rigorous confinement for one year and three months. He was then examined and condemned. After which he was carried to Coventry to be burnt.

When they had arrived at Coventry, a poor shoemaker, who used to serve him with shoes, came to him, and said, " O my good master, God strengthen and comfort you !" " Good shoemaker," Mr. Saunders replied, " I desire thee to pray for me, for I am the most unfit man for this high office, that ever was appointed to it ; but my gracious God and dear Father is able to make me strong enough." The next day, being the 8th of February, 1555, he was led to the place of execution,

in the park, without the city; he went in an old gown and a shirt, bare-footed, and oftentimes fell flat on the ground, and prayed. When he was come nigh to the place, the officer appointed to see the execution done, said to Mr. Saunders, that he was one of them who marred the Queen's realm, but if he would recant, there was pardon for him. "Not I," replied the holy martyr, "but such as you have injured the realm. The blessed Gospel of Christ is what I hold; that do I believe, that have I taught, and that will I never revoke!" Mr. Saunders then slowly moved towards the fire, sank to the earth, and prayed; he then rose up, embraced the stake, and frequently said, "Welcome, thou cross of Christ! Welcome, everlasting life!" Fire was then put to the fagots; and he was overwhelmed by the dreadful flames, and sweetly slept in the Lord Jesus.

29. JOHN HOOPER, BISHOP OF WORCESTER AND GLOUCESTER.

THIS learned divine, eloquent preacher, and heroic martyr, was educated at Oxford, and was early moved by a fervent love of the Holy Scriptures, and an insatiable desire to know and understand them. He was equally ardent in his vindication of the true Gospel. Being molested at home, he sought refuge abroad, and prosecuted his studies in the higher parts of Germany. Upon the accession of Edward VI., when the way to the Reformation was more perfectly opened, Hooper returned from his exile, and boldly preached the doctrines of the Gospel in London.

In his sermons, according to his accustomed manner, he corrected sin, and sharply inveighed against the iniquity of the world, and the corrupt abuses of the Church. The people in great flocks and companies daily came to

hear his voice, as the most melodious sound and tune of Orpheus's harp, insomuch that oftentimes, when he was preaching, the church would be so full that none could enter farther than the doors thereof. In his doctrine, he was earnest, in tongue eloquent, in the Scriptures perfect, in pains indefatigable, in his life exemplary.

Having preached before the king's majesty, he was soon after made bishop of Gloucester. In that office he continued two years, and after that he was made bishop of Worcester.

He was too notable a mark to escape the notice of the blood-thirsty Bonner. The first charge laid against him was indebtedness to the queen. He suffered eighteen months' confinement in the Fleet; and afterwards was degraded and condemned to death. Gloucester being fixed upon as the place of his martyrdom, he rejoiced very much, giving thanks to God that he might be permitted among the people over whom he was pastor, to confirm with his death the truth which he had preached unto them. About eight o'clock, on February 9th, 1555, he was led forth to execution in the presence of many thousand people who had assembled.

All the way being straitly charged not to speak, and beholding the people, who mourned bitterly for him, he would sometimes lift up his eyes towards heaven, and look very cheerfully upon such as he knew: and he was never known, during the time of his being among them, to look with so cheerful and ruddy a countenance as he did at that time. When he came to the place appointed where he should die, he smilingly beheld the stake and preparation made for him, which was near unto the great elm-tree over against the college of priests, where he used to preach.

Now, after he had entered into prayer, a box was brought and laid before him upon a stool, with his pardon from the Queen, if he would turn. At the sight

whereof he cried, "If you love my soul, away with it." The box being taken away, Lord Chandois said, "Seeing there is no remedy, dispatch him quickly." Prayer being done, bishop Hooper prepared himself for the stake, and taking off his host's gown, he delivered it to the sheriffs, requiring them to see it restored unto the owner, and put off the rest of his apparel, unto a doublet and hose, wherein he wished to have been burned, but the sheriffs overruled it, and his doublet, hose, and waistcoat, were taken off.

Desiring the people to say the Lord's prayer with him, and to pray for him, (who performed it with tears, during the time of his pains,) he went up to the stake: when he was at it, he looked upon the multitude,—of whom he might well be seen, for he was both tall, and stood also upon a high stool,—and beheld round about him, that at every corner there was nothing to be seen but weeping and sorrowing people. Then, lifting up his eyes and hands to heaven, he prayed in silence. The reeds were next cast up, and he received two bundles, placing one under each arm, and showed with his hand how the others should be bestowed, and pointed to the place where any were wanting.

Command was now given that the fire should be kindled. But because there were not more green fagots than two horses could carry, it kindled not speedily, and was a pretty while also before it took the reeds upon the fagots. At length it burned about him, but the wind having full strength in that place, and being a lowering cold morning, it blew the flame from him, so that he was in a manner little more than touched by the fire.

Within a space after, a few dry fagots were brought, and a new fire kindled with fagots, for there were no more reeds, and those burned at the nether parts, but had small power above, because of the wind, saving that it burnt his hair, and scorched his skin a little. In the

time of which fire, even as at the first flame, he prayed, saying mildly, and not very loud, but as one without pain, "O Jesus, Son of David, have mercy upon me, and receive my soul!" After the second fire was spent, he wiped both his eyes with his hands, and beholding the people, he said with an indifferent loud voice, "For God's love, good people, let me have more fire!" and all this while his nether parts did burn; but the fagots were so few, that the flames only singed his upper parts.

The third fire was kindled within a while after, which was more extreme than the other two: and then the bladders of gunpowder brake, which did him little good, they were so placed, and the wind had such power. In this fire he prayed with a loud voice, "Lord Jesus, have mercy upon me! Lord Jesus, receive my spirit!" And these were the last words he was heard to utter. But when he was black in the mouth, and his tongue swollen that he could not speak, yet his lips went till they were shrunk to the gums: and he knocked his breast with his hands until one of his arms fell off, and then knocked still with the other, while the fat, water, and blood, dropped out at his fingers' ends, until, by renewing of the fire, his strength was gone, and his hand clave fast in knocking to the iron upon his breast. Then immediately bowing forwards, he yielded up his spirit.

30. DR. ROWLAND TAYLOR.

DR. ROWLAND TAYLOR, vicar of Hadley in Suffolk, was a man of eminent learning, and had been admitted to the degree of doctor of the civil and canon law.

His attachment to the pure and uncorrupted principles of Christianity recommended him to the favour and friendship of Dr. Cranmer, archbishop of Canterbury, with whom he lived a considerable time, till

through his interest he obtained the living of Hadley.

Dr. Taylor promoted the interest of the great Redeemer, and the souls of mankind, both by his preaching and example, during the time of king Edward VI.; but on his demise, and the succession of Queen Mary to the throne, he escaped not the cloud that burst on so many besides.

He was summoned before the bishop of Winchester, and finally sentenced to be burnt. When the sentence was read, he joyfully gave thanks to God. The night after he was degraded, by the favour of his keepers his wife came with his old and faithful servant John Hull and his son Thomas, and supped with him. After tea, walking up and down, he gave God thanks for his grace, that had so called him and given him strength to abide by his holy word; and turning to his son Thomas, he exhorted him to piety and filial obedience in the most earnest manner. Then, turning to his wife, "My dear wife," said he, "continue steadfast in the fear and love of God; keep yourself undefiled from their popish idolatries and superstitions." When he had thus said, they with weeping eyes prayed together, and kissed one another; and he gave to his wife a book for the Church service, set out by king Edward, which he in the time of his imprisonment daily used. And unto his son Thomas he gave a Latin book, containing the notable sayings of the old martyrs, gathered out of the Ecclesiastical History; and in the end of that book he wrote his pious testament and last farewell.

Dr. Taylor, about two o'clock in the morning, was conveyed to the Woolpack, Aldgate, and had an affecting interview with his wife and daughter, and a female orphan he had brought up, who had waited all night in St. Botolph's porch, to see him pass before being delivered to the sheriff of Essex. On coming out of the

gates, John Hull, his good servant, stood at the rails with Thomas, (Dr. Taylor's son.) Then he lifted up his eyes to heaven, and prayed for his son and blessed him.

When they were come to Hadley-bridge, at the bridge-foot waited a poor man with five small children; who held up their hands, and he cried, "O dear father, and good shepherd, Dr. Taylor, God help and succour thee as thou hast many a time succoured me and my poor children!" The streets of Hadley were beset on both sides the way with the men and women of the town and country, who waited to see and bless him.

When Dr. Taylor had arrived at Aldham Common, the place where he should suffer, seeing a great multitude of people, he asked, "What place is this, and what meaneth it that so much people are gathered hither?" It was answered, "It is Aldham Common, the place where you must suffer, and the people are come to look upon you." Then he said, "Thanked be God, I am even at home;" and he alighted from his horse, and with both his hands rent the hood from his head.

His head had been notched and clipped like as a man would clip a fool's; which cost the good bishop Bonner had bestowed upon him. But when the people saw his reverend and ancient face, with a long white beard, they burst out with weeping tears, and cried, saying, "God save thee, good Dr. Taylor! Jesus Christ strengthen thee, and help thee! the Holy Ghost comfort thee!"

Dr. Taylor, perceiving that he should not be suffered to speak, sat down. On seeing one named Soyce, he called him, and said, "Soyce, I pray thee come and pull off my boots, and take them for thy labour; thou hast long looked for them—now take them." Then he rode up, and put off his clothes unto his shirt, and gave them away. Which done, he said with a loud voice, "Good people, I have taught you nothing but God's holy word,

and those lessons that I have taken out of God's blessed book—the Holy Bible ; and I am come hither this day to seal it with my blood." With that word Holmes, yeoman of the guard, who used Dr. Taylor very cruelly all the way, gave him a heavy stroke upon the head, and said, "Is that the keeping of thy promise of silence, thou heretic?" Then the doctor knelt down and prayed, and a poor woman that was among the people stepped in and prayed with him. When he had prayed, he went to the stake and kissed it, and set himself into a pitch-barrel, which they had put for him to stand in, and stood with his back upright against the stake, with his hands folded together, and his eyes towards heaven, and continually prayed.

Then they bound him with the chains, and having set up the fagots, one Warwick cruelly cast a fagot at him, which struck him on his head, and cut his face, so that the blood ran down. Then said Dr. Taylor, "O friend, I have harm enough; what needed that?"

Sir John Shelton standing by, as Dr. Taylor was speaking, and saying the Psalm Miserere in English, struck him on the lips: "You knave," said he, "speak Latin; I will make thee." At last they kindled the fire; and Dr. Taylor, holding up both his hands, called upon God, and said, "Merciful Father of heaven, for Jesus Christ my Saviour's sake, receive my soul into thy hands!" So he stood still without either crying or moving, with his hands folded together, till Soyce with a halberd struck him on the head till his brains fell out, and the corpse fell down into the fire.

31. MR. THOMAS TOMKINS.

THOMAS TOMKINS was by trade a weaver in Shoreditch, till he was summoned before the inhuman Bonner, and confined with many others, who renounced the errors of Popery, in a prison in that tyrant's house at Fulham.

Under his confinement, he was treated by the bishop not only unbecoming a prelate, but even a man ; for the savage, because Tomkins would not assent to the doctrine of transubstantiation, bruised him in the face, and plucked off the greatest part of the hair of his beard.

On another occasion, this scandal to humanity, in the presence of many who came to visit at Fulham, took this poor honest man by the fingers, and held his hand directly over the flame of a wax candle, having three or four wicks, supposing that, being terrified by the smart and pain of the fire, he would leave off the defence of the doctrine which he had received.

Tomkins thinking no otherwise but there presently to die, began to commend himself unto the Lord, saying, " O Lord, into thy hands I commend my spirit," &c. Tomkins afterwards reported to one James Hinse, that all the time that his hand was burning his spirit was so rapt, that he felt no pain. In which burning he never shrank till the veins shrank, and the sinews burst, and the water spurted into Mr. Harpsfield's face ; insomuch that Mr. Harpsfield, moved with pity, desired the bishop to stay, saying, that he had tried him enough.

After undergoing two examinations, and refusing to swerve from his duty and belief, he was burned in Smithfield, March 16th, 1555, triumphant in the midst of the flames, and adding to the noble company of martyrs, who had preceded him through the path of the fiery trial to the realms of immortal glory.

32. MR. THOMAS HAUKEs.

MR. HAUKEs was a man of great parts and education ; he was a gentleman in manners, and a sincere Christian. Having a child born unto him, he delayed its christening that it might not be done by a Popish priest. His intention having been expressed, he was cited before Bonner, and underwent a strict examination respecting his faith in, and opinion of, the sacramental elements. In a second conversation that passed between Bonner and Mr. Haukes, the bishop asked him what he thought of the Romish confession ; to which Mr. Haukes replied, " I say it is abominable and detestable, yea, a blasphemy against God and his Son Jesus Christ, to call upon any, to trust to any, or to pray to any, save only Jesus Christ." Upon his further examination the next day, Bonner's declarations clearly demonstrated the malice of his religion. " Thou art a heretic," said he, " and thou shalt be burned, if thou continue in this opinion. You think we are afraid to put one of you to death ; yes, yes, there is a brotherhood of you, but I will break it, I warrant you."

A little before death, several of Mr. H.'s friends, terrified by the sharpness of the punishment he was going to suffer, privately desired that in the midst of the flames he would show them some token, whether the pains of burning were so great that a man might not collectedly endure it. This he promised to do ; and it was agreed, that if the rage of the pain might be suffered, then he should lift up his hands above his head towards heaven, before he gave up the ghost.

Not long after, Mr. Haukes was led away to the place appointed for slaughter by lord Rich ; and being come to the stake, mildly and patiently prepared himself for the

fire, having a strong chain cast about his middle, with a multitude of people on every side compassing him about. Unto whom after he had spoken many things, and poured out his soul unto God, the fire was kindled.

When he had continued long in it, and his speech was taken away by violence of the flame, his skin drawn together, and his fingers consumed with the fire, so that it was thought that he was gone, suddenly, and contrary to all expectation, this good man, being mindful of his promise, reached up his hands burning in flames over his head to the living God, and with great rejoicings, as it seemed, struck or clapped them three times together. A great shout followed this wonderful circumstance, and then this blessed martyr of Christ, sinking down in the fire, gave up his spirit, June 10, 1555.

33. MR. CHRISTOPHER WAID.

CHRISTOPHER WAID, linendraper, of Dartford, suffered death, condemned by Maurice, bishop of Rochester, about the last day of June, 1555. Mr. Waid was appointed to be burnt at a place a quarter of a mile out of Dartford town, called the Brimth, in a gravel pit, the common place for the execution of felons.

Being made ready, and his clothes stripped off at an inn, a long white shirt was brought him from his wife, which being put on, and he pinioned, he was led on foot to the aforesaid place. When he was come to the stake, he took it in his arms and kissed it, setting his back to it, and standing in a pitch barrel which was taken from the beacon hard by; a smith then brought a hoop of iron, and with two staples made it fast to the stake under his arms.

As soon as he was thus settled, with his eyes and hands lifted up to heaven, he spake with a cheerful and

loud voice the last verse of the 88th psalm: "Show some good token upon me, O Lord, that they which hate me may see it, and be ashamed; because thou, Lord, hast helped me, and comforted me."

Then the reeds being set about him, he pulled them, and embraced them in his arms, making a hole against his face, that his voice might be heard; which his tormentors perceiving, they cast fagots at the aperture; but notwithstanding he still, as he could, put them off, his face being hurt with the end of a fagot cast thereat. The fire being put to him, he cried unto God often, "Lord Jesus, receive my soul;" showing no token nor sign of impatience in the fire, till at length, after the fire was thoroughly kindled, he was heard by no man to speak, still holding up his hands together over his head towards heaven, even when he was dead and altogether roasted, as though they had been stayed up with a support under them.

34. MR. DIRICK CARVER.

DIRICK CARVER was a man whom the Lord had blessed as well with temporal riches as with his spiritual treasures. At his coming into the town of Lewes to be burnt, the people called to him, beseeching God to strengthen him in the faith of Jesus Christ; and, as he came to the stake, he knelt down, and prayed earnestly.

After he had prayed awhile, he said, "O Lord my God, thou hast written, He that will not forsake wife, children, house, and everything that he hath, and take up his cross and follow thee, is not worthy of thee; but thou, Lord, knowest that I have forsaken all to come unto thee; Lord, have mercy upon me, for unto thee I commend my spirit, and my soul doth rejoice in thee!" These were the last words of this faithful servant of Christ before enduring the fire.

35. MR. ROBERT GLOVER.

JOHN GLOVER was a gentleman of property in the town of Manchester, and with his brothers, Robert and William, had received and embraced the happy light of the Reformation. John was of a peculiarly tender conscience; and during five years, before the accession of Queen Mary, had the strongest terrors of mind upon him, that he was in a reprobate state: in this fearful view, however, it pleased the Lord to comfort him, and when the bishop of Coventry heard of his zeal and piety, he sent an order to the mayor for his immediate apprehension. The worthy magistrate, however, gave him private notice of his danger, and thereby John and William had time to withdraw before the arrival of the officers, one of whom, proceeding up stairs, found Mr. Robert Glover ill in bed. Regardless of his not being the person indicted, he took him before the officers, who would willingly have dismissed him, but the sheriff threatened to denounce them as favourers of heretics. Thus he was brought before the tiger of Coventry, and ordered to be conveyed to Litchfield, ill as he was, where he arrived about four o'clock at the Swan, and afterward was put into a dismal room in the prison, without stool or table, and with straw only for his bed that night.

He underwent several examinations before the bishop in public consistory, and was condemned. Before execution he felt much doubt of his strength to bear the bitter cross preparing for him; but Mr. Augustus Bernher, a faithful friend and minister, consoled him in the trying conflict on the day of his death. As he proceeded towards the stake, he felt the Saviour's hand so strongly supporting him, that he ejaculated, clapping his hands

to his reverend friend, "Austin, he comes, he comes!" In this glorious frame of mind he was joined to his Redeemer.

36. MR. JOHN PHILPOT.

THIS martyr was the son of a knight, born in Hampshire, and brought up at new College, Oxford, where he several years studied the civil law, and became eminent in the Hebrew tongue. He was a scholar and a gentleman, zealous in religion, fearless in disposition, and a detester of flattery. After visiting Italy, he returned to England, affairs in king Edward's days wearing a more promising aspect. During this reign he continued to be archdeacon of Winchester under Dr. Poinet, who succeeded Gardiner. Upon the accession of Mary, a convocation was summoned, in which Mr. Philpot defended the Reformation against his ordinary Gardiner, (again made bishop of Winchester,) and soon was conducted to Bonner and other commissioners for examination, Oct. 2, 1555, after being eighteen months imprisoned. Upon his demanding to see the commission, Dr. Story cruelly observed, "I will spend both my gown and my coat but I will burn thee! Let him be in Lollard's tower, (a wretched prison,) for I will sweep the King's Bench and all the other prisons of these heretics!"

Upon Mr. Philpot's second examination, it was intimated to him, that Dr. Story had said that the lord chancellor had commanded that he should be made away with. It is easy to foretell the result of this inquiry: he was committed to Bonner's coal-house, where he joined company with a zealous minister of Essex, who had been induced to sign a bill of recantation; but afterward, stung by his conscience, he asked the bishop to let him see the instrument again, when he tore it to

pieces; which induced Bonner in a fury to strike him repeatedly, and tear away part of his beard. Mr. Philpot had a private interview with Bonner the same night, and was then remanded to his bed of straw, like the other prisoners, in the coal-house.

After seven examinations, Bonner ordered him to be set in the stocks, and on the following Sunday separated him from his fellow-prisoners as a sower of heresy, and ordered him up to a room near the battlements of St. Paul's, eight foot by thirteen, on the other side of Lollard's tower, and which could be overlooked by any one in the bishop's outer gallery. Here Mr. Philpot was searched; but happily he was successful in secreting some letters containing his examinations. In the eleventh investigation before various bishops, and Mr. Morgan, of Oxford, the latter was so driven into a corner by the close pressure of Mr. Philpot's arguments, that he said to him, "Instead of the spirit of the Gospel, which you boast to possess, I think it is the spirit of the buttery, which your fellows have had, who were drunk before their death, and went, I believe, drunken to it."

To this unfounded and brutish remark, Mr. Philpot indignantly replied, "It appeareth by your communication, that you are better acquainted with that spirit than the Spirit of God; wherefore I tell thee, thou painted wall and hypocrite, in the name of the living God, whose truth I have told thee, that God shall rain fire and brimstone upon such blasphemers as thou art!" He was then remanded by Bonner, with an order not to allow him his Bible nor candlelight.

December 4th, Mr. Philpot had his next hearing, and this was followed by two more, making in all fourteen conferences, previous to the final examination in which he was condemned; such were the perseverance and anxiety of the Catholics, aided by the argumentative abilities of the most distinguished of the papal bishops,

to bring him into the pale of their Church. Those examinations, which were very long and learned, were all written down by Mr. Philpot, and a stronger proof of the imbecility of the Catholic doctors cannot to an unbiassed mind be exhibited.

December 16th, in the consistory of St. Paul's, bishop Bonner proceeded to pass the awful sentence upon him, after he and the other bishops had urged him by every inducement to recant. He was afterward conducted to Newgate, where the avaricious Catholic keeper loaded him with heavy irons, which, by the humanity of Mr. Macham, were ordered to be taken off.

December 17th, Mr. Philpot received intimation that he was to die next day; and the next morning, about eight o'clock, he joyfully met the sheriffs, who were to attend him to the place of execution. Upon entering Smithfield, the ground was so muddy, that two officers offered to carry him to the stake; but he replied, "Would you make me a pope? I am content to finish my journey on foot." Arrived at the stake, he said, "Shall I disdain to suffer at the stake, when my Redeemer did not refuse to suffer the most vile death upon the cross for me?" He then meekly recited the 106th, 107th, and 108th psalms, and when he had finished his prayers, was bound to the post, and fire applied to the pile. On December 18th, 1555, perished this illustrious martyr, revered by man, and glorified in heaven! His letters, arising out of the cause for which he suffered, are elegant, numerous, and elaborate.

37. MRS. CICELY ORMES.

THIS young martyr, aged twenty-two, was the wife of Mr. Edmund Ormes, worsted weaver of St. Lawrence, Norwich. September 23, 1557, she was brought to the stake, at eight o'clock in the morning. After declaring her faith to the people, she laid her hand on the stake, and said, "Welcome, thou cross of Christ." Her hand was sooted in doing this, (for it was the same stake at which Miller and Cooper were burnt,) and she at first wiped it; but directly after again welcomed and embraced it as the "sweet cross of Christ." After the tormentors had kindled the fire, she said, "My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit doth rejoice in God my Saviour." Then crossing her hands upon her breast, and looking upwards with the utmost serenity, she stood the fiery furnace. Her hands continued gradually to rise, till the sinews were dried, and then they fell. She uttered no sigh of pain, but yielded her life, a willing sacrifice for the cause of truth.

38. MR. THOMAS HUDSON.

THOMAS HUDSON, of Aylesbury, Norfolk, was a glover, an industrious man, aged thirty. Disliking the superstitious ceremonies introduced by queen Mary, he absented himself from his church and home, and wandered about from place to place, till at length, anxious to see his children, he returned to the bosom of his afflicted family. The better to secure his person from the officers, he and his wife constructed a hollow place among a quantity of fagots, to which, for greater security, he retired. Here he remained six months, waited upon by

his wife with the utmost affection, while he employed his time in reading and prayer. Mr. Berry, the vicar of the town, anxious for the sacrifice of the pious man, now came to his wife, and threatened her with the fate designed for her husband, if she did not disclose the place of his retreat.

His next-door neighbour, Crouch, laid an information against him, and April 22, 1558, he was taken. When the constables entered, he said, "Welcome, friends, welcome! Now mine hour is come; for you are they who shall lead me to life in Christ. I thank God for it, and the Lord strengthen me for his mercy's sake."

The spot of execution was called Lollard's pit, without Bishopsgate, at Norwich. After joining together in humble petition to the throne of grace, they arose, went to the stake, and were encircled with their chains. To the great surprise of the spectators, Hudson slipped from under his chain, and came forward. A great opinion prevailed that he was about to recant; others thought that he wanted further time. In the meantime, his companions at the stake urged every promise and exhortation to support him. The hopes of the enemies of the cross, however, were disappointed: the good man, far from fearing the smallest personal terror at the approaching pangs of death, was only alarmed, that his Saviour's face seemed to be hidden from him. Falling upon his knees, his spirit wrestled with God, and God verified the words of his Son, "Ask, and it shall be given." The martyr rose in an ecstasy of joy, and exclaimed, "Now, I thank God, I am strong, and care not what man can do to me!" With an unruffled countenance he replaced himself under the chain, joined his fellow-sufferers, and with them suffered death, to the comfort of the godly, and the confusion of antichrist.

39. LORD VISCOUNT WINCESLAUS.

THIS venerable nobleman, who had attained the age of seventy years, was equally respectable for learning, piety, and hospitality. His temper was so remarkably patient, that when his house was broken open, his property seized, and his estates confiscated, he only said, with great composure, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away." Being asked why he could engage in so dangerous a cause, he replied, "I acted strictly according to the dictates of my conscience. I am now full of years, and wish to lay down life, that I may not be a witness of the further evils which are to attend my country. You have long thirsted for my blood; take it, for God will be my avenger." Then approaching the block, he stroked his long gray beard, and said, "Venerable hairs, the greater honour now attends ye—a crown of martyrdom is your portion." Then laying down his head, it was severed from his body at one stroke, and placed upon a pole in a conspicuous part of the city.

40. LORD HARANT.

LORD HARANT was a man of good sense, great piety, and much experience gained by travel—as he had visited the principal places in Europe, Asia and Africa. Hence he was free from national prejudices, and had collected much knowledge.

When he came upon the scaffold, he said, "I have travelled through many countries, and traversed various barbarous nations, yet never found so much cruelty as at home. I have escaped innumerable perils both by sea and land, and surmounted inconceivable difficulties,

to suffer innocently in my native place. My blood is likewise sought by those for whom I, and my forefathers, have hazarded our lives and estates; but, Almighty God, forgive them, for they know not what they do." He then went to the block, kneeled down, and exclaimed with great energy, "Into thy hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit; in thee have I always trusted; receive me, therefore, my blessed Redeemer." The fatal stroke was then given, and a period put to the temporary pains of this life.

41. SIR GASPER KAPLITZ.

THIS gentleman was eighty-six years of age. When he came to the place of execution, he addressed the principal officer thus:—"Behold a miserable ancient man, who hath often entreated God to take him out of this wicked world, but could not till now obtain his desire; for God reserved me till these years to be a spectacle to the world, and a sacrifice to himself: therefore God's will be done." One of the officers told him, that in consideration of his great age, if he would only ask pardon he would immediately receive it. "Ask pardon!" exclaimed he, "I will ask pardon of God, whom I have frequently offended; but not of the emperor, to whom I never gave any offence: should I sue for pardon, it might be justly suspected I had committed some crime for which I deserved this condemnation. No, no; as I die innocent, and with a clear conscience, I would not be separated from this noble company of martyrs:" so saying, he cheerfully resigned his neck to the block.

42. MR. CHRISTOPHER CHOBER.

THIS gentleman, as soon as he stepped upon the scaffold, said, "I come in the name of God, to die for his glory; I have fought the good fight, and finished my course; so, executioner, do your office." The executioner obeyed, and he instantly received the crown of martyrdom.

43. REV. GEORGE WISHART.

MR. GEORGE WISHART was born in Scotland, and after receiving a grammatical education at a private school, he left that place, and finished his studies at the University of Cambridge.

In order to improve himself as much as possible in the knowledge of literature, he travelled into various parts abroad, where he distinguished himself for his great learning and abilities, both in philosophy and divinity.

After being some time abroad, he returned to England, and took up his residence at Cambridge, where he was admitted a member of Bennet College. Having taken up his degrees, he entered into holy orders, and expounded the Gospel in so clear and intelligible a manner as highly to delight his numerous auditors.

Being desirous of propagating the true Gospel in his own country, he left Cambridge in 1544; and on his arrival in Scotland he first preached at Montrose, and afterward at Dundee. In this last place he made a public exposition of the Epistle to the Romans, which he went through with such grace and freedom as greatly alarmed the Papists.

In consequence of this, (at the instigation of Cardinal

Beaton, the archbishop of St. Andrews,) one Robert Miln, a principal man at Dundee, went to the church where Wishart preached, and in the middle of his discourse publicly told him not to trouble the town any more, for he was determined not to suffer it.

This sudden rebuff greatly surprised Wishart, who, after a short pause, looking sorrowfully on the speaker and the audience, said, "God is my witness, that I never minded your trouble, but your comfort; yea, your trouble is more grievous to me than it is to yourselves; but I am assured, to refuse God's word, and to chase from you his messenger, shall not preserve you from trouble, but shall bring you into it; for God shall send you ministers that shall neither fear burning nor banishment. I have offered you the word of salvation. With the hazard of my life I have remained among you: now you yourselves refuse me; and I must leave my innocence to be declared by my God. If it be long prosperous with you, I am not led by the Spirit of truth: but if unlooked-for trouble come upon you, acknowledge the cause, and turn to God, who is gracious and merciful. But if you turn not at the first warning, he will visit you with fire and sword." At the close of this speech he left the pulpit, and retired.

After this he went into the west of Scotland, where he preached God's word, which was gladly received by many.

A short time after this, Mr. Wishart received intelligence that the plague was broken out in Dundee. It began four days after he was prohibited from preaching there, and raged so extremely that it was almost beyond credit how many died in the space of twenty-four hours. This being related to him, he, notwithstanding the importunity of his friends to detain him, determined to go there, saying, "They are now in troubles, and need comfort. Perhaps this hand of God will make them

now to magnify and reverence the word of God, which before they lightly esteemed."

Here he was with joy received by the godly. He chose the east-gate for the place of his preaching; so that the healthy were within, and the sick without the gate. He took his text from these words: "He sent his word, and healed them," &c. In this sermon he chiefly dwelt upon the advantage and comfort of God's word, the judgments that ensue upon the contempt or rejection of it, the freedom of God's grace to all his people, and the happiness of those of his elect whom he takes to himself out of this miserable world. The hearts of his hearers were so raised by the Divine force of this discourse as not to regard death, but to judge them the more happy who should then be called, not knowing whether they might have such a comforter again with them.

After this the plague abated; though, in the midst of it, Wishart constantly visited those that lay in the greatest extremity, and comforted them by his exhortations.

When he took his leave of the people of Dundee, he said, "That God had almost put an end to that plague, and that he was now called to another place."

He went from thence to Montrose, where he sometimes preached, but spent most of his time in private meditation and prayer.

It is said, that before he left Dundee, and while he was engaged in the labours of love to the bodies, as well as to the souls, of those poor afflicted people, Cardinal Beaton engaged a desperate Popish priest, called John Weighton, to kill him; the attempt to execute which was as follows:—One day, after Wishart had finished his sermon, and the people departed, the priest stood waiting at the bottom of the stairs with a naked dagger in his hand under his gown. But Mr. Wishart

having a sharp, piercing eye, and seeing the priest as he came from the pulpit, said to him, "My friend, what would you have?" and immediately clapping his hand upon the dagger, took it from him. The priest, being terrified, fell on his knees, confessed his intention, and craved pardon. A noise being hereupon raised, and it coming to the ears of those who were sick, they cried, "Deliver the traitor to us; we will take him by force;" and they burst in at the gate. But Wishart, taking the priest in his arms, said, "Whatsoever hurts him shall hurt me; for he hath done me no mischief, but much good, by teaching more heedfulness for the time to come." By this conduct he appeased the people, and saved the life of the wicked priest.

Soon after his return to Montrose, the cardinal again conspired his death, causing a letter to be sent to him as if it had been from his familiar friend, the laird of Kennier; in which he was desired, with all possible speed, to come to him, because he was taken with a sudden sickness. In the mean time the cardinal had provided sixty men armed, to lie in wait within a mile and a half of Montrose, in order to murder him as he passed that way.

The letter coming to Wishart's hand by a boy,—who also brought him a horse for the journey,—Wishart, accompanied by some honest men, his friends, set forward; but something particular striking his mind by the way, he returned back,—which they wondering at, asked him the cause; to whom he said, "I will not go; I am forbidden of God; I am assured there is treason. Let some of you go to yonder place, and tell me what you find." Which doing, they made the discovery; and hastily returning, they told Mr. Wishart; whereupon he said, "I know I shall end my life by that blood-thirsty man's hands, but it will not be in this manner."

A short time after this he left Montrose, and proceeded to Edinburgh, in order to propagate the Gospel in that city. By the way he lodged with a faithful brother, called James Watson, of Inner-Goury. In the middle of the night he got up, and went into the yard—which two men hearing, they privately followed him.

While in the yard, he fell on his knees, and prayed for some time with the greatest fervency, after which he arose, and returned to his bed. Those who attended him, appearing as though they were ignorant of all, came and asked him where he had been. But he would not answer them. The next day they importuned him to tell them, saying, “Be plain with us, for we heard your mourning, and saw your gestures.”

On this he, with a dejected countenance, said, “I had rather you had been in your beds.” But they still pressing upon him to know something, he said, “I will tell you: I am assured that my warfare is near at an end; and therefore pray to God with me that I shrink not when the battle waxeth most hot.”

Soon after, Cardinal Beaton, archbishop of St. Andrews, being informed that Mr. Wishart was at the house of Mr. Cockburn, of Ormiston, in East Lothian, he applied to the regent to cause him to be apprehended; with which, after great persuasion, and much against his will, he complied.

In consequence of this, the cardinal immediately proceeded to the trial of Wishart, against whom no less than eighteen articles were exhibited. Mr. Wishart answered the respective articles with great composure of mind, and in so learned and clear a manner, as greatly surprised most of those who were present.

After the examination was finished, the archbishop endeavoured to prevail on Mr. Wishart to recant; but he was too firmly fixed in his religious principles, and

too much enlightened with the truth of the Gospel, to be in the least moved.

As soon as he arrived at the stake, the executioner put a rope round his neck, and a chain about his middle; upon which he fell on his knees, and thus exclaimed:—

“O thou Saviour of the world, have mercy upon me! Father of heaven, I commend my spirit into thy holy hands.”

After this he prayed for his accusers, saying, “I beseech thee, Father of heaven, forgive them that have, from ignorance, or an evil mind, forged lies of me: I forgive them with all my heart. I beseech Christ to forgive them that have ignorantly condemned me.”

44. HUGH McKAIL.

HUGH McKAIL, who was among the first victims in the twenty-eight years' persecution in Scotland, was executed in the twenty-sixth year of his age. His great influence and popular talents as a preacher made him an object of jealousy. He closed his powerful and eloquent speech on the scaffold, in these sublime and touching words: “Now I leave off to speak any more to creatures, and begin my intercourse with God forever. Farewell, father and mother, friends and relations; farewell, the world and all its delights; farewell, food and drink; farewell, sun, moon, and stars. Welcome, God and Father; welcome, sweet Jesus, the Mediator of the New Testament; welcome, blessed Spirit of all grace, and God of consolations; welcome, glory; welcome, eternal life; welcome, death!” And having prayed a few moments, he lifted his eyes to heaven and cried with a loud voice, “O Lord, into thy hands I commend my spirit; for thou hast redeemed my soul, O Lord God of truth.” While uttering this prayer he was launched into eternity.

45. MONSIEUR HOMEL.

M. HOMEL was the pastor of a Protestant Church in France, and suffered martyrdom at Tournon, in October, 1683. At his execution he exclaimed: "I count myself happy, that I can die in my Maker's cause. What! would my gracious Redeemer descend from heaven to earth, that I might ascend from earth to heaven? Would he undergo an ignominious death, that I might be possessed of a most blessed life? Verily, if after all this, to prolong a frail and miserable life, I should lose that which is everlasting, should I not be a most ungrateful wretch to my God, and a most cruel opposer of my own happiness? No, no; the die is cast, and I am immovable in my resolution. I breathe after that hour. O, when will that good hour come, that will put a period to my present miserable life, and give me the enjoyment of one which is infinitely blessed? Farewell, my dear wife; I know your tears, your continual sighs, hinder your bidding me adieu. Do not be troubled at this wheel upon which I must expire; 'tis to me a triumphal chariot, which will carry me into heaven. I see heaven opened, and my Jesus, with his outstretched arms, ready to receive me; for he is the Divine spouse of my soul.

"I am leaving the world, in which is nothing but adversity, in order to enter heaven, and enjoy everlasting felicity. You shall come to me; I shall never come back to you. All that I recommend to you is, to educate our dear children in the fear of God; and to be careful that they swerve not from the way prescribed to them in the Holy Scriptures. I have bequeathed them a little formulary for their instruction, to the end that, if ever they be brought into the like condition with my-

self, they may undergo it courageously, and be confident in the goodness of our God, who will send the Divine Comforter to strengthen them in all their straits and distresses. Prepare them for suffering betimes, to the end that in the great day, when we shall appear before the judgment-seat of Christ, we may be able to bespeak him, 'Lord, here we are, and the children which thou hast given us.' Ah! I shall never have done. Ah! why am I hindered from departing? Farewell, my dear people. 'Tis the last farewell I shall ever give you. Be steadfast, be fixed; and know that I never preached to you anything but the pure truth of the Gospel—the true way which leads to heaven."

Somebody telling him that he had spoken too much; "How," said he, "have I spoken too much? I have spoken nothing but the very truth. I have neither spoken nor done anything that is in the least injurious to the sacred majesty of our august monarch; but on the contrary, I always exhorted the people, committed by the Lord to my charge, to render those honours which are due to our king. But as for our consciences, we hold them of our God, and must keep them for him." Then his judges, turning from him, ordered the executioner to do his office; which he did by breaking his arms and his legs.

And being then asked, whether he would die a Roman Catholic, he answered: "How, my lords! Had it been my design to have changed my religion, I would have done it before my bones had been thus broken to pieces. I wait only for the hour of my dissolution. Courage, courage, O my soul! thou shalt presently enjoy the delights of heaven. And as for thee, O my poor body, thou shalt be reduced to dust; but it is for this end, that thou mayest be raised a spiritual body. Thou shalt see things that never entered into the heart of man, and which are in this life impossible to be conceived."

Again addressing himself to his wife, he said, "Farewell, once more, my well-beloved spouse. I am waiting for you. But know, though you see my bones broken to shivers, my soul is replenished with inexpressible joys."

Every limb, member, and bone of his body was broken with the iron bar forty hours before the executioner was permitted to strike him upon the breast, with a stroke which they call *Le coup de grace*—the blow of mercy; that death-stroke which put an end to all his miseries.

46. A NEGRO MARTYR.

SOME years ago, a healthy and most valuable slave on a West Indian plantation was converted to Christianity through the agency of the missionaries. His wicked and brutal master did all he could to make him renounce his Saviour. To effect this, he at first flogged him most unmercifully. This cruelty, however, did not move the poor African youth from his adherence to Christ. The master persevered in his inhuman conduct, till at length, on one day, memorable for the perpetration of the infernal deed, he was determined to make the poor slave renounce Christ, or *flog him to death!* With horrible cruelty he lashed him till his flesh was torn, and it hung about him in tatters. With inhuman hardness, the master, while he was thus flogging his excellent slave, tauntingly inquired, "What now does your Jesus do for you?" The boy replied, "*He helps me to bear dese strokes, massa, with patience!*" And when this heroic martyr, in the act of expiring, was sneeringly asked by his wretched tormentor, "And now what has your Jesus done for you?" He immediately answered with a faltering voice, "*Even dis, massa, dat me can PRAY for you, and FORGIVE you!*"

SECTION II.

Ministers of the Gospel.

I. RISDON DARRACOTT.

“The chamber where the Christian meets his fate,
Is privileged beyond the common walk
Of virtuous life, quite on the verge of heaven ;
You see the man, you see his hold on heaven.
Heaven waits not the last moment, owns her friends
On this side death, and points them out to man—
A lecture silent, but of sovereign power,
To vice confusion, and to virtue peace.”—YOUNG.

THIS eminent servant of Christ was born in Dorsetshire, February, 1717; and in the same month his mother departed to rest with her Lord. Some of her ancestors had counted all things loss for the sake of Christ; and had been voluntary exiles to this country, where freedom of conscience in things sacred might be enjoyed. The seeds of piety were early sown in the heart of his orphan son by an affectionate father, who was himself a minister of the Gospel. He was placed under the tuition of Doddridge, at Northampton, and by him he was tenderly beloved. Here his religious character became established, and the piety of his heart and life assumed no ordinary cast. Wellington, in Somersetshire, was the field of his ministerial labours. In view of his zeal, eloquence, and success, Mr. Whitefield said of him, that “he might justly be styled the star in the west;” and a profane person exclaimed once as he passed by, “There goes a man who serves God as if the devil were in him.” Immense audiences hung upon his ministry, and multitudes were brought to Christ. In the adjacent villages, he opened houses of worship and preached

weekly to the people. In this work he spared no pains, and shrunk from no labour.

Towards the close of the year 1758, Mr. Darracott began to apprehend the approach of death. "I believe," said he, "that I am near my end—my work is done, and I am going home to my rest." On the evening of the same day he composed the following meditation, and sent it to a friend:—

"Is this the voice of my dear Lord? 'Surely I come quickly.' Amen, says my willing, joyful soul; even so, come, Lord Jesus! Come, for I long to have done with this poor, low life; to have done with its burdens, its sorrows, and its snares. Come, for I grow weary of this painful distance, and long to be at home; long to be with thee, where thou art, that I may behold thy glory.

"Come then, blessed Jesus, as soon as thou pleasest, and burst asunder these bonds of clay, which hold me from thee; break down these separating walls, which hinder me from thine embrace. Death is no more my dread, but rather the object of my desire. I welcome the stroke, which will prove so friendly to me; which will knock off my fetters, throw open my prison doors, and set my soul at liberty; which will free me (transporting thought!) from all those remainders of indwelling sin, under which I have long groaned in this tabernacle, and with which I have been maintaining a constant and painful conflict—but which all my weeping and praying, all my attending Divine ordinances, could never entirely cure me of; yea, will perfectly and forever free me from all my complaints, give me the answer of all my prayers, and put me at once in the eternal possession of my warmest wishes and hopes—even the sweet, beatifying presence of thee, O blessed Jesus, whom having not seen, I love, and in whom, though now I see thee not, yet believing, I rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory. This world has now no

more charms to attract my heart, or make me wish a moment's longer stay. I have no engagements to delay my farewell. Nothing to detain me now. My soul is on the wing. Joyfully do I quit mortality, and here cheerfully take my leave of all I ever held dear below.

“Farewell, my dear Christian friends! I have taken sweet counsel with you in the way; but I leave you for sweeter, better converse above. You will soon follow me, and then our delightful communion shall be uninterrupted, as well as perfect, and our society be broken up no more forever. Farewell, in particular, my dearest —. How has our friendship ripened almost to the maturity of heaven! How tenderly and closely are our hearts knit to one another! Nor shall the sweet union be dissolved by death. Being one in Christ, we shall be one forever. With what eternal thankfulness shall we remember that word, ‘Christ is all in all!’ He was so then indeed, and he will ever be so. Mourn not that I go to him first. ’Tis but a little while, and you will come after. O, with what joy, think you, shall I welcome your arrival on the heavenly shore, and conduct you to him whom our souls so dearly love? What though we meet no more at Wellington, we shall, we assuredly shall, embrace one another in heaven, never to part more. Till then, adieu! and now I leave you with the warmest wishes of all felicity to attend you, and the most grateful overflowings of heart for all the kindest tokens of the most endearing friendship I ever received from you.

“Farewell, thou my dearest wife; my most affectionate, delightful companion in heaven’s road, whom God in the greatest mercy gave me, and has thus to the end of my race graciously continued to me! For all thy care, thy love, thy prayers, I bless my God and thank thee in these departing moments. But, dear as thou art, (and dearest of all that is mortal I hold thee,) I now find it

easy to part from thee, to go to that Jesus thine and mine, who is infinitely more dear to me. With him I cheerfully leave thee, nor doubt his care of thee, who has loved thee, and given himself for thee. 'Tis but a short separation we shall have; our spirits will soon reunite, and then never, never know separation more. For as we have been companions in the patience and tribulation of our Lord's kingdom, we shall assuredly be so in his glory.

"Farewell, my dear children! I leave you; but God has bound himself by a most inviolable promise, to take care of you. Only choose him for your own God, who has been your father's God, and then, though I leave you exposed in the waves of a dangerous and wicked world, Providence, eternal and almighty Providence, has undertaken to pilot and preserve you. With comfortable hope, therefore, I bid you my last adieu; pleading the faithful and true promise; saying, as the patriarch, 'I die,' my dear children, 'but God will be with you;' praying in humble faith, that your souls, with those of your parents, may be bound up in the bundle of life with the Lord your God.

"Farewell, ye my dear people, to whom I have been preaching the everlasting Gospel—that Gospel which is now all my hope and all my joy! Many, very many of you are my present rejoicing, and will be my eternal crown of glory. And now I am leaving you, I bless God for all the success he has been graciously pleased to give my poor labours among you; for all the comfortable seasons of grace I have enjoyed with you. Adieu, my dear friends! I part with you this day at the sacred table of our blessed Lord, in the confidence and hope, that though I shall drink no more with you this fruit of the vine, I shall drink it new with you in the kingdom of our heavenly Father. Only, my brethren, my dearly beloved and longed for, my joy and crown, so stand fast in the Lord, my dearly beloved. But for

the rest of you, I mourn to think in what a miserable condition I am leaving you; and though you will no more hear my voice, and have often, alas! heard it to no purpose, this once hear and regard my dying charge—that you do not continue in a Christless and unconverted state, nor meet me in that state at the day of judgment.

“And now, farewell, praying and preaching, my most delightful work! Farewell, ye Sabbaths and sacraments, and all Divine ordinances! I have now done with you all, and you have done all that was to be done for me. As the manna, and the rock, in the wilderness, you have supplied me with sweet refreshments by the way; and now I am leaving you, I bless my God for all the comfort and edification I have received by your means as the appointed channel of Divine communications. But now I have no more need of you. I am going to the God of ordinances; to that fountain of living waters, which has filled these pools below; and instead of sipping at the streams, I shall now be forever satisfied from the fountain-head.

“Farewell, now, my poor body! Thou shalt be no more a clog to my active spirit—no more hinder me in the service of God, no more ensnare my soul, and pollute it with sin. And now an everlasting farewell to all sins and sorrows, all doubts and fears, conflicts and temptations! Farewell to earth and all terrestrial scenes! Ye are now no more! An infinitely brighter prospect opens to me!”

“See the guardian angels nigh
Wait to waft my soul on high!
See the golden gates display’d!
See the crown to grace my head!
See a flood of sacred light,
Which shall yield no more to night!
Transitory world, farewell!
Jesus calls with him to dwell.”

His illness, proceeding from stones in the kidneys, was attended with intervals of the most excruciating pain; yet nothing was heard from his lips but continual expressions of praise and thanksgiving. He said to a brother minister, "How sweet to see our comforts and our crosses, our joyful and mournful circumstances, our life and our death, all in the hands of such a Father; all equally under his direction, and all evidently designed by him for our good; all proceeding from his everlasting love which he had for us, terminating at last in our everlasting salvation! This lays an easy foundation for that precept, which is a strange one to a carnal world—'In everything give thanks.'"

About three weeks before he died, on a Lord's-day morning, he said to one that was standing by, "I am going to that Jesus whom I love, and whom I have so often preached. 'Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly;' why are thy chariot wheels delayed?" The night before he died, he was in a delightful frame, full of heavenly joy, with his intellectual faculties as strong as ever. When the apothecary came in, he said, "O Mr. K., what a mercy it is to be interested in the atoning blood of Christ! You tell me I am dying; how long do you think it will be first?" It was answered, "That is uncertain to a few hours." "Will it be to-night?" said he. It was answered, "I believe you will survive the night." "Well," he exclaimed, "all is well, I am ready." "This, sir," addressing the apothecary, "is agreeable to the doctrine I have at all times preached, that I now come to the Lord as a vile sinner, trusting on the merits and precious blood of my dear Redeemer. O grace, grace, free grace!" He desired to see some of his flock; but when they came, his spirits were exhausted by talking nearly three quarters of an hour. He said to them, however, "In the faith of that doctrine I have preached to you, I am going to die." He then related his expe-

rience of the goodness of God to him in his sickness, and said, "If I had a thousand lives to live I would live them all for Christ; I have cast anchor on him, and rely on his blood, and am going to venture my all upon him." He then took his leave of each in a very solemn manner, and said, "Watch your hearts, and keep them with all diligence, for out of them is the issue of life."

Calling for his wife and children, he took his leave of them with the utmost composure and serenity of mind, and submission to his Father's will. Observing them and all his other friends weeping, he said to his wife, "My dear and precious wife, why do you weep? you should rejoice. Rely on the promises. God will never leave nor forsake you; all his promises are true and sure. Well, I am going from weeping friends to congratulating angels and rejoicing saints in heaven and glory. Blessed be God, all is well!"

He asked, "How much longer will it be before I gain my dismissal?" It was answered, "Not long." "Well," he observed, "Here is nothing on earth I desire; here I am waiting! What a mercy to be in Jesus!" He then threw abroad his arms, and said, "He is coming! he is coming! But surely this cannot be death; O how astonishingly is the Lord softening my passage; surely God is too good, too good to such a worm! O speed thy chariot wheels! Why art thou so long in coming? I long to be gone." At length he exclaimed, as if beginning a sentence, "Faith and hope:" these were his last words. About eleven o'clock in the morning he lay down; and just before twelve, fell asleep in Jesus, whom he so much loved.

According to his request, a post-mortem examination was had, to ascertain the disorder of which he died. Five stones were found in the left kidney, which had been so inflamed that putrefaction had nearly consumed that organ. The parts contiguous having partaken of

the inflammation, betrayed the agony which he must have endured.

The funeral of Mr. Darracott was attended by an immense multitude, and the death of the holy man regarded as a public calamity. And for many years his memory was cherished with the most lively gratitude by multitudes who had been blessed by his ministry. It is said that, forty years later, the remains of his devoted widow, at her own request, were deposited with those of her husband. When the tomb was opened, there was present a person who had been deeply affected under the ministry of Mr. Darracott, but had turned aside to the world, and had for many years neglected the duties of religion. The sight of the bones of her former pastor recalled so forcibly the views and feelings, which his animating voice and fervent zeal had first produced, that she burst forth in expressions of alarm and anguish. Thus the righteous man "being dead, yet speaketh;" from his tomb goes forth a voice at once alarming to the wicked, and grateful to the believer in Christ.

2. EDWARD PAYSON, D. D.

"Through nature's wreck, through vanquish'd agonies,
Like stars struggling through this midnight gloom,
What gleams of joy! what more than human peace!"—YOUNG.

EDWARD PAYSON was born at Rindge, New-Hampshire, July 25, 1783. At the age of twenty he was graduated at Harvard University, and the three following years had charge of an academy in Portland, Maine. When about twenty-one years of age, religion became his all-engrossing concern, and never afterwards could he be diverted from the all-absorbing interest of his soul. Henceforward he was accustomed to say, "The vows of God are upon me;" and unceasing were his

efforts to keep the vows which his lips had uttered. In 1807 he was settled as pastor of the Church in Portland; and here he continued with unceasing fidelity, and with eminent success, to exercise his ministry for twenty years, till called from his toils and sufferings to his eternal reward.

During his whole life he had been more or less subject to disease and bodily infirmity. Long did he sustain himself by the grace of God against the encroachments of disease. But in the spring of 1827 he began to fail, and it was evident that his work was well nigh done. His left side, and also his right arm, became incapable of motion, and lost all sensibility of feeling; while, in the interior of the affected limbs, he experienced a burning sensation, which he compared to a stream of fused metal or liquid fire coursing through his bones. He was also subject to the most violent attacks of nervous head-ache. But even when convinced that the hour of his departure was at hand, he could not consent to cease from preaching. His public ministrations during this period, when his body was sinking toward the grave, were not only adapted to his peculiar circumstances, but were surpassingly eloquent and instructive.

An eye-witness thus describes one of his last communion seasons:—"It was an affecting, a soul-cheering scene. Its interest was greatly enhanced by the nearness in which he seemed to stand to the communion of the Church triumphant. His body was so emaciated with long and acute suffering that it was scarcely able to sustain the effort once more imposed upon it; but his soul, raised above its perishing influence, and filled with a joyful tranquillity, seemed entirely regardless of the weakness of its mortal tenement. His right hand and arm were so palsied by disease as to be quite useless; except that in the act of breaking bread, when he

could not well dispense with it, he placed it on the table with the other hand—just as you raise any lifeless weight—until it had performed the service required of it. I have never known Dr. Payson when he seemed more abstracted from earth than on this occasion. It was, as he supposed, and as his Church feared, their final interview at that table. In all the glowing fervour of devotion, assisted by his ever-fertile imagination, he contemplated the Saviour as visibly present in the midst of them. There was a breathless silence; and the solemnity of the scene could hardly have been surpassed, if, as he expressed it, the Lord Jesus Christ were seen sitting before them, addressing to each individual member the momentous inquiry, ‘Lovest thou me?’ ”

On the 1st of July, after a sermon from his assistant, he rose, and thus addressed his people:—“ Ever since I became a minister it has been my earnest wish that I might die of some disease which would allow me to preach a farewell sermon to my people; but as it is not probable that I shall ever be able to do this, I will attempt to say a few words now;—it may be the last time I shall ever address you. This is not merely a presentiment. It is an opinion founded on facts, and maintained by physicians acquainted with my case, that I shall never see another spring. And now, standing on the borders of the eternal world, I look back on my past ministry, and on the manner in which I have performed its duties; and O, my hearers, if you have not performed your duties better than I have mine, woe! woe! be to you, unless you have an Advocate and Intercessor in heaven! We have lived together twenty years, and have spent more than a thousand Sabbaths together, and I have given you at least two thousand warnings. I am now going to render an account *how they were given*; and you, my hearers, will soon have

to render an account *how you have received*. One more warning I will give you. Once more your shepherd, who will be yours no longer, entreats you to flee from the wrath to come. O, let me have the happiness of seeing my dear people attending to their eternal interests, that I may not have reason to say, 'I have laboured in vain—I have spent my strength for naught!'"

His public labours were now nearly over; and on the 5th of August he entered the church for the last time. It was communion Sabbath; and his last public acts were the admission of twenty-one persons to the fellowship of the Church, and dispensing the holy sacrament to his flock. It was with great effort, although supported by his deacons, that he entered the house; and the performance of the service entirely overcame him. At its close, his people crowded around him to take his hand for the last time, and bid him the last farewell. Twenty years before he had entered that church for the first time as a preacher—then, a trembling youth; now, the spiritual father of many hundreds: then, just girded for the warfare; now, the veteran who had "fought the good fight," and was just going to resign his commission and receive a crown of unfading glory.

Thus closed the public career of Edward Payson: let us now follow him after he has retired, as it were, from the public view, and is journeying down into the vale of death. When asked if he could see any particular reason for this dispensation: "No," he replied; "but I am as well satisfied as if I could see ten thousand. God's will is the very perfection of all reason."

One inquired, "Are you better than you were?"

He replied, "Not in body, but in mind. If my happiness continues to increase, I cannot support it much longer. God deals strangely with his creatures to promote their happiness. Who would have thought that I must be

reduced to this state,—helpless and crippled,—to experience the highest enjoyment!”

During the course of the conversation he repeated this verse, “Thy sun shall no more go down, neither shall thy moon withdraw itself; for the Lord shall be thine everlasting light, and the days of thy mourning shall be ended.” Then turning to a young lady present, he said, “Do you not think this is worth travelling over many high hills and difficult places to obtain? Dr. Clarke, in his travels, speaking of the companies that were travelling from the East to Jerusalem, represents the procession as being very long; and, after climbing over the extended and heavy ranges of hills that bounded the way, some of the foremost at length reached the top of the last hill, and, stretching up their hands in gestures of joy, cried out, ‘The Holy City! the Holy City!’ and fell down and worshipped; while those that were behind pressed forward to see. So the dying Christian, when he gets on the last summit of life, and stretches his vision to catch a glimpse of the heavenly city, may cry out, and incite those who are behind to press forward to the sight.” Soon after, he exclaimed, “I am going to Mount Zion, to the city of the living God, to the heavenly Jerusalem, to an innumerable company of angels, to the general assembly and Church of the first-born, and to God, the Judge of all.”

A letter indited to his sister about this time, is highly descriptive of the glories that ravished his soul. “Were I to adopt,” said he, “the figurative language of Bunyan, I might date this letter from the land of Beulah; of which I have been for some weeks a happy inhabitant. The celestial city is full in view. Its glories beam upon me; its breezes fan me; its odours are wafted to me; its sounds strike upon my ears; and its spirit is breathed into my heart. Nothing separates me from

it but the river of death, which now appears but as an insignificant rill that may be crossed at a single step, whenever God shall give permission. The Sun of righteousness has been gradually drawing nearer and nearer, appearing larger and brighter as he approached, and now he fills the whole hemisphere, pouring forth a flood of glory, in which I seem to float like an insect in the beams of the sun, exulting, yet almost trembling while I gaze upon this excessive brightness, and wondering, with unutterable wonder, why God should deign thus to shine upon a sinful worm."

At one time he was heard to break forth into the following soliloquy:—"What an assemblage of motives to holiness does the Gospel present! I am a Christian—what then? Why, I am a redeemed sinner—a pardoned rebel—all through grace, and by the most wonderful means which infinite Wisdom could devise. I am a Christian—what then? Why, I am a temple of God, and surely I ought to be pure and holy. I am a Christian—what then? I am a child of God, and ought to be filled with filial love, reverence, joy, and gratitude. I am a Christian—what then? Why, I am a disciple of Christ, and must imitate him, who was meek and lowly in heart, and pleased not himself. I am a Christian—what then? Why, I am an heir of heaven, and hastening on to the abodes of the blessed, to join the full choir of glorified ones in singing the song of Moses and the Lamb, and surely I ought to learn that song on earth."

Mrs. Payson, while ministering to him, observed "Your head feels hot, and seems to be distended." To which he replied, "It seems as if the soul disdained such a narrow prison, and was determined to break through with an angel's energy, and, I trust, with no small portion of an angel's feeling, until it mounts on high." Soon after,—“It seems as if my soul had found

a pair of new wings, and was so eager to try them that, in her fluttering, she would rend the fine net-work of the body to pieces." Again: "Hitherto I have viewed God as a fixed star,—bright, indeed, but often intercepted by clouds; but now he is coming nearer and nearer, and spreads into a Sun, so vast and glorious that the sight is too dazzling for flesh and blood to sustain." Conversing with a friend on his preparation for his departure, he compared himself to a person who had, visiting his friends, been long absent from home, and was about to return. His trunk was packed, and everything prepared, and he was looking out of the window, waiting for the stage to take him in.

On the 21st of October, 1827, his dying agony commenced. A difficulty of respiration causing excruciating distress, and accompanied by a rattling in the throat, such as often precedes dissolution, gave warning of death's approach. When his daughter, who had been called home from the Sabbath school, entered, he smiled upon her, kissed her affectionately, and said, "God bless you, my daughter!" Soon after he exclaimed, "Peace! peace! victory! victory!" Turning a glance of inexpressible tenderness upon his wife and children, he said to them,—almost in the words of dying Joseph to his brethren,—"I am going; but God will surely be with you." The power of utterance had now nearly failed him. His friends watched him, expecting every moment to see him expire, till near noon, when his distress partially left him, and he said to the physician, who was feeling his pulse, that he found he was not to be released yet; and though he had suffered the pangs of death, and had got almost within the gates of Paradise,—yet, if it was God's will that he should come back and suffer still more, he was resigned. He passed through a similar scene in the afternoon, and, to the surprise of every one, was again relieved.

On Monday morning his dying agonies returned in all their extremity. For three hours every breath was a groan. Mrs. Payson fearing, from the expression of suffering in his countenance, that he was in mental as well as bodily anguish, questioned him upon the subject. With extreme difficulty he was enabled to articulate the words, "Faith and patience hold out." About midday the pain of respiration abated, and a partial stupor succeeded. Still, however, he continued intelligent, and evidently able to recognise all present; and his eyes and countenance spoke after his tongue had become motionless. He looked on Mrs. Payson, and then his eye, glancing over the others who surrounded his bed, rested on Edward, his eldest son, with an expression which said, and which was interpreted by all present to say, as plainly as if he had uttered the words addressed to the beloved disciple, "Behold thy mother!" There was no visible indication of the return of his sufferings. He gradually sunk away, till about the going down of the sun, when his happy spirit was set at liberty.

Dr. Payson's "ruling passion was strong in death." His love for preaching was as invincible as that of the miser for gold, who dies grasping his treasure. He directed a label to be placed on his breast, by which he, being dead, might yet speak to those who should come to look upon his corpse. On the label was written, "Remember the words which I spake unto you while I was yet present with you." The same words, by request of his people, were engraven on the plate of the coffin, and read by thousands on the day of interment. Nothing could be more appropriate than the subject of the discourse which formed the closing scene in this illustrious example of Christian triumph: "I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: henceforth there is laid

up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day; and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing." 2 Tim. iv, 6-8.

3. RICHARD BAXTER.

"Love in his heart, persuasion on his tongue,
With words of peace he charm'd the list'ning throng;
Drew the dread veil that wrapp'd the' eternal throne,
And launch'd their souls into the bright unknown."—BARBAULD.

IN very early life devout impressions appear to have been made upon the mind of Baxter. His father said, with tears of joy, "I hope my son Richard was sanctified from the womb." When a little child, he would reprove other children if he heard them using profane words. When he grew up, he entered the ministry. He laboured in several places; but Kidderminster was the principal sphere of his exertions. Here his ministry was crowned with astonishing success. After a few active years, persecution drove him from the field of exertion; yet still he laboured, though not to the same extent, and suffered also. His own generation was deprived of much of the benefit they might have reaped from a man who may have had equals, but seldom a superior; yet their loss has been the gain of succeeding generations; and Baxter, though dead, speaks to thousands in his invaluable writings.

Like Moses, he chose affliction with the people of God; for a bishopric was offered him, which he refused. He lived, he wrote, he laboured, as with eternity in sight. He passed through a life of labours, sorrows, and persecutions.

When this great and good man drew near the conclusion of life, his last hours were spent in preparing

others and himself to appear before God. He said to his friends that visited him, "You come hither to learn to die; I can assure you that your whole life, be it ever so long, is little enough to prepare for death. Have a care of this vain, deceitful world, and the lusts of the flesh. Be sure you choose God for your portion, heaven for your home, God's glory for your end, his word for your rule, and then you need never fear but we shall meet with comfort." Never was a penitent sinner more humble in debasing himself; never was a sincere believer more calm and comfortable. He acknowledged himself to be the vilest dunghill-worm (his usual expression) that ever went to heaven. He admired the Divine condescension to us, often saying, "Lord, what is man? what am I, a vile worm, to the great God?" Many times he prayed, "God be merciful to me a sinner!" and blessed God that this was left upon record in the Gospel as an effectual prayer. He said, "God may justly condemn me for the best duty I ever did; and all my hopes are from the free mercy of God in Christ;" which he often prayed for. After a slumber, he waked and said, "I shall rest from my labour." A minister then present, added, "And your works follow you." To whom he replied, "No works; I will leave out works, if God will grant me the other." When a friend was comforting him with the remembrance of the good many had received by his preaching and writings, he said, "I was but a pen in God's hand; and what praise is due to a pen?" His resigned submission to the will of God in his sharp sickness was eminent. When extremity of pain constrained him earnestly to pray to God for his release by death, he would check himself, saying, "It is not fit for me to prescribe,—*when* thou wilt, *what* thou wilt, and *how* thou wilt." Being in great anguish, he said, "O how unsearchable are His ways, and His paths past finding

out! the riches of his Providence we cannot fathom!" and to his friends, "Do not think the worse of religion for what you see me suffer." Being often asked how it was with his inward man, he replied, "I bless God I have a well-grounded assurance of my eternal happiness, and great peace and comfort within;" but it was his trouble that he could not triumphantly express it, in consequence of extreme pain. He said, "Flesh must perish, and we must feel the perishing of it; and though our judgment submits, yet sense will still make us groan." He gave excellent counsel to some young ministers that visited him, and earnestly prayed for them and for the Church of Christ. He said to a friend the day before he died, "I have pain, there is no arguing against sense; but I have peace, I have peace." His friend replied, "You are now approaching your long-desired home." He answered, "I believe, I believe." As he approached near his end, when asked how he did, his usual reply was, "Almost well." And when, in his own apprehension, death was nearest, his joy was most remarkable. The long wished-for hour at length arrived, and in his own expressive language, he became "entirely well." He died December 8, 1691.

4. DR. DODDRIDGE.

"There is no death : what seems so is transition ;
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,
Whose portal we call death."—LONGFELLOW.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE was born in London in the year 1702. His parents were both pious, and descendants of those who had suffered for the sake of Christ. His mother early endeavoured to fix Divine truths in his infant mind; and the impressions then made upon his

heart were never effaced; and to them, no doubt, the world is greatly indebted for so illustrious an example of Christian virtue and experience.

At the age of twenty he entered the ministry. His first sermon was preached at Hinckley, from the text, "If any man love not the Lord Jesus Christ, let him be anathema maranatha." Two persons ascribed their awakening and conversion to the Divine blessing on that sermon. His first settlement was at Kibworth, in 1723, and his final settlement, in 1729, at Northampton. He was a man of unwearied diligence, both as a pastor and a scholar. It was his rule to devote eight hours every day to study and devotion—rising at five o'clock through the whole year; and to this habit he ascribed not only his attainments as a scholar, but his writings generally.

As a minister of the everlasting Gospel, he shone with peculiar lustre, and was truly a burning and a shining light. As a writer, he left monuments of his piety, industry, and zeal, which have been a blessing to many in the present and past age, and which will, doubtless, prove a blessing to many in ages yet to come. As a Christian, few have appeared with less defect, and few have reached similar heights of glowing piety. The prime and leading feature of his soul was that of devotion. He said, "When I pray and meditate most, I work most." This was the pervading principle of his actions, whether public or private. He was diligent, anxious to do good, humble, patient, zealous, full of love to God, to his adored Redeemer, and to man.

In the fall of 1750 he contracted a severe cold by exposure, from which he obtained only temporary relief; and it soon became painfully evident that his career of usefulness was nearly completed. As he approached the hour of dissolution, there was a manifest increase of spirituality and heavenly-mindedness.

He seemed to rise above the world; his affections were more strongly than ever set upon heaven, and he was daily breathing after immortality. In some letters to his friends, about this time, he thus expressed himself: "I bless God, earth is less and less to me; and I shall be very glad to have done with it once for all, as soon as it shall please my Master to give me leave. Yet for him I would live and labour; and, I hope, if such were his will, suffer too." "I thank God, that I do indeed feel my affection to this vanishing world dying and vanishing every day. I have long since weighed it in the balances, and found it wanting; and my heart and hopes are above. Fain would I attain more lively views of glory. Fain would I feel more powerful attractions toward that world, where you and I, through grace, soon shall be; and in the mean time would be exerting myself more and more to people that blessed, but neglected region." "Go on to pray for me, that my heart may be fixed upon God; that every motion and every word may be directed by love to him and zeal for his glory, and leave me with him as cheerfully as I leave myself. He will do well with his servant, according to his word, 'Not a sparrow falleth to the ground without him;' and though I am indeed, I think, 'less than the least of all saints,' I am, nevertheless, of more value than many sparrows. May you increase, while I decrease; and shine many years as a bright star in the Redeemer's hand, when I am set!"

He preached his final discourse to his congregation on July 14, 1751, from Rom. xiv, 8: "For whether we live, we live unto the Lord; and whether we die, we die unto the Lord: whether we live, therefore, or die, we are the Lord's."

His physician judged it proper for him to make trial of the Bristol waters. He removed there, and received many marks of affection from persons with whom he had no previous acquaintance.

While he continued at Bristol, some of the principal persons of his congregation came to visit him, with an affection not to be expressed; they brought him an assurance of the high esteem and tender sympathy of his people and friends at home, and informed him that prayer was made by the Church for him three evenings in every week; and that some other Churches were engaged in the same work on his account. This afforded him great satisfaction and refreshment. He knew their prayers would not be, upon the whole, vain; though he considered his own case as desperate, and said, that unless God should interpose in such an extraordinary manner as he had no reason to expect, he could not long continue in the land of the living. He ascribed to the efficacy of the prayers of his friends, the composure and joy he felt in his own soul, and the preservation of Mrs. Doddridge's health, amidst incessant fatigue and concern, which he acknowledged as a singular blessing. But while the outward man was so sensibly decaying, that he used to say to his friends, "I die daily," yet the "inward man was renewed day by day." The warmth of his devotion, zeal, and friendship, was maintained and increased.

As a last means that could afford any hope of restoring his health, he was advised to try a warmer climate. A friend who visited him just before he departed from England, gave the following account of his condition and of the expressions that dropped from his almost dying lips:—

"He coughs much, is hoarse, speaks inwardly with a low voice. He is affected with the loss of his voice, being desirous to preach Christ, and to speak for him, while he lives. He is preparing for a journey, through roads rendered exceedingly bad by much wet, to embark at Falmouth. 'My soul,' saith he, 'is vigorous and healthy, notwithstanding the hastening decay of this frail

and tottering body. It is not for the love of sunshine or the variety of meats, that I desire life, but, if it please God, that I may render him a little more service. It is a blessed thing to live above the fear of death, and I praise God, that I fear it not. The means I am about pursuing to save life, so far as I am solely concerned, are, to my apprehension, worse than death. My profuse night-sweats are very weakening to my emaciated frame; but the most distressing nights to this frail body have been as the beginning of heaven to my soul. God hath, as it were, let heaven down upon me in those nights of weakness and waking. I am not suffered once to lose my hope. My confidence is, not that I have lived such or such a life, or served God in this or the other manner; I know of no prayer I ever offered, no service I ever performed, but there has been such a mixture of what was wrong in it, that instead of recommending me to the favour of God, I needed his pardon, through Christ, for the same. Yet he hath enabled me in sincerity to serve him. Popular applause was not the thing I sought. If I might be honoured to do good, and my heavenly Father might see his poor child attempting, though feebly and imperfectly, to serve him, and meet with his approving eye and commending sentence, "Well done, good and faithful servant,"—this my soul regarded and was most solicitous for. I have no hope in what I have been, or done. Yet I am full of confidence; and this is my confidence; there is a hope set before me: I have fled, I still fly for refuge to that hope. In him I trust; in him I have strong consolation, and shall assuredly be accepted in this Beloved of my soul. The Spirit of adoption is given me, enabling me to cry, Abba, Father. I have no doubt of my being a child of God, and that life and death, and all my present exercises are directed in mercy, by my adored heavenly Father.'"

He sailed from Falmouth for Lisbon, on the 30th of

September, 1751. On the passage, he several times said to Mrs. Doddridge, "I cannot express to you what a morning I have had; such delightful and transporting views of the heavenly world is my Father now indulging me with, as no words can express." There appeared such sacred gratitude and joy in his countenance as often reminded her of those lines in one of his hymns,

"When death o'er nature shall prevail,
And all its powers of language fail,
Joy through my swimming eyes shall break,
And mean the thanks I cannot speak."

He landed at Lisbon on Lord's day, October 13th. The next day he wrote to his assistant at Northampton, and gave him a short account of his voyage, and, after mentioning his great weakness and danger, he adds:—"Nevertheless, I bless God, the most undisturbed serenity continues in my mind, and my strength holds proportion to my day. I still hope and trust in God, and joyfully acquiesce in all he may do with me. When you see my dear friends of the congregation, inform them of my circumstances, and assure them that I cheerfully submit myself to God. If I desire life may be restored, it is chiefly that it may be employed in serving Christ among them; and that I am enabled by faith to look upon death as an enemy that shall be destroyed; and can cheerfully leave my dear Mrs. Doddridge a widow in this strange land, if such be the appointment of our heavenly Father. I hope I have done my duty, and the Lord do as seemeth good in his sight!"

The night of Thursday, October 24th, seemed the last of rational life; his mind continued in the same vigour, calmness, and joy, which he had felt and expressed during his whole illness. Mrs. Doddridge still attended him; and he said to her, "That he had been making it his humble and earnest request, that God would support

and comfort her; that it had been his desire, if it were the Divine will, to stay a little longer upon earth to promote the honour and interest of his beloved Lord and Master; but now, the only pain he felt in the thought of dying was, his fear of that distress and grief which would come upon her in case of his removal." After a short pause, he added, "But I am sure my heavenly Father will be with you. It is a joy to me to think, how many friends and comforts you are returning to. So sure I am that God will be with you and comfort you, that I think my death will be a greater blessing to you than ever my life hath been." After lying still some time, and being supposed asleep, he told her he had been renewing his covenant engagements with God; and though he had not felt all that delight and joy which he had so often done, yet he was sure the Lord was his God, and he had a cheerful, well-grounded hope, through the Redeemer, of being received to his everlasting mercy. He lay in a gentle doze the following day, and continued so till about an hour before he died; when, in his last struggle, he appeared restless, fetched several deep sighs, and quickly after obtained his release from the burden of the flesh, on Saturday, October 26th.

But though he died in a foreign land and among strangers, yet was his departure sincerely mourned and his burial accompanied with many tears. The righteous are had in everlasting remembrance.

5. JOHN WESLEY.

“Then, then I rose ; then, first, humanity
Triumphant pass’d the crystal ports of light,
Stupendous guest, and seized eternal youth.”—YOUNG.

THIS extraordinary man, upon completing his eighty-second year, says, “Is anything too hard for God? It is now eleven years since I have felt any such thing as weariness. Many times I speak till my voice fails and I can speak no longer. Frequently I walk till my strength fails and I can walk no farther; yet, even then, I feel no sensation of weariness, but am perfectly easy from head to foot. I dare not impute this to natural causes,—it is the will of God.”

Within the four succeeding years, a great change had taken place; and upon his eighty-sixth birthday, he says, “I now find I grow old. My sight is decayed, so that I cannot read a small print, unless in a strong light. My strength is decayed, so that I walk much slower than I did some years since. My memory of names, whether of persons or places, is decayed, till I stop a little to recollect them. What I should be afraid of is, if I took thought for the morrow, that my body should weigh down my mind, and create either stubbornness, by the decrease of my understanding, or peevishness, by the increase of bodily infirmities. But thou shalt answer for me, O Lord, my God!” His strength now diminished so much, that he found it difficult to preach more than twice a-day; and for many weeks he abstained from his five o’clock morning sermon, because a slow and settled fever parched his mouth. Finding himself a little better, he resumed the practice, and hoped to hold on a little longer; but, at the beginning of the year 1790, he writes, “I am now an old man, de-

cayed from head to foot. My eyes are dim; my right hand shakes much; my mouth is hot and dry every morning; I have a lingering fever almost every day; my motion is weak and slow. However, blessed be God! I do not slack my labours: I can preach and write still." In the middle of the same year, he closed his cash account-book with the following words, written with a tremulous hand, so as to be scarcely legible: "Up to the age of eighty-six years I have kept my accounts exactly; I will not attempt it any longer, being satisfied with the continual conviction, that I save all I can, and give all I can—that is, all I have."

Upon the 28th of June, 1790, he thus writes, "This day I enter into my eighty-eighth year. For nearly eighty-six years, I found none of the infirmities of old age—my eyes did not wax dim, neither was my natural strength abated. But last August, I found almost a sudden change—my eyes were so dim, that no glasses would help me; my strength likewise quite forsook me, and probably will not return in this world. But I feel no pain from head to foot, only it seems nature is exhausted, and, humanly speaking, will sink more and more, till

"The weary springs of life stand still at last."

This, at length, was literally the case; the death of Mr. Wesley, like that of his brother Charles, being one of those rare instances in which nature, drooping under the load of years, sinks by a gentle decay.

Conscious that his end was approaching, he wrote, on the 18th of Feb., 1791, to his followers in America, giving them his last counsels. "See," said he, "that you never give place to one thought of separating from your brethren in Europe. Lose no opportunity of declaring to all men, that the Methodists are one people in all the world, and that it is their full determination so to continue." He

expressed also a sense that his hour was almost come. "Those that desire to write," said he, "or say anything to me, have no time to lose; *time has shaken me by the hand, and death is not far behind.*" Thus he laboured on till the middle of February, continually praying, "Lord, let me not live to be useless." He preached as usual, in different places in London and its vicinity, generally meeting the society, after preaching in each place, and exhorting them *to love as brethren, fear God, and honour the king*, which he wished them to consider as his last advice. He then usually, if not invariably, concluded, with giving out that verse,

"O that, without a lingering groan,
I may the welcome word receive;
My body with my charge lay down,
And cease at once to work and live."

He proceeded in this way till the usual time of his leaving London approached, when, with a view to take his accustomed journey, through Ireland or Scotland, he sent his chaise and horses before him to Bristol, and took places for himself and his friend in the Bath coach. But his mind, with all its vigour, could no longer uphold his worn-out and sinking body.

Thursday, February 17, 1791, he preached at Lambeth; but, on his return, seemed much indisposed, and said, he had taken cold. The next day, however, he read and wrote as usual; and in the evening preached at Chelsea, from "The king's business requires haste,"—although with some difficulty, having a high degree of fever upon him. Indeed, he was obliged to stop once or twice, informing the people that his cold so affected his voice as to prevent his speaking without those necessary pauses. On Saturday he still persevered in his usual employments, though, to those about him, his complaints seemed evidently increasing. He dined at Islington,

and at dinner desired a friend to read to him four chapters out of the book of Job—namely, from the fourth to the seventh inclusive. On Sunday he rose early, according to custom, but quite unfit for any of his usual Sabbath day's exercises. At seven o'clock he was obliged to lie down, and slept between three and four hours. When he awoke, he said, "I have not had such a comfortable sleep this fortnight past." In the afternoon he lay down again, and slept an hour or two. Afterwards two of his own discourses on our Lord's Sermon on the Mount, were read to him, and in the evening he came down to supper.

Monday the 21st, he seemed much better; and though his friends tried to dissuade him from it, he would keep an engagement, made some time before, to dine at Twickenham. In his way thither he called on Lady Mary Fitzgerald: the conversation was truly profitable, and well became a last visit. On Tuesday he went on with his usual work, preached in the evening at the chapel in the City-Road, and seemed much better than he had been for some days. On Wednesday he went to Leatherhead, and preached to a small company, on "Seek ye the Lord while he may be found; call ye upon him while he is near." This proved to be his last sermon; here ended the public labours of this great minister of Jesus Christ. On Thursday he paid a visit to Mr. Wolff's lovely family at Balaam, where he was cheerful, and seemed nearly as well as usual, till Friday, about breakfast time, when he grew very heavy. About eleven o'clock he returned home, extremely ill. His friends were struck with the manner of his getting out of the carriage, and still more with his apparent weakness when he went up stairs and sat down in his chair. He now desired to be left alone, and not to be interrupted by any one, for half an hour. When that time was expired, some mulled wine was brought him, of which he

drank a little. In a few minutes he threw it up, and said, "I must lie down." His friends were now alarmed, and Dr. Whitehead was immediately sent for. On his entering the room, he said, in a cheerful voice, "Doctor, they are more afraid than hurt." Most of this day he lay in bed, had a quick pulse, with a considerable degree of fever and stupor. And Saturday, the 26th, he continued in much the same state; taking very little, either of medicine or nourishment.

Sunday morning he seemed much better, got up, and took a cup of tea. Sitting in his chair, he looked quite cheerful, and repeated the latter part of the verse, in his brother Charles's Scripture Hymns, on *Forsake me not when my strength faileth*, viz.

"Till glad I lay this body down,
Thy servant, Lord, attend;
And, O! my life of mercy crown
With a triumphant end."

Soon after, in a most emphatic manner, he said, "Our friend Lazarus sleepeth." Exerting himself to converse with some friends, he was soon fatigued and obliged to lie down. After lying quiet some time, he looked up, and said, "Speak to me; I cannot speak." On which one of the company said, "Shall we pray with you, Sir?" He earnestly replied, "Yes." And, while they prayed, his whole soul seemed engaged with God for an answer, and his hearty *amen* showed that he perfectly understood what was said. About half an hour after, he said, "There is no need of more; when at Bristol my words were,

'I the chief of sinners am,
But Jesus died for me.'"³

³ At the Bristol Conference, in 1783, Mr. Wesley was taken very ill—neither he nor his friends thought he could recover. From the nature of his complaint, he supposed a spasm would seize his stomach, and, probably, occasion sudden death. Under these views

One said, "Is this the present language of your heart, and do you now feel as you did then?" He replied, "Yes." When the same person repeated,

"Bold I approach the' eternal throne,
And claim the crown, through Christ, my own ;"

and added, "'Tis enough. He our precious Immanuel has purchased, has promised all;" he earnestly replied, "He is all ! He is all !" After this the fever was very high, and at times, affected his head ; but even then, though his head was subject to a temporary derangement, his heart seemed wholly engaged in his Master's work. In the evening he got up again, and while sitting in his chair, he said, "How necessary it is for every one to be on the right foundation !

'I the chief of sinners am,
But Jesus died for me !'

Monday the 28th, his weakness increased. He slept most of the day, and spoke but little ; yet that little testified how much his whole heart was taken up in the care of the societies, the glory of God, and the promotion of the things pertaining to that kingdom to which he was hastening. Once he said, in a low, but distinct manner, "There is no way into the holiest, but by the blood of

of his situation, he said to Mr. Bradford, "I have been reflecting on my past life : I have been wandering up and down, between fifty and sixty years, endeavouring, in my poor way, to do a little good to my fellow-creatures ; and now it is probable, that there are but a few steps between me and death ; and what have I to trust to for salvation ? I can see nothing which I have done or suffered, that will bear looking at. I have no other plea than this,

'I the chief of sinners am,
But Jesus died for me.'

The sentiment here expressed, and his reference to it in his last sickness, plainly shows how steadily he had persevered in the same views of the Gospel with which he set out to preach it.

Jesus." He afterward inquired what the words were from which he had preached a little before at Hampstead. Being told they were these, "Ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that, though he was rich, yet for your sakes he became poor," &c., he replied, "That is the foundation, the only foundation; there is no other." This day Dr. Whitehead desired he might be asked, if he would have any other physician called in to attend him; but this he absolutely refused. It is remarkable that he suffered very little pain, never complaining of any during his illness, but once of a pain in his left breast. This was a restless night. Tuesday morning he sang two verses of a hymn; then lying still, as if to recover strength, he called for pen and ink: but when they were brought he could not write. A person said, "Let me write for you, Sir; tell me what you would say." He replied, "Nothing, but that God is with us." In the forenoon he said, "I will get up." While they were preparing his clothes, he broke out in a manner, which, considering his extreme weakness, astonished all present, in singing

"I'll praise my Maker while I've breath,
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers:
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures!"

Having got him into his chair, they observed him change for death. But he, regardless of his dying body, said with a weak voice, "Lord, thou givest strength to those that can speak, and to those who cannot. Speak, Lord, to all our hearts, and let them know that thou loosest tongues." He then sung,

"To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Who sweetly all agree,—"

Here his voice failed. After gasping for breath, he said,

"Now we have done all." He was then laid in the bed, from which he rose no more. After resting a little, he called to those who were with him, "to pray and praise." They kneeled down, and the room seemed to be filled with the Divine presence. A little after, he said, "Let me be buried in nothing but what is woollen, and let my corpse be carried in my coffin into the chapel." Then, as if done with all below, he again begged they would pray and praise. Several friends that were in the house being called up, they all kneeled down again to prayer, at which time his fervour of spirit was manifested to every one present. But in particular parts of the prayer, his whole soul seemed to be engaged in a manner which evidently showed how ardently he longed for the full accomplishment of their united desires. And when one of the preachers was praying in a very expressive manner, that if God were about to take away their father to his eternal rest, he would be pleased to continue and increase his blessing upon the doctrine and discipline which he had long made his servant the mean of propagating and establishing in the world; such a degree of fervour accompanied his loud *amen*, as was every way expressive of his soul's being engaged in the answer of the petitions. On rising from their knees, he took hold of all their hands, and with the utmost placidness saluted them, and said, "Farewell, farewell."

A little after, a person coming in, he strove to speak, but could not. Finding they could not understand him, he paused a little, and then, with all the remaining strength he had, cried out, "*The best of all is, God is with us;*" and, soon after, lifting up his dying arm in token of victory, and raising his feeble voice with a holy triumph, not to be expressed, he again repeated the heart-reviving words, "*The best of all is, God is with us.*" Being told that his brother's widow was come, he said, "He giveth his servants rest." He thanked her,

as she pressed his hand, and affectionately endeavoured to kiss her. On wetting his lips, he said, "We thank thee, O Lord, for these and all thy mercies: bless the Church and king; and grant us truth and peace, through Jesus Christ our Lord, forever and ever!" At another time he said, "He causeth his servants to lie down in peace." Then pausing a little, he cried, "The clouds drop fatness!" and soon after, "The Lord is with us, the God of Jacob is our refuge!" He then called those present to prayer; and though he was greatly exhausted, he appeared still more fervent in spirit. These exertions were, however, too much for his feeble frame; and most of the night following, though he often attempted to repeat the Psalm before mentioned, he could only utter,

"I'll praise—I'll praise."

On Wednesday morning, the closing scene drew near. Mr. Bradford, his faithful friend, prayed with him, and the last words he was heard to articulate were, "Farewell!" A few minutes before ten, while several of his friends were kneeling around his bed, without a lingering groan, this man of God, this beloved pastor of thousands, entered into the joy of his Lord.

He was in the eighty-eighth year of his age, and had been sixty-five years in the ministry. For fifty-two years, or upwards, he generally delivered two, frequently three or four sermons in a day. But calculating at two sermons a day, and allowing, as a writer of his life has done, fifty annually for extraordinary occasions, the whole number during this period will be forty thousand five hundred and sixty. To these might be added, an infinite number of exhortations to the societies after preaching, and in other occasional meetings at which he assisted. His death was an admirable close of so laborious and useful a life.

At the desire of many of his friends his corpse was placed in the New Chapel, and remained there the day before his interment. His face during that time had a heavenly smile upon it, and a beauty which was admired by all that saw it.

March the 9th, was the day appointed for his interment. The preachers then in London requested that Dr. Whitehead should deliver the funeral discourse; and the executors afterward approved of the appointment. The intention was to carry the corpse into the chapel, and place it in a raised situation before the pulpit during the service. But the crowds which came to see the body while it lay in the coffin, both in the private house, and especially in the chapel the day before his funeral, were so great, that his friends were apprehensive of a tumult, if they should proceed on the plan first intended. It was therefore resolved, the evening before, to bury him between five and six in the morning. Though the time of notice to his friends was short, and the design itself was spoken of with great caution, yet a considerable number of persons attended at that early hour. The late Rev. Mr. Richardson, who now lies with him in the same vault, read the funeral service in a manner that made it peculiarly affecting; when he came to that part of it, "Forasmuch as it hath pleased Almighty God to take unto himself the soul of our dear *Brother*," &c., he substituted, with the most tender emphasis, the epithet *Father*, instead of *Brother*, which had so powerful an effect on the congregation, that from silent tears, they seemed universally to burst out into loud weeping.

Mr. Wesley left no other property behind him than the copyright and current editions of his works, and this he bequeathed to the use of the Connexion after his debts should have been paid.

6. RICHARD WATSON.

"This—only this subdues the fear of death;
And what is this?—Survey the wondrous cure;
And at each step, let higher wonder rise!
Pardon for infinite offence! o o o o o
A pardon bought with blood!—with blood divine!"—Young.

THE Rev. Richard Watson was, during many years, one of the brightest ornaments of the Wesleyan Church. He defended the doctrines of the Gospel by his pen, was an active and laborious minister, and adorned by his life the doctrine of his Lord and Saviour. When his medical attendant had pronounced his case hopeless, Mr. Watson exclaimed, "Good is the word of the Lord! Remember, this is my testimony." From this time, he betrayed no impatience at his sufferings. "I could have wished," he said, "to live a few years longer to finish some works of usefulness; but the Lord can do without any of us. I have no wish either to live or to die; but that the will of God may be done." When one of his family expressed a desire for his restoration, he said, "It is the anxiety of affection, without any basis of reason to rest upon."

"Whilst in health," says the Rev. Dr. Bunting, "he was never remarkably communicative on subjects of personal religion; but now he became as simple and open as a child. He had never been accustomed to give vent to his feelings by tears, always restraining himself in the midst of intense emotion; but he now gave very full vent to the feelings of his heart. Tears of humiliation, intermingled with sacred joy, flowed in copious streams from his eyes. In this state of mind, he often appeared to labour for language adequate to express his deep sense of humiliation. On one occasion, when visited by a venerable and respected brother minister,

who remarked that it must have afforded him pleasure to state and defend the truth, to preach the Gospel to the edification of thousands, and especially to promote the cause of Christian missions, he said, 'I thank God if I have at all helped to promote the doctrine and discipline of the Christian religion; but,' added he, 'place no trust in this.' He then made some remarks on the motives by which he had been guided in some particular points. Towards the evening of that day, he burst into tears, and addressing the persons attending him, said, 'I hope I did not boast to Mr. — this morning. I thought it right to say just what I did, but God forbid that I should boast;' and then he exclaimed, in the greatest agitation, 'O no! I am a poor, vile sinner—a worm, and no man.' In remarking on the goodness of God in his early conversion, he observed, 'How great was God's mercy in taking me by his grace—in putting me into the ministry at so early a period—in some respects, a most obstinate and refractory sinner!' His favourite expression, when speaking of his unworthiness, was to call himself a worm. One night, moved by a sudden impulse as he lay on his bed, he said, 'I am a worm—a poor, vile worm, not worthy to lift up its head,—but,' he added, with brightened features, 'this worm is permitted to crawl out of the earth into the garden of its Lord, and there to enjoy the flowers and fruits, if it can, which sparkle in the palace and ivory throne of the New Jerusalem—

"I shall behold His face,
I shall his love adore,
And sing the wonders of his grace
Forever more."

There is doubt of everything but the great, deep, infinite mercy of God; and that is sure.'

"In speaking of the Divine attributes, his mind dwelt almost exclusively on that of mercy. The attention of

his friends, or his medical attendants, and the smallest acts of kindness, drew forth expressions of gratitude, and he would exclaim, 'It is all of mercy!' The last vigorous remark he made was to one of his attendants, reminding him that the Lord had been gracious in raising him a little after a period of sleepless lethargy; he adopted the usual word, and said, 'It is all of mercy!' He spoke of his ministry, and exclaimed again, 'It is all of mercy!' 'And all that I can do in my circumstances,' said he, 'is to repose on the Divine mercy; and it is the nature of that mercy to pity the infirmities and sufferings of its children.' His mind was relieved by that consideration, and on that mercy he relied with calm resignation. At another time, with great feeling, he remarked, 'There is no rest or satisfaction for the soul but in God—my God. I am permitted to call him *my* God. O God, thou art my God, early will I seek thee: my soul thirsteth for thee, my flesh longeth for thee, in a dry and thirsty land where no water is.'

"At another time, in a state of deep feeling, he said, 'When shall my soul leave this tenement of clay, to join in the wide expanse of the skies, and rise to nobler joys and to see God?' In a happy state of mind, he burst forth but a short time before he was deprived of the power of connected speech, and exclaimed, 'We shall see strange sights to-day; not different, however, from what we might realize by faith: but it is not the glitter and glare, not the topaz and diamond; no, it is God I want to see; he is all and in all.' During a few of the last hours of his life, he sunk into a state of lethargy, appearing almost insensible. This rendered him nearly incapable of the use of speech; no conversation could be held with him; but at intervals he seemed to be engaged in devotional exercises." Richard Watson died June 18th, 1833, aged fifty-two.

7. REV. W. DAY.

A RELATIVE once said to the late Rev. W. Day, of Bristol, "It is a comfort to you to see your children round you."

"Yes," he answered, with an allusion to the occasional dimness of his vision, "it is. It would be more so if I could see them; but I can only see one now and another then."

"You can, however, see Jesus by the eye of faith."

His countenance kindled with a smile of joy, and, clasping his hands, he exclaimed, "He is my great, my only object. O my God! my portion, my all! Blessed be thy name, thou hast said unto me, 'Thou art mine.'" Then, with much energy, he added, "The Bible is nothing to me—the Bible is nothing to me but as it reveals a covenant Jehovah, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. There I see perfection. When I look at man—when I look at myself, I see nothing but vileness—a rent here, a chasm there. It would drive me to despair. O when, when shall I behold Christ as he is, and cast myself at his feet! He has offered me a pledge of this beyond all that imagination can conceive. I have seen him rising before me in all the majesty of the Godhead. The world has shown me its favours, and has taken them away again. I have enjoyed many tokens of the loving-kindness of God; and I have at other times been stripped of what I most valued. But O, my God, my Redeemer, thou hast never failed me!" Then stretching out his hands to his family around his bed, he cried, "O Lord, shine forth, shine forth in thy glory upon these dear ones! Thou wilt never leave them—thou wilt never forsake them."

It was an affecting, a sublime scene. It was like a

patriarch standing on the threshold of heaven, looking back to bless his family, and looking forward, earnestly longing to take his last step.

8. MR. M'LAREN, OF EDINBURGH.

"That sov'reign Plant, whose scions shoot
With healing virtue, and immortal fruit,—
The Tree of Life, beside the stream that laves
The fields of Paradise with gladdening waves."

WHEN Mr. M'Laren was dying, Mr. Gustart, his associate pastor, paid him a visit, and inquired of him, "What are you now doing, my brother?" The strong and earnest response of the dying minister was, "I'll tell you what I am doing, brother; I am gathering together all my prayers, all my sermons, all my good deeds, all my ill deeds; and I am going to throw them all overboard, and swim to glory on the single plank of free grace."

9. DR. HENRY PECKWELL.

"His spirit, with a bound,
Burst its encumb'ring clay;
His tent, at sunrise, on the ground,
A blacken'd ruin lay."—MONTGOMERY.

THE Rev. Dr. Henry Peckwell stepped into a dissecting room and touched one of the dead bodies, forgetting that he had just before accidentally cut his finger. He became diseased, and the doctors who were called in pronounced the accident fatal. At that time, worship was held at the Tabernacle, Moorfields, on a Friday evening. Conscious of his approaching death, the good man ascended the pulpit, and preached in so powerful a strain as to make many of his audience weep. At

the conclusion, he told the audience that it was his farewell sermon,—“not like the ordinary farewell sermons of the world, but more impressive, from the circumstances, than any preached before. My hearers shall long bear it mind, when this frail earth is mouldering in its kindred dust.” The congregation could not conjecture his meaning; but on the following Sabbath an unknown preacher ascended the pulpit and informed them that their pious minister had breathed his last on the preceding evening.

10. BERNARD GILPIN.

BERNARD GILPIN, a man of exalted virtue, and distinguished among his contemporaries by the title of “The Apostle of the North,” was descended from a respectable family in Westmoreland, and born in the year 1517.

His attachment to the Roman Catholic religion, in which he had been educated, was, for some time, strong and decided. But an honest and ardent desire to discover truth, and unprejudiced study of the Holy Scriptures, and frequent conferences with pious and learned men, produced, at length, a thorough persuasion of the truth of the Protestant reformed religion. This cause he steadily and zealously supported through the whole remaining course of his life.

He at length accepted the rectory of Houghton-le-spring. This living was of considerable value; but the duty of it was proportionably laborious. It was so extensive that it contained not fewer than fourteen villages. It had been much neglected; and in it there scarcely remained any traces of true Christianity. Gilpin was grieved to see the ignorance and vice which so greatly prevailed in the places under his care. But

he did not despair of bringing into order a waste so miserably uncultivated; and, by resolution, diligence, prudence, and perseverance, he finally succeeded in producing an astonishing change, not only in the character and manners of his own parishioners, but of the savage inhabitants in other northern districts. On his arrival among them, the people crowded about him, and listened to his discourses with great attention, perceiving him to be a teacher of a very different kind from those to whom they had hitherto been accustomed; and by his truly pastoral and affectionate treatment of them, he quickly gained their confidence, respect, and attachment.

Gilpin had not been long settled at Houghton before Bishop Tonsal was desirous of still further improving his fortune, by presenting him to a vacant prebend in the Cathedral of Durham. But resolving not to accept it, he told the bishop that, "by his bounty, he had already more wealth than he was afraid he could give a good account of. He begged, therefore, that he might not have an additional charge, but rather that his lordship would bestow this preferment on one by whom it was more wanted." In these perilous times, (the reign of the sanguinary Queen Mary,) his steady, though mild and temperate, adherence to the reformed religion, involved him in many dangers and difficulties, from which he was often happily extricated, under Divine Providence, by the favour of Bishop Tonsal, and by his own judicious conduct. The malice of his enemies was probably increased by his unaffected piety and exemplary life, which formed a striking satire on their negligence and irregularities. They determined, therefore, to remove, if possible, so disagreeable a contrast and so able a reformer. After many unsuccessful attempts to disgrace and destroy him, their hatred so far prevailed that they procured an order from the merciless Bonner,

bishop of London, to have him arrested and brought to that city, where, the bishop declared, he should be at the stake in a fortnight. Gilpin was speedily apprized by his friends of the measures determined against him, and earnestly entreated to provide for his safety by withdrawing from the kingdom. But their persuasions were ineffectual; for having been long preparing himself to suffer for the truth, he now determined not to decline it. He, therefore, with great composure, waited for the arrival of the bishop's messengers, after having ordered his servant to provide a long garment for him, in which he might go decently to the stake. In a few days he was apprehended; but before he reached London, an account of Queen Mary's death was received, by which event he was delivered from any further prosecution. Thus providentially rescued from his enemies, he returned to Houghton through crowds of people, who expressed the utmost joy, and rendered thanks to God for his deliverance.

On the accession of Elizabeth, he was offered the bishopric of Carlisle; but this he modestly and firmly declined to accept. Not long afterward, the provostship of Queen's College, Oxford, was tendered to him. This honour and emolument he likewise declined. He believed that he could be more useful in his present charge at Houghton than elsewhere; and this was a consideration superior to every other in the mind of the pious and benevolent Gilpin.

After the lapse of many years spent in the cheerful, but laborious discharge of duty, this pious man perceived, from his many infirmities, that his end was drawing near. He told his friends his apprehensions; and spoke of his death with that happy composure which usually attends the conclusion of a good life. He was soon after confined to his chamber. His understanding continued perfect to the last. Of the manner

of his taking leave of the world, we have the following account :—

A few days before his death, having ordered himself to be raised in his bed, he sent for the poor; and beckoning them to his bed-side, he told them he perceived that he was going out of the world. He trusted they would be his witnesses at the great day that he had endeavoured to do his duty among them; and he prayed God to remember them after he was gone. He would not have them weep for him. If ever he had told them anything good, he would have them remember that in his stead. Above all things, he exhorted them to fear God, and keep his commandments; telling them, if they would do this, they could never be left comfortless.

His speech began to falter before he had finished his exhortations. The remaining hours of his life he spent in prayer, and in broken conversations with some select friends. He often mentioned the consolations of Christianity; declared that they were the only true ones, and that nothing else could bring a man peace at the last. He died in 1583, and in the sixty-sixth year of his age.

11. HENRY MARTYN.

“An angel’s arm can’t snatch me from the grave;
Legions of angels can’t confine me there!”—YOUNG.

It is truly said, that they live long “who live till life’s great work is done.” Such was the case with Henry Martyn: his years were few, and the years of his religious life much fewer; yet in those few he laboured successfully for the glory of God, and grew fully ripe for eternal happiness.

He was born in Cornwall, in 1781. In 1797 he went to the University of Cambridge; but was at that time a

stranger to real piety. Providentially, he possessed a pious sister, whose frequent addresses to him on religion were not lost; and on the unexpected death of his father, in 1799, such deep impressions were made on his heart as appear to have been never effaced. He now began to inquire for a better world; and became anxious that others should do the same. One instance of his success in reproofing vice deserves notice. Going to visit the daughters of a person who lay in dying circumstances, he found them apparently cheerful, and was thunderstruck to behold a gownsman, from one of the colleges, reading a play to them. He rebuked this person sharply, and the reproof was so much blessed that it proved the cause of a lasting change; and Mr. Martyn afterward had the happiness of labouring in India with this very student.

In 1805 he went out as a chaplain to India. There, besides attending to the duties of his station, he produced a version of the New Testament in the Hindoostanee language. He afterward visited Persia, for the sake of translating the same sacred volume into Persian; and not long after this entered his eternal rest.

When in India, he wrote in his journal: "I am happier here in this remote land, where I hear so seldom of what happens in the world, than in England, where there are so many calls to look at the things that are seen. How sweet the retirement in which I live here! The precious word, now my only study, by means of translations! I sometimes rejoice that I am not yet twenty-seven years of age, and that, unless God should order it otherwise, I may double the number in constant and successful labour. If not, God has many, many more instruments at command, and I shall not cease from my happiness, and scarcely from my work, by departing into another world. O what shall separate us from the love of Christ? neither death nor life, I am persuaded.

O let me feel my security, that I may be, as it were, already in heaven; that I may do all my work as the angels do theirs! and O let me be ready for every work! be ready to leave this delightful solitude or remain in it, to go out or go in, to stay or depart, just as the Lord shall appoint. Lord, let me have no will of my own!"

Actuated by these feelings, he went forth to preach the Gospel to the heathen, and it was his fixed resolution to live and die among them. When he left England, he left it wholly for Christ's sake, and he left it forever.

Yet he felt the parting from all he loved: but he did not regret having resigned the world; life he knew was but a short journey—a little day, and then, if faithful unto death, his gracious reward would begin.

On his voyage he wrote in his journal, September 23:—"We are just to the south of all Europe, and I bid adieu to it forever, without a wish of ever revisiting it, and still less with any desire of taking up my rest in the strange land to which I am going. Ah! no,—farewell, perishing world! 'For me to live' shall be 'Christ.' I have nothing to do here but to labour as a stranger, and by secret prayer, and outward exertion, do as much as possible for the Church of Christ and my own soul, till my eyes close in death, and my soul wings its way to a brighter world. Strengthen me, O God my Saviour, that whether living or dying, I may be thine!"

When in India he deeply felt the misery of those who were perishing around him. On one occasion, when ill, he wrote: "I lay in tears, interceding for the unfortunate natives of this country, thinking with myself that the most despicable soodar of India was of as much value in the sight of God as the king of Great Britain."

At another time he remarks: "My soul, much impressed with the unmeasurable importance of my work,

and the wickedness and cruelty of wasting a moment, when so many nations are, as it were, waiting till I do my work, felt eager for the morning to come again that I might resume my work."

During his residence in Persia, he had various opportunities of endeavouring to lead perishing men to the Source of real happiness. On one of these, by a short, but impressive, argument on the importance of religion, he brought to apparent seriousness a deistical Mohammedan, who amused himself with infidel delusions, worthy of Tom Paine or Hume. He said, "These things will do very well for the present, while reclining in gardens, and smoking caleans, but not for a dying hour. How many years of life remain? You are about thirty; perhaps thirty more remain. How swiftly have the last thirty passed! how soon will the next thirty be gone! and then we shall see. If you are right, I lose nothing; if I am right, you lose your soul."

As he loved his Lord, so he was anxious for his glory. This holy zeal was remarkably displayed during his abode at Shiraz, in Persia. There he had to maintain the dignity of his Redeemer among learned Mohammedans, who treated him with contempt on this account. He observed, "How many times in the day have I occasion to repeat the words,—

‘If on my face, for Thy dear name,
Shame and reproaches be;
All hail reproach, and welcome shame,
If thou remember me.’”

In one of his reflections on January 1, 1807, he says,—

“Seven years have passed away since I was first called of God. Before the conclusion of another seven years how probable that these hands will have mouldered into dust! But be it so; my soul, through grace, hath received the assurance of eternal life; and I see

the days of my pilgrimage shortening without a wish to add to their number. But O may I be stirred up to a further discharge of my high and awful work; and laying aside, as much as may be, all carnal cares and studies, may I give myself to this 'one thing!' "

While in Persia he visited the ruins of Persepolis, and indulged those salutary reflections which impress the heart with the littleness of life and the nearness of eternity. He observes: "It was impossible not to recollect that here Alexander and his Greeks passed and repassed—here they sat, and sung, and revelled; now all is silence—generation on generation lie mingled with the dust of their mouldering edifices."

In his return, being near the river Araxes, he says,—
"I went and sat down on the margin, near the bridge, where the water, falling over some fragments of the bridge under the arches, produced a roar, which, contrasted with the stillness all around, had a grand effect. Here I thought again of the multitudes who had once pursued their labours and pleasures on its banks. Twenty-one centuries have passed away since they lived; how short, in comparison, must be the remainder of my days! What a momentary duration is the life of man! *Labitur et labetur in omne volubilis ævum*,* may be affirmed of the river; but men pass away as soon as they begin to exist. Well, let the moments pass,—

'They'll waft us sooner o'er
This life's tempestuous sea,
And land us on the peaceful shore
Of bless'd eternity.'"

Having completed his translation of the New Testament into the Persian language, he visited the king in May, 1812, in order to present a copy to him. Upon

* It glides on, and wave after wave will glide on forever.

his coming into the presence of the king, two Moolahs attacked him with their arguments against the Law and the Gospel. The controversy was continued for an hour or two, when the vizier, joining in, said to Mr. Martyn, "You had better say, God is God, and Mohammed is the prophet of God."

He replied, "God is God;" but added, "and Jesus is the Son of God."

They no sooner heard this than they all exclaimed, in anger and contempt, "He is neither born nor begets;" and rose up as if they would have torn him in pieces.

One of them said, "What will you say when your tongue is burnt out for blasphemy?"

They treated his book with contempt, and he went back to his tent.

His work in Persia being now completed, he designed to visit England, and, through great hardships, pursued his journey. The last words he penned in his journal show the desires of his soul:—

"Oct. 6.—No horses being to be had, I had an unexpected repose. I sat in the orchard, and thought, with sweet comfort and peace, of my God; in solitude—my company, my friend, and comforter. O when shall time give place to eternity! When shall appear that new heaven and new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness! There—there shall in no wise enter in anything that defileth: none of that wickedness that has made men worse than wild beasts—none of those corruptions that add still more to the miseries of mortality, shall be seen or heard of any more."

Ten days after he breathed forth these aspirations, he entered the joy of his Lord. He died at Tocat, Oct. 16, 1812, in his thirty-second year.

12. REV. THOMAS SCOTT.

“ When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside !”

THE closing scenes in the life of this deeply pious, learned, and well-known commentator, are full of interest and instruction. His life was protracted for seventy-five years, and his active ministry nearly fifty. As this good man drew near the close of life, he was greatly distressed at the temporary withdrawal of the light of the Divine countenance. His biographer, an eye and ear witness, says :—

“ In the time of his darkness and gloom, he prayed without ceasing, and with inexpressible fervour. He seemed unconscious of any one being near him, and gave vent to the feelings of his mind without restraint. And O ! what holy feelings were they ; what spirituality, what hatred of sin, what humility, what simple faith in Christ, what zeal for God’s glory, what submission ! Never could I hear him, without being reminded of Him, who ‘ being in an agony prayed the more earnestly,’ and whose language was, ‘ My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me ?’ ‘ I think nothing,’ he said, ‘ of my bodily pains—my soul is all. I trust all will end well—but it is a dreadful conflict. I hope—I fear—I tremble—I pray. Satan tries to be revenged on me, in this awful hour, for all that I have done against his kingdom through life. He longs to pluck me out of Christ’s hand. Subdue the enemy, O Lord ! Silence the accuser ! Bruise Satan under my feet shortly !

“ Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past ;
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last.
Other refuge have I none !”

O, to enter eternity with one doubt on the mind! *Eternity—Eternity—Eternity!* People talk of *assurance* not being attainable in this world, nor perhaps much to be desired. They and the devil agree on this point. O what a thing sin is! Who knoweth the power of his wrath? If this be the way to heaven, what must the way to hell be? “If the righteous scarcely be saved, where shall the ungodly and the sinner appear?”

“In the midst of his conflict he generally expressed hope of final victory, but thought he should die under a cloud. He accused himself of self-indulgence and slackness in prayer; of having made his religious labours an excuse for shortness in private devotion.

“His first clear consolation was after receiving the Lord’s supper, on Thursday, March 22, 1821. He had previously observed: ‘An undue stress is by some laid upon this ordinance, as administered to the sick, and I think others of us are in danger of undervaluing it.’ Shortly after the service was concluded, he said, ‘Now Lord, lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation.’ Through the remainder of the day, though much exhausted, and during the night, he continued in a very happy state of mind.

“To his son-in-law, who came in the evening, he said: ‘I feel a composure which I did not expect last night; I have not *triumphant* assurance, but something which is more calm and satisfactory. I bless God for it.’ And then he repeated, in the most emphatic manner, the whole of the twelfth chapter of Isaiah: “O Lord, I will praise thee; though thou wast angry with me, thine anger is turned away, and thou comfortest me,” &c. O to realize the fulness of joy! to have done with temptation! “They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat; for the Lamb, which is in the midst of the throne, shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains

of waters: and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes. They are come out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. Therefore are they before the throne of God."

'Sin, my worst enemy before,
Shall vex my eyes and ears no more;
My inward foes shall all be slain,
Nor Satan break my peace again.

"We know not what we shall be; but we know, that when He shall appear, we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is." He frequently repeated, *perfect peace!*

"In the night he had some refreshing sleep, and awoke in great calmness. 'This,' he said, 'is heaven begun; I have done with darkness forever—forever. Satan is vanquished. Nothing now remains, but salvation with eternal glory—eternal glory.'

"On Tuesday morning, March 27th, he appeared dying, and suffered exquisitely. 'O,' he said, 'it is hard work. Death is a new acquaintance; a terrible one, except as Christ giveth us the victory, and the assurance of it. My flesh and my heart seem as if they wanted to fail, and could not. Who can tell what that tie is which binds body and soul together? How easily is it loosened in some, what a *wrench* and *tear* is it in others! Lord, loosen it if it be thy will—I hope it is not wrong to pray for a release. If it be, God forgive me! Yet if it be thy will that I should wait for days and weeks, Thou art righteous!'

"Through the whole of Tuesday afternoon he was calm, and talked delightfully. He seemed to unite the cheerfulness, clearness of thought, and force of argument of his former days, with the extraordinary tenderness, humility, meekness, and love, of his present situation. On his second son's entering the room, he said to him,

‘Who am also an elder, and a witness of the sufferings of Christ, and also a partaker of the glory that shall be revealed; feed the flock of God that is among you,’ &c., (1 Pet. v, 1–4;) and proceeded to converse in a most interesting manner about his own past ministry. He had a blessed consciousness of having been *faithful*, which was a source of gratitude to him.

“To his grandson: ‘God bless you! I have often preached to you, and sometimes talked to you; but I have prayed for you a hundred times more. Seek and serve God. Religion is all that is valuable. You may think it does little for me now; but it is *all*. May you be a blessing to your parents, to your brothers and sisters! You are the eldest; should you outlive your father, be a father to the rest. I have always particularly wished you might be a minister of Christ: but this I must leave. God’s will be done!’

“One thing is not to be forgotten concerning these benedictions which he continued to pronounce upon his grandson, that, though he much longed that he should be a minister, he yet solemnly warned him not to take the sacred office upon him, unless he was conscious of a heart devoted to the work of it. ‘Rather,’ said he, ‘make forks and rakes, rather plough the ground, and thresh the corn, than be an indolent, ungodly clergyman.’

“Wednesday morning, March 28. He had slept a good deal, and was calm and cheerful, though in great suffering. ‘This,’ he said, ‘is my last day. Still I have the last struggle to pass, and what that is, what that *wrench* is, who can tell me? Lord, give me patience, fortitude, holy courage! I have heard persons treat almost with ridicule the expression, Put “underneath me the everlasting arms.” But it is exactly what I want—“everlasting arms” to raise me up; to be “strengthened with might by his Spirit in the inner

man." I am in full possession of all my faculties; I know I am dying; I feel the immense, the infinite importance of the crisis: Lord Jesus, receive my spirit! Thou art "all I want;" "None but Jesus can do helpless sinners good." Blessed be God, there is one Saviour, though but one in the whole universe. Had any other done what Christ has for us—raised us from such a deplorable, lost, wicked state—shed his blood for us—sent his Spirit to quicken us; would he not be greatly affronted if we were to doubt his perfecting his own work? And yet we are apt to doubt Christ's love. God forgive us that, with all the rest of our offences! "He that spared not his own Son, but delivered him up for us all, how shall he not with him also freely give us all things?" " "

In much the same state he continued till his death. His mind was clear to the last moment; he had been peaceful and happy for several days, and in the end, with perfect composure and a heavenly smile playing upon his countenance, he sank down into the arms of death, and without a sigh or a struggle, without even a discomposed feature, he sweetly slept in Jesus.

Thus terminated the sufferings and trials of this eminent servant of Jesus, proving by his last conflict, that though the valley of death is frequently beset with terrors at its entrance, yet the victory remains certain to every child of God. Nature indeed shrinks from the hand of death, and the mind itself trembles at the thoughts of eternity; but the rod and staff of Omnipotence yields courage and strength, and turns the eye undaunted on the dark valley through which lies the road to endless bliss. He died on Monday, April 16th, 1821, in the seventy-fifth year of his age.

13. RICHARD CECIL.

“He taught us how to live; and O! too high
A price for knowledge, taught us how to die!”

MR. CECIL'S mother laboured to impress his mind with Divine truth. She furnished him with Janeway's Token for Children, which at an early age much affected him. Afterward he broke through all the restraints of a pious education, and became almost an infidel. Yet his mother's admonitions, which he affected to scorn, were not lost. They fixed themselves in his heart, and would draw tears from his eyes as he passed along the streets, from the impressions left on his mind. Lying awake one night, he contemplated his mother's case. “I see,” said he, within himself, “two unquestionable facts. First, my mother is greatly afflicted in circumstances, body, and mind, and yet I see that she cheerfully bears up under all, by the support she derives from constantly retiring to her closet and her Bible. Secondly, that she has a secret spring of comfort of which I know nothing; while I, who give an unbounded loose to my appetites, and seek pleasure by every means, seldom or never find it. If, however, there is any such secret in religion, why may not I attain it as well as my mother? I will immediately seek it of God.” He now rose in bed and began to pray, but was soon damped by recollecting how he had ridiculed the Saviour. He, however, persevered in inquiring for the way of life, and at length happily found it.

When about twenty-eight years of age, he entered on the ministry of the Gospel. He laboured in various places, but the principal scene of his exertion was St. John's chapel, Bedford Row. There for many years he was employed in dispensing the word of life. “Faith,”

he observes, "is the master-spring of a minister. Hell is before me, and thousands of souls shut up there in everlasting agonies—Jesus Christ stands forth to save men from rushing into this bottomless abyss—He sends me to proclaim his ability and love; I want no fourth idea!—every fourth idea is contemptible!—every fourth idea is a grand impertinence!"

In the latter part of the year 1798, he was attacked by a severe illness. During its continuance he found the Saviour his only support. He said: "If God should restore me again to health, I have determined to study nothing but the Bible—all-important truth is there, and I feel that no comfort enters sick curtains from any other quarter. I have been too much occupied in preparing to live, and too little in living. I have read too much from curiosity, and for mental gratification. I was literary when I should have been active. We trifle too much. Let us do something for God. The man of God is a man of feeling and activity. I feel, and would urge with all possible strength on others, that Jesus Christ is our *All in all*."

On one occasion he said to a friend: "It has been a night of great pain, but it was a night appointed me by Jesus Christ, and sure it must be a good one that he appoints! Had I laid down my life for you, your good nights would have been my anxious care." At another time: "I have great peace—not a ruffled breeze, night nor day; and this is all grounded on the doctrine of Jesus Christ. Give up that and I should have no sleep to-night. All is pitch darkness without it—dark as a Socinian—dark as a moralist. There is no light but what Christ brings."

To one who spoke of his illness, he said: "It is all Christ. I keep death in view. If God does not please to raise me up, he intends me better. I know whom I have believed; I find everything but religion vanity. I

am ready even on this sick bed to preach to preachers. I ask myself, What is my hold and support—what will remain with me when everything else is washed away? To recollect a promise of the Bible—this is substance. Nothing will do but the Bible.”

After this severe attack he in some measure recovered, and several years were added to his life. He again pursued his great work, and still experienced his heavenly Father’s care. He often used to say: “I set out with nothing but dependence on God, resolving to do his work, and leaving all the rest to him. I know that he will take care and provide for me.”

A considerable time before his death, illness again removed him from the field of active labour, and in August, 1810, he was called to his eternal rest.

As he drew near to death, Jesus Christ was his only topic. His apprehensions of the work and glory of Christ, and of the unspeakable importance of a spiritual union with him, grew, if possible, more distinct. He spoke of his Saviour with the feeling and seriousness of a dying believer :—

“I know myself to be a wretched and worthless sinner, having nothing in myself but poverty and sin. I know Jesus Christ to be a glorious and almighty Saviour. I see the full efficacy of his atonement and grace; and I cast myself entirely on him, and wait at his footstool. I am aware that my diseased and broken mind makes me incapable of receiving consolation; but I submit myself wholly to the merciful and wise dispensations of God.”

He often repeated, with the martyr Lambert, “None but Christ—none but Christ;” and a short time before his death, he requested one of his family to write down for him in a book the following sentence: “None but Christ, none but Christ, said Lambert dying at the stake; the same, in dying circumstances, with his whole heart,

saith Richard Cecil." To this he affixed his signature, though, through infirmity, in a manner hardly legible.

In his last hours he dictated a letter to his son, in the East, in which were the following lines: "I am only able now in a dying state to send my blessing and prayers for your welfare. I wish to say, that Christ is your all in time and eternity. I have been in a most affecting state by a paralytic stroke; but Christ is all that can profit you or me—a whole volume would not contain more or so much. O pray day and night for an interest in him! And this is all I can say—it being more than having the Indies."

Thus regarding the Lord Jesus Christ he lived, and thus he died. Mrs. Cecil, after his decease, observed, that they might say of him as he once said in a letter to a friend, after burying a pious member of his congregation: "After I had put her into the grave the rest went away. I stood looking in: everybody had lamented and said, 'How sad;' I, though I cannot now write for tears, looked in again, and said, '*How well!*'"

14. CLAUDIUS BUCHANAN.

"The soul, reposing on assured relief,
Feels herself happy amidst all her grief;
Forgets her labour as she toils along,
Weeps tears of joy, and bursts into a song."

CLAUDIUS BUCHANAN was born at Cambuslang, near Glasgow, March the 12th, 1766. By both his parents he appears to have been carefully trained, from his earliest years, in religious principles and habits.

In his fourteenth year he appeared the subject of serious religious impressions; but this hopeful prospect soon vanished, in consequence of his associating with an irreligious companion, and he turned to folly and the world.

At the age of seventeen he conceived the romantic design of making the tour of Europe on foot; and near four years afterward actually entered on this wild but favourite plan. Here he acted a guilty part, by deceiving his pious parents as to his motives and expectations in leaving Scotland.

The way of transgressors is commonly hard. Long before he reached London, he was tired of his favourite project; yet being too proud to return to his friends, and own his faults, he went forward to the metropolis; where he at length arrived, with his spirits nearly exhausted by distress and poverty. Here he was soon reduced to the lowest extreme of wretchedness and want; and sometimes had not even bread to eat; but even then, though he saw his folly, he saw not his sin.

In 1790, he was thoroughly awakened to a sense of his guiltiness by the faithfulness of a young friend, who took occasion to press home upon his conscience and heart the truths and claims of the Gospel. Soon after, he became acquainted with Mr. Newton, and under his friendly instructions and counsel learned the way of peace, and was gradually introduced into a state of "righteousness, and peace, and joy, in the Holy Ghost." He felt the powerful influence of the love of Christ, and resolved to live no longer to himself but "unto Him that died for him and rose again."

He soon after informed his mother, at that time his sole surviving parent, of his proceedings and situation. The conclusion of his letter affectingly describes the misery of a sinful course, and the extent of the change which Divine grace had made in him. "The veil," says he, "which was between us is at length rent, and I am in peace; for believe me, I have not, till now, enjoyed a day of peace since I left my father's house. I once thought I would rather suffer torture than betray my secret; but my 'sinews of iron' are become like those

of a child. Nothing less than what I have suffered, could have softened so hard a heart as mine; and not even that, unless accompanied by the power of God."

His mother had almost begun to lose her fond hope of his becoming at length a follower of the Lamb; and received with delight the account of his conversion.

While preparing for the ministry, his feelings were thus expressed:—

"I dare not tell you what I am, but I can tell you what I pray for.

"I pray that I may be content to be of no reputation among men—knowing that, if I am truly wise, I must become a fool amongst the ungodly; that I may patiently submit to indignity and reproach for Christ's sake, and that my whole life may be devoted to his service; that for this purpose I may diligently improve the talent committed to me, however little it may be, and that when I go forth into the ministry I may not seek self, but Christ—content to be unnoticed, dead to the censure or applause of men, alive to God and his concerns, and chiefly solicitous that my preaching may be powerful in awakening souls.

"The summit of my ambition, if I know my own mind, is to be daily more conformed to Christ, to be enabled to follow that great sufferer, and to rejoice to be counted worthy to suffer shame for his sake.

"I am equally ready to preach the Gospel in the next village or at the ends of the earth."

Soon after leaving Cambridge Mr. Buchanan went out as a chaplain to India—which became the theatre of his most distinguished labours. During the administration of the Marquis of Wellesley, religion was favoured, and the cause which lay near the heart of Buchanan was fostered under the protection of that distinguished nobleman, whom the real friends of religion should ever respect, for his attention to that cause which is dearer than

life to them. When, under his successor, religion was discouraged, and that favour granted to heathenism and Mohammedanism which was denied to Christianity, Buchanan stood firm as a rock in his opposition to the conduct of an infidel court, and boldly, but respectfully, remonstrated with the supreme government of India on the measures then pursued.

In the month of August, 1805, he endured an alarming illness, and conceived that his mortal course was drawing to its conclusion. His feelings and sentiments at that time displayed the powerful effect of the Gospel he had preached. A memorial of his illness was preserved in the handwriting of his coadjutor, Mr. Brown, who watched over him with fraternal anxiety.

“On the morning of the 22d, Mr. Brown, on entering the chamber of his sick friend, found him still fixed in his opinion that he should die, and opening his spiritual state to another Christian friend. At this time he took a review of the way in which the Providence of God had led him from his earliest years; and gave his friends a brief sketch of his history. The romantic project of his youth, his residence in London, his conversion to the faith and practice of a real Christian, his career at Cambridge, his voyage to India, and his comparative banishment during the first three years of his residence in that country. At this critical period, he observed, his call by Lord Wellesley to the chaplaincy of the presidency, and the subsequent establishment of the college, had given him an important work to perform; that his preaching indeed [excellent as it was] had been unsatisfactory to himself, but that his spiritual labours and opportunities in college had often afforded him much comfort.

“After praying earnestly for some time, he lay quite still, and then, with great tranquillity and satisfaction, said: ‘What a happy moment! now I am resigned; now

I desire not to live. I am unworthy of this.' He then spoke of his hope, and said, that he could only be saved by grace.

"Alluding to his intended journey to Malabar, which his illness had prevented, he said: 'I am now about to travel not an earthly journey, but still "to unknown regions of the Gospel." I shall now pass over the heads of old men labouring usefully for Christ, and at this early period be advanced to see what "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive," and behold discoveries of the glory of Christ, "God manifest in the flesh," who hath come to us and kindly taken us by the hand. He will lift us out of the deep waters, and set us at his own right hand. I once saw not the things I now see; I knew not the Gospel. Now I pray that the little I have known may be perfected, and that God would complete his work on my soul.'"

After recovery, the remembrance of this illness, and the impressions which an anticipated death-bed had made on his mind, were ever afterward cherished and retained, and tended to quicken him in his Christian course, and to render him more zealous and unwearied in the service of his heavenly Master.

In 1808 he returned to England, where his various publications excited considerable concern for the promotion of religion in the East.

As the time of his departure to eternal rest drew near, he appears to have risen more and more above this world. On this subject one of his relations said: "The last time that he visited us, which was in his way to Cambridge, I thought him eminently dead to the world, and, as it were, absorbed in heavenly things. His deep domestic afflictions seemed to have been greatly sanctified to him. He appeared to watch for every opportunity of seasoning our ordinary discourse with the salt

of religion. When we were speaking of Carey's Atlas, he took occasion to refer in a solemn and affecting manner to the map of the heavenly city, which St. John has given us in the Revelation. When I spoke of Bonaparte's late astonishing overthrow, he heard it with comparative indifference, and soon adverted to the importance of the conversion of the soul to God, as involving consequences of greater moment than the fall of emperors and the revolutions of the greatest states."

In the latter part of his life he was employed in assisting to provide an edition of the Syriac Testament, while his own mind looked forward to the country which that holy book discovers. He wrote, in 1814: "I walk in the meadows, by the side of the river Lee, and endeavour to meditate on things spiritual and eternal; there are few days in which I do not think of Mary, now among the blessed. I envy her happy lot, but yet I have just strength to pray that I may be enabled to serve God in my generation."

The time of his own departure was now fast approaching. He had been employed in attending to the revision of the Syriac New Testament, and had advanced, on the day preceeding his death, to the 20th chapter of the Acts of the Apostles, in which the apostle expresses his conviction of his final separation from his friends.

He had some previous indisposition, and the following night, without struggle or convulsion, after a short warning, he departed to the rest of glorified spirits, in the forty-ninth year of his age, February 9, 1815. "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."

15. REV. R. HALL.

“With lifted eyes,
And aspect luminous, as with the light
Of heaven’s op’ning gate, he strove to join
His voice with theirs, and breathe out all he felt;
But in the effort, feeble nature sank
Exhausted; and, while every voice was hush’d,
His flutt’ring spirit, struggling to get free,
Rose like a sky-lark singing up to heaven.”—WILCOX.

THE death-bed of the Rev. R. Hall, of Leicester, and afterwards of Bristol, was in full accordance with his simple piety, and with that real humility which has so often characterized true genius. When he first announced his apprehension that he should never again minister among his people, he immediately added: “But I am in God’s hands, and I rejoice that I am. I am God’s creature, at his disposal, for life or death; and that is a great mercy.” Again: “I fear pain more than death. If I could die easily, I think I would go rather than stay; for I have seen enough of this world, and have an humble hope.”

When under one of his paroxysms, Mr. Hall said: “‘Wherefore doth a living man complain,—a man for the punishment of his sins?’ I have not complained,—have I, sir?—and I will not complain.” “His sufferings,” he remarked, “were great; but what,” he added, “are my sufferings to the sufferings of Christ? His sufferings were infinitely greater; his sufferings were complicated. God has been very merciful to me—very merciful. I am a poor creature—an unworthy creature; but God has been very kind, very merciful.” Mr. Hall had, during his whole life, suffered at intervals the most excruciating pain; and, in his last hours, he again compared his own sufferings with those of his

Saviour—observing how light his were in the contrast, and saying that “though he had endured as much or more than fell to the lot of most men, yet all had been mercy.” This comparison seemed a favourite one with him; and he observed “that a contemplation of the sufferings of Christ was the best antidote against impatience under any troubles we might experience,” recommending the subject to others as the antidote to distress or death.

“I was summoned,” says his medical attendant, “to behold the last agonizing scene of this great and extraordinary man. His difficulty of breathing had suddenly increased to a dreadful and final paroxysm. . . . Mrs. Hall, observing a fixation of the eyes, and an unusual expression on his countenance, and indeed in his whole manner, became alarmed by the sudden impression that he was dying, and exclaimed, in great agitation, ‘This cannot be dying!’ When he replied, ‘It is death—it is death—death! O, the sufferings of this body!’ Mrs. Hall then asked him, ‘But are you comfortable in your mind?’ He immediately answered, ‘Very comfortable—very comfortable;’ and exclaimed, ‘Come, Lord Jesus, come!’ He then hesitated, as if incapable of bringing out the last word; and one of his daughters, involuntarily as it were, anticipated him by saying, ‘quickly;’ on which her departing father gave her a look expressive of the most complacent delight.”

16. REV. JOHN ELY.

“Trust thou in Him who overcame the grave;
Who holds in captive ward
The powers of death. Heed not the monster grim,
Nor fear to go through death to Him.”—CONDER.

THE late Rev. John Ely, of Leeds, was a Christian of energetic piety, and a pastor of commanding influence. All the powers of a cultivated mind, and of a constitution naturally most active, were freely devoted to his Master's service. Charming in his family; beloved beyond an ordinary degree in every pastoral relation—the faithful reprove, the zealous advocate, the untiring public servant, “the eloquent orator;” great as was the space he filled in the public eye, every succeeding year seemed only to enlarge it. But his bow was strained too tightly, and his constitution, overwrought with excessive service, suddenly gave way, amidst the deep lamentations of his personal connexions, his attached Church, and the friends of the cause of God in general. In the commencement of his illness, his mind was, for a time, overclouded, and “the sorrows of death compassed him.” His beloved friend, the Rev. Dr. Hamilton—who, after writing his Memoir, himself lay down to die—endeavoured to reason him out of his apprehensions, and after some difficulty succeeded. “Referring, in the presence of Mr. John Wade and Mr. Edward Baines, to the cloud which had passed over him, and giving to each of them one of his hands, he said, ‘It is on the fulness, freeness, and sufficiency of Christ, in his person and offices, that I repose my only hope of salvation. This is the doctrine I have preached, and in this I now find my support. . . .’” “The time of my departure is at hand: I have fought a good fight, I have

finished my course, I have kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day: and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing.” Now only were heard from his dying lips utterances of calm and assured peace. He ‘rejoiced,’ he ‘triumphed in Christ,’ he ‘gloried in the cross.’ He felt his foundation. He knew his course. He abided by it.

“A friend spoke to him of his usefulness,—‘Not unto me, not unto me, but to God be all the glory. I look upon my past life, early cast a fatherless boy upon the providence of God; I look within, at motives, and I find that all is defective—all needs the cleansing blood of Christ.’

“The world was now fast receding to him—those who had visited him withdrew, sorrowing that they should see his face no more. To a few of us, later and more mournful duties were assigned. We awaited the ebbing out of life. . . . Being asked whether he was able still to look to Christ as the ground of his confidence, he distinctly said, ‘I am.’ On Saturday morning, at a quarter to three o’clock, he sighed out his spirit.”

The holy servant of God had done his work. Like Dr. Payson, whose death-bed is an eminently beautiful specimen of its kind, he died in character—the pastor was apparent in his latest thoughts.

17. REV. DR. HAMILTON.

“Isle of the ev’ning skies, cloud-vision’d land,
Wherein the good meet in the’ heavenly fold,
And drink of endless joys at God’s right hand.”—WILLIAMS.

MOST of the preceding sketch is extracted from the Rev. Dr. Hamilton’s “Posthumous Works of the late Rev. John Ely, with an Introductory Memoir.” The ink of that writing was scarcely dry before the author was called to pass through a similar scene. A notice of his own bearing, in the crisis, will not be inappropriate:—

“During his whole illness, amidst intense pain and oppressive languor, he had experienced ‘the peace of God which passeth all understanding,’ and a heavenly enjoyment arising from a sense of Divine love, which he himself described as amounting to ‘transport.’ No impatience ruffled the calm, thankful, and humbled frame of his mind. When informed by his medical men, after their consultation on Sunday night, that his end was near, he exclaimed, ‘That is the best tidings you could have brought me.’ He calmly summoned his family and friends; he set his house in order; he saw his deacons, and many other friends, and spoke to them all in the strain of a Christian hero standing on the brink of eternity. He said that he had taught his people how to live, and now it became him to teach them how to die. A combined dignity and tenderness characterized his manner during the last day of his life. His entire hope was in the atoning blood of the Saviour.

“When a friend, who had co-operated with him on many public occasions, stood by his bedside twelve hours before his departure, and asked, ‘Do you hold

all your great principles clear and firm to the last?" the eye of the dying man kindled and opened wide, while he said, with extraordinary emphasis, 'O yes, my *principles*! if those principles fail, everything fails. I have always relied upon principle.' The look which accompanied this declaration was never to be forgotten. It was the last leaping flame of the expiring lamp. After this, weakness so much prevailed, that the great mind, unhinged, scarcely retained coherent thought unless when directly appealed to. The drowsiness of death each hour gained upon the vigorous intellect, till at length the mortal part sank down in death, and the immortal sprang to

'The bosom of his Father and his God.' "

18. REV. DAVID SIMPSON.

"Like a shadow thrown
Softly and lightly from a passing cloud,
Death fell upon him."—WORDSWORTH.

DAVID SIMPSON was born October 12, 1745, in the county of York, England. To his name the highest titles of earthly distinction can add no importance. The character he maintained in the world as a Christian, his usefulness in the Church of God as a minister, and his labours as an author, rendered him a burning and shining light while living, and will perpetuate his memory now he is numbered with the dead.

While pursuing his studies as a candidate for the ministry, on one occasion he visited the Rev. T. Lindsey. This good man, learning that the young student was pursuing his studies too much in the spirit of the times, without any knowledge of experimental religion, and in entire neglect of the Holy Bible, expostulated

with him in the most earnest and affectionate manner. The expostulations of his friend came with effectual power to his mind. A decisive revolution took place in his sentiments and feelings, which determined the character of his future studies, and issued in a life of eminent usefulness to the cause of evangelical religion. He felt the criminality of his former indifference and inattention to the Divine writings, and was filled with corresponding remorse. The awful concerns of eternity so powerfully impressed his mind, that all other concerns dwindled into insignificance, and were almost wholly forgotten. Till the memorable day when it pleased God thus to illuminate his benighted understanding, this *candidate for the ministry had no Bible!* The book of God had no place in his library. However, he now purchased a quarto Bible, with marginal references, and devoted himself to the study of it with full purpose of heart. From this time, Biblical knowledge became the supreme object of his ambition and delight; he pursued it with that degree of avidity which proved the deep sense he entertained of its importance to the work before him; and few have excelled him, either in the extent of his attainments or in the useful application of sacred literature. At first, indeed, as he afterward acknowledged, he was rather ashamed that his new Bible should be seen by his companions, lest he should incur the imputation of Methodism. But the glories he discovered in the doctrines of it, soon raised him above the fear of reproach, and inspired him with unshaken confidence and courage. In full assurance of the truth of the Gospel, and of his personal acceptance with God, he soon became settled and happy in mind, and longed for the period when he should proclaim to others the salvation he had obtained himself.

Having completed his academical course, he entered upon his ministerial career, buoyed up with the delight-

ful thought of publishing the Gospel to a ruined world. But, without detailing the various events of his life, we shall hasten to its "final scene."

A few days before his own dissolution he was called to a severe trial in the death of his wife. She had almost unceasingly watched over the sick-bed of a daughter for five months; and soon after the death of her daughter, she, too, was laid upon a bed of sickness and death.

Mr. Simpson himself, not many days after, was taken ill, and complained of a hectic cough, accompanied with a slow fever, which, daily increasing, at length brought him to the house appointed for all living. But he was not unprepared for the event. All his affairs had been settled and wound up by the predisposition of a gracious Providence. The paralytic affections, with which he had been for some time afflicted, now returned so frequently, and had so much impaired his health, that, as he himself expressed it, his work as a minister appeared to be done. As a writer, he had just finished his last intended publication. He had brought to a close the numerous executorships in which he had been engaged, with only one exception of inconsiderable moment. His younger daughter had been just removed to a better world, his elder daughter had shortly before been married, and his son was happily fixed in a situation very congenial to his wishes.

But in other respects his situation was affecting in the extreme. Mrs. Simpson lay in a helpless and dangerous condition in an adjoining room, while he was unable to afford her the least consolation by his presence. He had, nevertheless, the satisfaction of hearing that, as she approached her last hour, her confidence in God increased; and, finally, that she closed a useful and exemplary life, rejoicing in the God of her salvation.

At this painful juncture, he felt acutely; but his expressions evidenced the most perfect submission to the will of God. The religion which he had so many years zealously and successfully propagated, was his support. He said, "All *is* well—all *will* be well. These dispensations of God are right and just. I have every reason to praise him." After he had taken finally to his bed, he was quite calm and happy, excepting that now and then he discovered some anxiety for Mrs. Simpson. "God," said he, "is going to close up the scene at once, and end our lives and our labours together. It is an awful providence; but it is the will of God."

The next day he desired a friend to read to him, saying, "I want some comfortable portion from the blessed Scriptures; all human supports now fail me. Read some comfortable portion." The text was then repeated to him, "When my flesh and my heart fail me, God is the strength of my heart, and my portion forever." He said, "That, and other comfortable passages, frequently occur to my mind, and support me." He afterward said, "I consider all my eternal concerns as settled. All my dependence rests upon the great atonement. I have committed all my concerns into the hands of my Redeemer." He then called to the person who attended him: "Peter," said he, "tell the people I am not dying as a man without hope;" and expressed his strong assurance of the happiness that awaited him, and a desire to depart. In the evening he said, "This is a very serious dispensation. It appears severe—very severe; first the shepherdess is taken away, and then the shepherd, and both as by one stroke. But I am perfectly satisfied respecting it; and I know that this light affliction, which is but for a moment, shall work out for *me* a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory."

His fever continued to increase, and his recovery be-

came extremely doubtful. Every one but himself was, beyond expression, anxious for his life. Prayer-meetings were appointed, and numerous attended. Many strong cries and tears were offered up; but the decree was gone forth. The supplications of the flock could not prevail for the recovery of the pastor. The approach of an enemy, which every one around him dreaded, he hailed with composure and joy. One day, after a severe fit of coughing, he said to his attendant, "The way seems hard; but it is the way the children of God all go, and I do not wish to be exempted from it. I know that my Redeemer liveth. I feel him precious. He supports me under all. O that I were able to express all I feel!" The doctor coming in soon afterward, asked him how he was. He replied, "Partly here and partly elsewhere." Another day, he said to the person who attended him, "How awful a thing it is for a man to be brought to his dying bed, and to have no hope beyond the grave! It is truly awful—but, blessed be God, this is not my case."

On Tuesday morning, March 19, he gave his most affectionate blessing to his son. "I hope," said he, "the Lord will bless you when I am gone. I trust he will; and I commend you to the word of his grace, which is able to build you up, and to give you an inheritance among all them which are sanctified. The Lord bless you—the Lord bless you!"

As his strength declined apace, he was soon unfit to see any of his friends but his immediate attendants, who had now given up all hope of his recovery. The violence of the fever acting on his enfeebled system, had left only the ruins of what he had been; but they were the ruins of a noble mind. He spoke much of the glories of heaven, and the happiness of separate spirits; of their robes of righteousness, and their palms of victory; then, breathing his ardent wishes for the happiness

of all who were present, he added, "Pardon, peace, and everlasting felicity, are desirable things." At length the thread of life was spun out, and, after a day of apparent suffering, on Saturday, the 24th of March, 1799, he fell asleep in Jesus, a little after midnight, and spent his Sabbath in the regions of bliss. Thus, after an active and laborious life, of which twenty-six years were spent in the town of Macclesfield, this eminent servant of Christ finished his course, and went to receive his reward.

19. DR. WILBUR FISK.

"Whence this brave bound o'er limits fixed to man?
His God sustains him in his final hour!
We gaze; we weep; mix tears of grief and joy!
Amazement strikes! devotion bursts to flame!
Christians adore! and infidels believe!"—YOUNG.

THIS eminent servant of the Lord Jesus Christ, was cut off in the height of his usefulness. He entered the ministry in 1818, being then twenty-six years of age. He soon became distinguished for his soundness as a divine, and for his eloquence and success as a preacher. In 1830 he was elected the first president of the Wesleyan University, which post he occupied till his death. In this sphere his noble talents found full scope for their exercise, and he became one of the most popular as well as most successful educators of youth. His constitution, naturally frail and with a strong tendency to pulmonary disease, soon began to give out under the excessive cares and labours to which he was subject in his new situation; and in the fall of 1838, it became apparent that he could not hold out much longer. His last sermon was preached in a sitting posture at a watch-meeting in the church in Middletown at the close of this year. His text—"Few

and evil have the days of the years of my life been, and have not attained unto the days of the years of the life of my fathers in the days of their pilgrimage"—was beautifully appropriate; and his discourse upon life, death, and immortality was eloquent and affecting.

After a medical consultation had come to an unfavourable decision in his case, some one inquired how the prospect of death appeared. He immediately replied, "Death has no terror to me; but I have not that open vision of heaven I could desire. Pray for me that the prospect before me may brighten. I feel that my life has been a series of imperfections, and there is nothing I can rest my hopes upon but the merits of Christ." His biographer says, that the succession of scenes which took place after this in his dying chamber, were in the highest degree instructive and elevating. It was an almost uninterrupted exhibition of moral sublimity. His sufferings were extreme. His respiration was exceedingly difficult and attended with paroxysms, during which it appeared as though every breath would be his last. Most that he said during this period was gasped out word by word, and often syllable by syllable. At one time, after he had been speaking of rest in heaven, he exclaimed, "Ah, what is rest, to me, that I indulge anticipations of it, while there are so many unconverted in the world, going down to eternal woe? I see much to be done: but any active mind can do it; and the work of God is in his own hands. He can do without me. What am I, or my father's house, that God should have honoured me to share in the ministry of the Gospel? I bless him that he has made me the humble instrument of doing anything—the least thing—for him. It is all of grace. Boasting is excluded. The glory is all his, the shame all mine. I want a score of years more to do anything like what a man ought to do in the course of his life."

At another time, comparing the little he had done with his anticipations of a place in heaven, he said, "I shall be a star of small magnitude, but it is a wonder that I shall get to heaven at all. It is because love works miracles, that such a feeble, sinful worm may be saved by grace. O, the mercy of God, to put such comeliness on such a worm as I! I am an unprofitable servant. How little have I done of what I might have done!"

Thus, "having no confidence in the flesh," all his hope of salvation rested on the atonement of the Lamb. "What a blessed state to be in," he observed, "to be anything God pleases. The will of God appears unspeakably beautiful to me; but, alas! I fail of fulfilling it in a great many ways. But, for all this, I have thrown myself on the mercy of God in Christ Jesus. O, yes! I feel that my soul is centred in the love of God in Christ Jesus." Thus, again: "If I have been instrumental in a little good, I thank God for it. I am an unprofitable servant. All my hope is in Christ."

Once only did he experience any peculiar temptation or mental conflict. In the early part of his illness, he remarked that "the enemy was thrusting sore" at him, and immediately said to the Rev. Horace Bartlett, "If you have any faith, pray." When the prayer was closed, he expressed his deliverance from the gathering cloud, and from that time nothing seemed to obstruct his view of his Saviour and the better world.

His faith in the truths of Christianity never wavered. When asked if he still believed the doctrines which he had preached to others, he replied, with emphasis, "Yes; they are God's truths, and will bear the light of eternity."

Sunday, the 10th of February, was a day of uncommon interest and solemnity. There was not the least prospect of his recovery, so that it was not thought

necessary to restrain him from conversing; and yet his strength was not so far exhausted as to prevent the free play of his mind and feelings. The scene in his chamber was transcendently elevating. In the morning he asked Mrs. Fisk what day it was. On ascertaining, he observed, "This would be a good day to die."

"Perhaps," said Mrs. Fisk, "the Lord will take you to his rest this day."

"Then I can worship," was his answer, "with the Sabbath-keeping band in heaven; but I cannot here."

On being told that he always loved the Sabbath, "Yes," he replied; "and though it was a day of toil to me, yet I loved my work. To me the Sabbath has been an emblem of that promised rest. O, that rest is sweet! It is glorious!"

He then beckoned Martha (an adopted daughter) to him, saying, "Let us pray together;" and, throwing an arm around each of them as they knelt before him, he offered up a prayer, gasping it out word by word, which seemed the very language of the spiritual world. It was deep, pathetic, powerful, sublime. Then, as they arose from their knees, he said, "Vain human reasoners often tell us that the soul and the body will go down together to the dust, because the spirit is depressed when the body is; but it is not true. These clogs of earth have often retarded the operations of my mind, and been as so many barriers to its activity. But I now feel a strength of soul and an energy of mind, which this body, though afflicted and pained, cannot impair.

"The soul has an energy of its own; and so far from my body pressing my soul down to the dust, I feel as if my soul had almost power to raise the body upward and bear it away; and it will at last, by the power of God, effectually draw it to heaven, for its attractions are thitherward." Then, turning to Mrs. Fisk, he said, "Think not, when you see this poor feeble body stretched

in death, that that is your husband. O no! your husband will have escaped, free and liberated from every clog! He will have new plumed his glad wings, and soared away through the ethereal regions to that celestial city of light and love! What! talk of burying your husband! No, never. Your husband cannot be buried! he will be in heaven. His body may be; and let it go and mingle with its mother earth: why should you lament? And yet I love this body, notwithstanding it has so often been a hinderance to the aspirations of my mind; for it has been an old companion of mine. It has cost me much care and pain, its tendency being continually to decay; and though it may lie long in the grave it shall be raised, and I shall see it again; for I hope to be united with it, but with none of its infirmities, with none of its moral deformities. Yes, every particle of this dust shall be raised and changed, in the twinkling of an eye, on the morning of the resurrection. Then it will be freed from all its infirmities. It will have no lame limbs, no weak lungs. It will be refined from all its gross particles. It will be buoyant and ethereal, glorious and immortal! It will be perfect, for it will be fashioned like unto Christ's most glorious body, and united with the soul forever!"

At a later period of his illness, on Mrs. Fisk expressing her grief, he said, "I fear you do not give me up. O, give me up to God. Our tie will not be sundered; it will only be strengthened by a purer hope. God will be your husband; rely on him in simple faith, and all shall be well."

At another time he said, "Our parting will not be long. Time seems to me like a mere point. Eternity swallows up all." . . . "Imagination's utmost stretch cannot measure eternity. O, my dear, build your hopes on nothing but Jesus, and him crucified! The doctrines of the cross only have efficacy to raise you

to heaven, where I trust we shall soon meet. O, then shall we be in possession of those beauties which charm the angels, and bind them to the throne of God."

The students desired an interview with their dying president, which was granted. Taking each by the hand, he gave them his dying counsel and bade them farewell. The impression on their minds was very deep. One of them, in a letter to another, who was absent, says, "O, what a scene was that! I may forget the name of my father, and know not the mother who bore me, as soon as will the memory of that day pass from me."

At one time, after a fruitless effort to lie down, he said; "I have always thought I should have a lingering sickness, but an easy death. I would like to have my bed my dying pillow, but my Saviour died on the cross." He then repeated the stanza, commencing,

"How bitter that cup,"

and ending,

"Did *Jesus* thus suffer, and shall *I* repine?"

At another time, when nature seemed exhausted and life was fast ebbing out, as he was lifted from the bed to his chair, he sighed forth, "From the chair to the throne!"

Thus he continued, gradually sinking into unconsciousness, from which it became increasingly difficult to arouse him; nevertheless, when aroused, his mind seemed perfectly clear. On the 20th, when articulation was rapidly failing him, a friend said to him, "You suffer a great deal of distress, sir, from fatigue and exhaustion; but it must be over soon, and how sweet is rest to a weary man! There is a place 'where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.'" He responded distinctly, "Bless God for that!" And on the 21st, when he was still further sunk into

coma, the same friend coming into the room, said, "I have come to see you again, sir; do you know me?" Pressing his hand, he said in a whisper, "Yes; glorious hope!" After this, when Mrs. Fisk took his hand and inquired if he knew her, he returned the pressure, saying, "Yes, love; yes." These, we believe, were the last words he uttered. He lingered on our mortal shores until the next day, when, about ten o'clock in the forenoon, his redeemed and now disenthralled spirit took its flight to its kindred skies, to mingle with the Church of the first-born, and join the anthems of the celestial choir.

20. REV. S. B. BANGS.

"The festal morn, my God, is come,
That calls me to thy hallow'd dome."—ZWINGER.

THIS young and devoted minister was graduated from the University of the city of New-York, in 1843, being then twenty years of age. The following year he was licensed to preach, and at the ensuing session of the New-York Annual Conference he was admitted on trial in the travelling connexion of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

During the second year of his ministry, he was compelled, on account of ill health, to relinquish his charge and return to his father's. His disease proved to be a bronchial consumption. His mother, in a letter to a Christian friend,* gives the following account of the closing scenes of his life:—

"After his physicians had given him up, I said to him, 'I fear you will not stay long with us.' His countenance brightened; 'All right,' said he, 'ask father to pray.' After prayer he took each of the family in turn

* Rev. D. Smith, author of *Anecdotes of the Christian Ministry*.

by the hand, giving each a kiss and his dying charge. Then raising his feeble hands he shouted, 'Glory, glory, glory to God!' He then sank away as though dead. His father remarked, 'He has gone, with glory on his lips.' But he revived, and said, 'I am not dead.' Of the scene which followed, my dear brother, I can give you but a very imperfect description. It did seem as though the Lord of hosts came as near as mortals could bear. By this time the room was nearly full of visitors. He exclaimed, 'My sins are all forgiven; I am washed white, made pure in the blood of Jesus. Not a doubt, not a cloud. All well—more than well. Praise the Lord, I am going home.' He then gave out—

* 'O thou God of my salvation,
My Redeemer from all sin.'

It was sung. When they came to the fourth verse,

'Angels now are hovering round us,'

it seemed as though his spirit would fly away. He looked out at the window: 'The sun,' said he, 'is setting, mine is rising.' Then, with a look of heavenly delight, he gazed upon his hands, where the blood was already ceasing to circulate. 'I go from this bed to a crown,' cried he, with his right arm pointing upwards; 'farewell;' laid his hands upon his breast, gasped, and expired.

"I had thought, if he died I should die with him; but there was nothing like death about it; the room seemed filled with the glory of God. I yet feel those comforting influences the Spirit was pleased to give me, during those last three hours of his life."

21. JOHN FLETCHER.

"Is that his death-bed where the Christian lies?"

No! 'tis not his. 'Tis death itself there dies."—COLERIDGE.

AMONG those distinguished followers of the Lamb who have shone brightest in the Church below, it is perhaps impossible to fix on one more distinguished for piety than the subject of the following narrative.

He was born in Switzerland, in 1729, and soon displayed a peculiarly pious disposition. But notwithstanding all that was amiable in his character and deportment, he felt the infinite necessity of an inward change.

Conviction made way for unfeigned repentance, and repentance laid a solid foundation for Christian piety. His sorrow for sin was succeeded by a consciousness of the Almighty's favour, and the pangs of remorse gave way to the joys of remission. Believing on Jesus, as the Scripture hath said, he found in him a well of consolation springing up into everlasting life. All his wanderings were, at once, happily terminated, his doubts were removed, his tears were dried up, and he began to rejoice in hope of the glory of God. His conversion was not imaginary, but real. It not only influenced his sentiments, but extended to his conduct.

From this period of his life, he became truly exemplary for Christian piety. He walked cheerfully, as well as valiantly, in the ways of God. He followed Jesus; and became a faithful preacher of the Gospel, at Madeley.

Some time before the beginning of his last sickness, he was deeply impressed with the nearness of eternity.

A few days before his dissolution, he appeared to have reached that desirable point, where the last raptu-

rous discoveries are made to the souls of dying saints. Roused, as it were, with the shouts of angels, and kindled into rapture with visions of glory, he broke into a song of holy triumph, which began and ended with the praise of God's unfathomable love. He laboured to declare the secret manifestations he enjoyed, but his sensations were too powerful for utterance, and, after looking inexpressible things, he contented himself with calling upon all around him to celebrate and shout out that adorable love which can never be fully comprehended or adequately expressed. This triumphant frame of mind was not a transient feeling, but a state that he continued to enjoy with little or no discernible interruption to the moment of his death. While he possessed the power of speech, he spoke as one whose lips had been touched with a live coal from the altar; and when deprived of that power his countenance discovered that he was sweetly engaged in the contemplation of eternal things.

His last public service was affecting beyond description. He opened the reading service with apparent strength; but before he had proceeded far in it, his countenance changed, his speech began to falter, and it was with the utmost difficulty that he could keep himself from fainting. Every eye was rivetted upon him, deep solicitude was painted on every face, and confused murmurs of distress ran through the whole congregation. In the midst of this affecting scene, Mrs. Fletcher was seen pressing through the crowd, and earnestly entreating her dying husband no longer to attempt what appeared to be utterly impracticable. But he, as though conscious that he was engaged in his last public work, mildly refused to be entreated. There was something in his appearance and manner that gave his word an irresistible influence upon this solemn occasion.

"After sermon he walked up to the communion table, uttering these words, 'I am going to throw myself under

the wings of the cherubim, before the mercy-seat.' Here the same distressing scene was renewed with additional solemnity. The people were deeply affected, while they beheld him offering up the last languid remains of a life that had been lavishly spent in their service. Groans and tears were on every side. In going through this last part of his duty, he was exhausted again and again ; but his spiritual vigour triumphed over his bodily weakness. After several times sinking upon the sacramental table, he still resumed his sacred work, and cheerfully distributed, with his dying hand, the love-memorials of his dying Lord. In the course of this concluding office, which he performed by means of the most astonishing exertions, he gave out several verses of hymns, and delivered many affectionate exhortations to his people, calling upon them, at intervals, to celebrate the mercy of God in short songs of adoration and praise. And now, having struggled through a service of near four hours' continuance, he was supported, with blessings in his mouth, from the sacred table to his chamber, where he lay for some time in a swoon, and from whence he never walked into the world again.

"After this, he dropped into a sleep for some time, and on waking, said with a smile to Mrs. Fletcher, 'Now, my dear, thou seest I am no worse for doing the Lord's work. He never fails me when I trust in Him.' On Monday and Tuesday we (she adds) had a little paradise together. He lay on a couch in the study ; and though often changing posture, was sweetly pleasant, and frequently slept a good while together. When he was awake, he delighted in hearing me read hymns and treatises on faith and love. He was used often to repeat, 'We are to seek a perfect conformity to the will of God ; and leave him to give us pleasure or pain, as it seemeth Him good.'

"On Wednesday, he told me he had received such a

manifestation of the full meaning of those words, God is love, as he could never be able to express. 'It fills my heart,' said he, 'every moment. God is love! Shout, shout aloud! But it seems as if I could not speak much longer. Let us fix on a sign between ourselves. Now,' said he, (tapping me twice with his finger,) 'I mean, God is love.'

"On Tuesday his speech began to fail. To his friendly doctor he said, 'O sir, you take much thought for my body; permit me to take thought for your soul!' When I could scarcely understand anything he said, I spoke these words, God is love. Instantly, as if all his powers were awakened, he broke out in a rapture, 'God is love! love! love! O for that gust of praise! I want to sound!'

"On Saturday in the afternoon, one of his friends said to him, 'Do you think the Lord will raise you up?' He strove to answer, and could just pronounce, 'Raise me up in the resurr'—meaning in the resurrection. To another who asked the same question, he said, 'I leave it all to God.'

"As night drew on, I perceived him dying very fast. His fingers could hardly make the sign, which he scarcely ever forgot; and his speech seemed quite gone. I said, My dear creature, I ask not for myself; I know thy soul; but for the sake of others, if Jesus be very present with thee lift up thy right hand. Immediately he did so. If the prospect of glory sweetly open before thee, repeat the sign. He instantly raised it again, and in half a minute a second time. He then threw it up, as if he would reach the top of the bed. After this his hands moved no more."

While their pastor was breathing out his soul into the hands of a faithful Creator, his people were offering up their joint supplications on his behalf in the house of God. The whole village wore an air of consternation

and sadness, and not one joyful song was heard among all its inhabitants: hasty messengers were passing to and fro with anxious inquiries and confused reports; and the members of every family sat together in silence that day, awaiting, with trembling expectation, the issue of every hour. After the conclusion of evening service, several of the poor, who came from distant parts, and who were usually entertained under Mr. Fletcher's roof, still lingered about the house, and seemed unable to tear themselves away from the place, without a sight of their expiring pastor. Secretly informed of their desire, Mr. Gilpin obtained them the permission they wished. And the door of the chamber being set open, immediately before which Mr. Fletcher was sitting upright in his bed, with the curtains undrawn, unaltered in his usual venerable appearance, they slowly moved one by one along the gallery, severally pausing as they passed by the door, and casting a look of mingled supplication and anguish. It was, indeed, an affecting sight, to behold these unfeigned mourners successively presenting themselves before the bed of their dying benefactor, with an inexpressible eagerness in their looks, and then dragging themselves away from his presence with a distressing consciousness that they should see his face no more.

"Now the hour approached, that was," says a friend, "to put a solemn termination to our hopes and fears. His weakness very perceptibly increased, but his countenance continued unaltered to the last. If there was any visible change in his feelings, he appeared more at ease, and more sweetly composed, as the moment of his dismissal drew near. Our eyes were rivetted upon him in awful expectation. But, whatever we had felt before, no murmuring thought was suffered, at this interesting period, to darken the glories of so illustrious a scene. All was silence, when the last angelic messenger suddenly arrived, and performed his important commission

with so much stillness and secrecy, that it was impossible to determine the exact moment of its completion. Mrs. Fletcher was kneeling by the side of her departing husband; one who had attended him with uncommon assiduity, during the last stages of his distemper, sat at his head; while I sorrowfully waited near his feet. Uncertain whether or not he was totally separated from us, we pressed nearer, and hung over his bed in the attitude of listening attention,—his lips had ceased to move, and his head was gently sinking upon his bosom,—we stretched out our hands; but his warfare was accomplished, and the happy spirit had taken its everlasting flight.”

22. DR. ISAAC WATTS.

“One army of the living God,
To his command we bow;
Part of the host have cross’d the flood,
And part are crossing now.”—C. WESLEY.

ISAAC WATTS, a learned and eminent Dissenting minister, was born at Southampton, in the year 1674, of parents who were distinguished by their piety and virtue. He possessed uncommon genius, and gave early proofs of it. He received a very liberal education, which was rendered highly beneficial to him by his own unwearied efforts to improve himself. After the most serious deliberation, he determined to devote his life to the ministry, of the importance of which office he had a deep and awful sense. He laboured very diligently to promote the instruction and happiness of the people under his care; and, by his Christian conduct and amiable disposition, greatly endeared himself to them.

Soon after he had undertaken the pastoral office, his health sustained a severe shock by a painful and dan-

gerous illness, from which he recovered very slowly. But in the year 1712, he was afflicted with a violent fever that entirely broke his constitution, and left such weakness upon his nerves as continued with him, in some measure, to the day of his death.

The virtue of this good man eminently appeared, in the happy state of his mind, under great pains and weakness of body, and in the improvement which he derived from them. Of those seasons of affliction, he says, with a truly elevated mind and thankful heart:—"I am not afraid to let the world know, that amidst the sinkings of life and nature, Christianity and the Gospel are my support. Amidst all the violence of my distemper, and the tiresome months of it, I thank God I never lost sight of reason or religion, though sometimes I had much difficulty to preserve the machine of animal nature in such order as regularly to exercise either the man or the Christian."

Two or three years before his decease the active and sprightly powers of his nature gradually failed; yet his trust in God, through Jesus the Mediator, remained unshaken to the last. He was heard to say, "I bless God I can lie down with comfort at night, not being solicitous whether I awake in this world or another." And again: "I should be glad to read more; yet not in order to be further confirmed in the truth of the Christian religion, or in the truth of its promises; for I believe them enough to venture an eternity upon them."

When he was almost worn out, and broken down by his infirmities, he said, in conversation with a friend, "I remember an aged minister used to observe, that 'the most learned and knowing Christians, when they come to die, have only the same plain promises of the Gospel for their support as the common and unlearned;' and so I find it. It is the plain promises of the Gospel that are my support; and, I bless God, they are plain

promises, that do not require much labour and pains to understand them."

At times, when he found his spirit tending to impatience, and ready to complain that he could only lead a mere animal life, he would check himself thus: "The business of a Christian is to bear the will of God, as well as to do it. If I were in health, I ought to be doing it; and now it is my duty to bear it. The best thing in obedience, is a regard to the will of God; and the way to that is, to have our inclinations and aversions as much mortified as we can."

With so calm and peaceful a mind, so blessed and lively a hope, did the resigned servant of Christ wait for his Master's summons. He quietly expired in the seventy-fifth year of his age.

23. REV. CHARLES WESLEY.

"Life's labour done, as sinks the clay,—
Light from its load the spirit flies,
While heaven and earth combine to say,—
How blest the righteous when he dies!"—BARBAULD.

"THE time now began rapidly to approach," says his biographer, "when Mr. Charles Wesley perceived that he also must die. His removal into the world of spirits was not an event that came upon him unawares. To prepare for it had been the leading business of the greater part of his life. He expected it therefore, not with alarm, but with hope and desire. His treasure and his heart were already in heaven; and the abiding consciousness which he had of his title to the future inheritance, resulting from his filial relation to God, and of his meetness for it, through the sanctifying power of the Holy Ghost, filled him with adoring thankfulness. Deeply was he sensible that he possessed no proper

merit in the sight of God; and he knew that he needed none, according to the tenor of the evangelical covenant. Hence, his self-abasement was profound; his reliance upon the sacrifice and intercession of Christ, entire; and his hope of glory was that of a sinner, who knew that he was both justified and sanctified by grace, and looked for eternal life as a gift to be gratuitously bestowed upon a believing penitent."

His physician, Dr. Whitehead, says,—“I visited him several times in his last sickness; and his body was indeed reduced to the most extreme state of weakness. He possessed that state of mind which he had been always pleased to see in others—unaffected humility, and holy resignation to the will of God. He had no transports of joy, but solid hope and unshaken confidence in Christ, which kept his mind in perfect peace.”

The decree, however, was gone forth, and no means could avail for the preservation of his life. While he remained in this state of extreme feebleness, having been silent and quiet for some time, he called Mrs. Wesley to him, and requested her to write the following lines at his dictation:—

In age and feebleness extreme,
Who shall a sinful worm redeem?
JESUS, my only hope thou art,
Strength of my failing flesh and heart;
O could I catch a smile from thee,
And drop into eternity!

For fifty years Christ, as the Redeemer of men, had been the subject of his effective ministry, and of his loftiest songs; and he may be said to have died with a hymn to Christ upon his lips. He lingered till the 29th of March, 1788, when he yielded up his spirit into the hands of his God and Saviour, at the advanced age of seventy-nine years and three months.

24. THE VENERABLE BEDE.

“For this poor form
That vests me round, I give it to destruction,
As gladly as the storm-beat traveller,
Who, having reach'd his destined place of shelter,
Drops at the door his mantle's cumbrous weight.”—BAILLIE.

BEDE, surnamed the “*Venerable*,” was born about the year 673, in the neighbourhood of Weremouth, in the bishopric of Durham. Losing both his parents at the age of seven years, he was, by his relations, placed in the monastery of Weremouth. He was educated there with much strictness; and it appears that, from his youth, he was devoted to the service of religion. He was ordained deacon in the nineteenth, and presbyter in the thirtieth, year of his age.

He applied himself entirely to the study of the Holy Scriptures, the instruction of disciples, the offices of public worship, and the composition of religious and literary works. He wrote on all the branches of knowledge then cultivated in Europe. In Greek and Hebrew he attained a skill which was very uncommon in that barbarous age; and, by his instructions and example, he formed many scholars. He made all his attainments subservient to devotion. Sensible that it is by Divine grace, rather than by our natural powers or by learning, that the most profitable knowledge of the Scriptures is to be acquired, he united with his studies regular prayer to God, that he would bless and sanctify them.

Perhaps no person of his time acquired so distinguished and widely-extended a reputation as Bede,—a reputation, too, entirely founded on the worth of his character and the extent of his learning. The Roman Pontiff respected him so highly that he gave him a cor-

dial invitation to the metropolis of the Church; but this he thought proper to decline. In the eyes of Bede, the great world had no charms.

Of his numerous and important writings, the greatest and most popular was his "English Ecclesiastical History." All the knowledge which we have of the early age of Christianity in Great Britain is derived from this production. King Alfred so highly esteemed the work that he translated it from the original Latin into the Saxon language, and by this means increased its celebrity. The various merits of Bede acquire additional lustre from the general ignorance and corruptions of the time in which he lived. Notwithstanding this disadvantage, he appears to have been a man of eminent virtue, and to have possessed the happy association of learning with modesty, of devotion with liberality, and high reputation in the Church with humility and moderation.

In the last sickness of this pious and learned man he was afflicted with a difficulty of breathing, which continued about two weeks. His mind was, however, serene and cheerful; his affections were heavenly; and amidst all his infirmities, he continued daily to instruct his disciples. At this period, a great part of the night was spent in prayer and thanksgiving, and the first employment of the morning was to ruminate on the Scriptures, and make supplication to God.

Amidst his bodily weakness his mind was still so active that he employed himself in writing on religious subjects. His translation of the Gospel of St. John was not completed till the day of his death. When, at last, he perceived that his end was drawing near, he met the solemn event with great composure and satisfaction. "If my Maker please," said he, "who formed me out of nothing, I am willing to leave the world, and go to him. My soul desires to see Christ, my King,

in his beauty." He then, with pious elevation of mind, sung, "Glory to the Father, to the Son, and to the Holy Spirit," and expired with such tranquillity and devotion, as greatly affected all who saw and heard him.

25. REV. CHARLES SIMEON.

"Stronger by weakness, wiser men become
As they draw near to their eternal home;
Leaving the old, both worlds at once they view,
Who stand upon the threshold of the new."—WALLER.

THE Rev. Charles Simeon, of Cambridge, fulfilled a course marked by adherence to truths well called evangelical, while the position he occupied as fellow of King's College, Cambridge, and as a popular preacher in that town, contributed to invest him with a most enlarged influence, which he employed for good among the members of the university and the future clergymen of the Church of England. During his whole life, in storm and in sunshine, he remained a true and faithful follower of the Lord Christ, while all the words and actions of a long and singularly-successful course were animated by one object—the desire to glorify Christ.

His health had been almost always singularly good. In the month of September, 1836, he took cold, and was soon after, at the age of seventy-eight, laid upon his death-bed. In answer to an inquiry whether he were supported by Divine consolations, Mr. Simeon said, "I never felt so ill before; I conceive my present state cannot last long; but here I lie waiting for the issue without a fear—without a doubt—and without a wish." On a question being asked, "What had been lately passing in his mind, and of what he was at that time more particularly thinking?" he replied, in the most animated manner, "I do not *think* now—I am enjoying." He

also described his perfect acquiescence in the will of God, saying, with energy, "He cannot do anything against my will." "Whether I am to have a little less suffering, or a little more," he said on another occasion, "it matters not one farthing. All is right and well, and just as it should be; I am in a dear Father's hands—all is secure. When I look to HIM I see nothing but *faithfulness*, and *immutability*, and *truth*; and I have not a doubt or a fear, but the sweetest peace—I CANNOT HAVE MORE PEACE. But if I look another way—to the poor creature—O, then, THERE is nothing—*nothing*, *nothing*, (pausing,) but what is to be abhorred and mourned over."

"As his end drew near, he broke out, 'It is said, "O death, where is thy sting?"' Then, looking at us, as we stood round his bed, he asked, in his own peculiarly impressive manner, 'Do you see any sting here?'

"We answered, 'No, indeed, it is all taken away.'

"He then said, 'Does not this prove that my principles were not founded on fancies or enthusiasm, but that there is a reality in them? and I find them sufficient to support me in death.'

"Thus departed a laborious servant of Christ, entering into rest at the very moment that the bell of St. Mary's was tolling for the university sermon which he himself was to have preached, November 13, 1836."

26. MATTHEW HENRY.

THE last words of Matthew Henry were:—"You have been used to take notice of the sayings of dying men: this is mine—That a life spent in the service of God, and communion with him, is the most comfortable and pleasant life that any one can live in the present world."

27. REV. A. M. TOPLADY.

“How sweet the hour of closing day,
When all is peaceful and serene;
And when the sun, with cloudless ray,
Sheds mellow lustre o’er the scene:
Such is the Christian’s parting hour,
So peacefully he sinks to rest;
When faith, endued from heaven with power,
Sustains and cheers his languid breast.”

MR. TOPLADY was born at Farnham, in Surry, Nov. 4, 1740. In early life he became a follower of the Saviour. He exercised his ministry at Blagdon, in Somersetshire; then at Broad-Hembury, in Devonshire; and finally in London. A slow consumption removed him to eternal rest in August, 1778.

He had long been visibly declining in his health; but could only be prevailed upon to refrain from preaching, for some time before his decease, by the express injunction of his physician, and the particular entreaties of his friends.

As his strength wasted and decayed, his consolations abounded more and more. He looked not only with composure, but delight, on the grave; and groaned earnestly for his heavenly habitation. He had constantly, to use Dr. Young’s expression,—

“One eye on death, and one full fix’d on heaven.”

In his experience was happily exemplified the truth of the observation, that some of the children of God who have been least favoured by Divine consolations during their pilgrimage towards heaven, have had the richest discoveries of Divine grace in the closing scenes of life. Then, as Mr. Toplady observed, “the celestial city rises full in sight; the sense of interest in the covenant of

grace becomes clearer and brighter; the book of life is opened to the eye of assurance; the Holy Spirit more feelingly applies the blood of sprinkling, and warms the soul with that robe of righteousness which Jesus wrought. The once feeble believer is made to be as David. The once trembling hand is enabled to lay fast hold on the cross of Christ. The sun goes down without a cloud."

To a friend, a day or two before his death, he said, with hands clasped, and his eyes lifted up, and starting with tears of the most evident joy, "O, my dear sir, I cannot tell you the comforts I feel in my soul—they are past expression. The consolations of God to such an unworthy wretch, are so abundant, that he leaves me nothing to pray for but a continuance of them. I enjoy a heaven already in my soul. My prayers are all converted into praise."

As he approached nearer and nearer to his departure, his conversation seemed more and more happy and heavenly. "O," said he, "how this soul of mine longs to be gone! Like a bird imprisoned in a cage, it longs to take its flight. O that I had wings like a dove, then would I fly away to the realms of bliss, and be at rest forever! O that some guardian angel might be commissioned; for I long to be absent from this body, and to be with my Lord forever!"

At another time he cried out, "O what a day of sunshine has this been to me! I have not words to express it. It is unutterable. O, my friends, how good is God! Almost without interruption, his presence has been with me." And then repeating several passages of Scripture, he added, "What a great thing it is to rejoice in death!" Speaking of Christ, he said, "His love is unutterable." When he drew near his end, he said, waking from a slumber, "O what delights! Who can fathom the joys of the third heaven?" A little before his departure he blessed and praised God for

continuing to him his understanding in clearness ; “but,” added he, in a rapture, “for what is most of all—his abiding presence and the shining of his love upon my soul. The sky is clear ; there is no cloud : ‘Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly!’ ” Within the hour of his death, he called his friends and his servant, and asked them, “If they could give him up?” Upon their answering in the affirmative, since it pleased the Lord to be so gracious to him, he replied, “O what a blessing it is you are made willing to give me up into the hands of my dear Redeemer, and to part with me : it will not be long before God takes me ; for no mortal man can live (bursting, while he said it, into tears of joy) after the glories which God has manifested to my soul.” Soon after this he closed his eyes, and fell asleep in Jesus.

28. ZIEGENBALG.

“Instructive heroes ! tell us whence
Your noble scorn of flesh and sense !
You part from all we prize so dear,
Nor drop one soft reluctant tear ;
Part from those tender joys of life,
‘Friends, parents, children, husband, wife ;’
Death’s black and stormy gulf you brave,
And ride exulting on the wave ;
Deem thrones but trifles all—no more—
Nor send one wishful look to shore.”

It is probable that the Gospel of the Son of God was conveyed to India, within a century after his ascension into heaven. But though the seed was sown thus early, the harvest has been comparatively small, the greater part of the inhabitants of that country, even to the present day, remaining under the power of the prince of darkness. After the lapse of seventeen centuries from the Redeemer’s birth, during which idolatry had reigned in

India with little opposition, Ziegenbalg, with one fellow-labourer, left Europe with the design of conveying to the wretched millions of that country the tidings of salvation. They landed at Tranquebar in July, 1706. They soon commenced their important labours; and though they toiled in the midst of discouragement and opposition, yet they succeeded in their benevolent design. After several years of active labour, the time drew near when Ziegenbalg should enter his eternal rest. About six months before his death, he was seized with excruciating pains, and with a troublesome cough; but notwithstanding these distressing complaints, he did not desist from the duties of his office. For a short time before his death he seemed something better, and on the day of his death he rose early and united with his wife in prayer. Perceiving that his last hour was at hand, he called his Hindoo congregation, and partook of the Lord's supper amidst ardent prayers and many tears, and afterward addressing them in a solemn manner, took an affectionate leave of them. Being reminded by his colleague, Grundler, of the faith of the Apostle of the Gentiles in the prospect of death, who desired to be with Christ as being far better, he said, "That also is my desire. Washed from my sins in his blood, and clothed with his righteousness, I shall enter into his heavenly kingdom. I pray that the things which I have spoken may be fruitful. Throughout the whole warfare, I have fought the good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith. Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness;" which words having spoken, he desired that the Hindoo children about his bed, and the multitude filling the verandahs, and about the house, might sing the hymn, beginning

"Jesus, my Saviour, Lord."

Soon afterward he yielded up his spirit, amidst the re-

joicings and lamentations of a great multitude; some rejoicing at his triumphant death, and early entrance into glory, and others lamenting the early loss of their faithful apostle, who had first brought the light of the Gospel to their dark region of the eastern world. He died February 23, 1719, in the thirty-sixth year of his age.

29. JOHN ELLIOT.

AMONG those who have shone in the Church of Christ, with almost apostolic lustre, John Elliot, the apostle of the American Indians, appears conspicuous.

He was born in England about the year 1604. In early life he sought his God, and having found the way of peace, devoted himself to the ministry of the Gospel. Being driven from England by that enmity to real piety, and that persecuting spirit which have stamped indelible disgrace on the reign of Charles the First, he emigrated in 1631, to what were then the dreary wildernesses of America; with Moses, choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season." In America, for almost sixty years, he pursued his journey towards heaven. After the long pilgrimage of eighty-six years on earth, in 1690 he left that land which had become a refuge for the Saviour's suffering Church below, to go and join the happy and triumphant Church, in that better, far better country, which he will never, never leave.

The present age is esteemed distinguished by the intelligent and zealous spirit manifested for the diffusion of religion; it may justly be thought such, as far as exertion is concerned, but in no other view. Elliot in the West, and, not long after him, Ziegenbalg in the East, pursued the very same plans for promoting Christianity, that are pursued now. They preached to the heathen;

brought the printing press into action; established schools, and translated the Scriptures. Had their zealous labours in the propagation of the Gospel been followed by subsequent correspondent exertions, none can tell what would probably, ere this time, have been the blessed result.

Being anxiously concerned for the immortal welfare of those miserable savages, (the Indians in his neighbourhood,) in 1646 he began preaching the Gospel to them. Many were the discouragements he encountered, the hardships he endured, the dangers to which he was exposed. Yet he pursued his work till the wilderness rejoiced, and the desert was glad. Alluding to a journey among the Indians, in one of his letters, he said, "I have not been dry night nor day from the third day of the week until the sixth, but so travelled. At night I pull off my boots, wring my stockings, and on with them again, and so continue. But God steps in and helps."

He translated the Bible, and various other books, into the Indian language; among which was "Baxter's Call to the Unconverted."

Thus he spent a long life, employed in promoting the glory of God, and the temporal and eternal welfare of man. He walked in the light of God's countenance all the day long; and it was believed, for many years, enjoyed an assurance of the Divine love. He had no fear of dying. When suffering from a fever and an ague, a visitor said to him, "Sir, fear not." He replied to this effect: "Fear! no, no, I am not afraid. I thank God I am not afraid to die." Age at length weakened his powers for usefulness. When asked how he did, he would sometimes answer: "Alas, I have lost everything—my understanding leaves me, my memory fails me, my utterance fails me; but I thank God my charity holds out still—I find that rather grow than fail."

When he conceived himself incapacitated by old age, from promoting the welfare of his own congregation, he turned his attention to some negroes in the neighbourhood, to whom he thought he might still be useful; and when no longer able to go from his house to instruct them, he became the teacher of a poor blind boy.

For many months before he died, he would often cheerfully tell those around him, that he was shortly going to heaven; and that he would carry a deal of good news thither with him; referring to the then prosperous state of the New-England Churches.

At length his Lord came to fetch him home. When dying, he said to a friend, "Brother, thou art welcome to my very soul. Pray retire to the study for me, and give me leave to be gone;" meaning that he should not by prayer strive to prolong his life. Referring to the progress of the Gospel among the Indians, he said, "The Lord revive and prosper that work, and grant it may live when I am dead. It is a work which I have been doing long: but what was that word I spoke last? I recall that word; my doings, alas! they have been poor and small; and I will be the man that shall throw the first stone at them all." One of his last expressions was "Welcome, joy!" and he expired, saying, "Pray, pray, pray!"

30. THOMAS TREGOSS.

THIS faithful servant of the Lord Jesus Christ, was one of the ministers who were ejected from the Church of England, on Bartholomew-day, 1662. Cornwall and Devonshire were the principal scenes of his labours and sufferings. He was repeatedly imprisoned for preaching the Gospel of his Lord. At length he resolved to preach to the number allowed by the persecuting laws of the age. He now preached five times every Lord's-

day, besides engaging in a variety of other public exercises at other times. Such exertions his constitution could not endure. He was soon worn out and hurried into the eternal world. When his dissolution drew near he took a solemn farewell of his friends. After he had spoken some time, his physician interrupted him, lest he should exhaust himself too much; he then said :—

“ Give me leave to speak, for I am upon the borders of eternity, and I think you all look upon me as a dying man. You may therefore suffer me to speak as much as I can. I am going to my great, to my dear Father; to my best Friend; to him in whom I have believed. His face I hope to see; in his bosom I hope to lie down this day. O what unspeakable glory is it to see the glory of my everlasting God !

“ I have run my race; I have finished my course; I have fought the good fight; I have kept the faith! What remains but that I receive the crown which the Lord the righteous Judge hath prepared for me. And now I commit myself to the Lord, and my wife and children to the Lord. I commit my spirit to thee, O Father of spirits ! I commit my soul to thee, O dearest Lord ! Keep these that do believe in thee.”

Soon after he had finished speaking he expired, January 18, 1670.

31. JOSEPH ALLEINE.

JOSEPH ALLEINE, well known as the author of that excellent publication, “An Alarm to the Unconverted,” early manifested a pious and peculiarly sweet disposition. When about eleven years old, it was perceived that he was constant and very devout in private prayer. From that time the remainder of his life displayed the influence of religion, rendered still more amiable by his pleasing deportment.

While young he devoted himself to the ministry of the Gospel. During the season of previous preparation, he studied hard, and acquired a considerable portion of learning.

In 1655 being twenty-one years of age, Mr. Alleine became assistant to an aged minister at Taunton. In this work he laboured with no small portion of assiduity and success. Besides his public services he was indefatigable in private exertions, to promote the benefit of the congregation. He taught from house to house. His practice was to spend five afternoons in the week, from about two o'clock till seven, in visiting the different families of his flock.

At length the day arrived, which spread a black and dismal cloud over the interests of religion in England; a cloud that still darkens many parts of that favoured island. Laud's faction, that, in the reign of Charles the first, had striven to banish true piety from the land, and to introduce in its stead popish mummeries and irreligion, triumphed in the reign of Charles the second. In August, 1662, upwards of two thousand conscientious ministers of the Gospel were expelled from their pulpits, by the act of uniformity.

When one of them, to whom the king had a peculiar antipathy, was in danger of death, in Newgate, through close imprisonment, a petition was presented to Charles for his release. The answer was, "Jenkyn shall be a prisoner as long as he lives." He died soon after. A nobleman having heard of his death, said to the king: "May it please your majesty, Jenkyn has got his liberty."

"Aye," said the king; "who gave it him?"

"A greater than your majesty, the King of kings."

Charles appeared much struck, and remained silent.

Joseph Alleine was one of the many sufferers at this time. When banished from the pulpit he had occupied, he still resolved to pursue his beloved work of preaching,

and visiting from house to house, till imprisonment or exile should stop his labours; and he sold his goods to be the better prepared for either event.

He was apprehended on a Saturday evening, and taken before three justices, who charged him with holding a riotous assembly, at a meeting where the only employment had been prayer and preaching. Innocence being no protection where piety was the crime, after he had received some insulting treatment a mittimus was made out to send him to Ilchester gaol. He passed the Lord's day in Taunton, in custody of an officer, who had orders to prevent his preaching. Many of his friends visited him, with whom he conversed and prayed, and whom he exhorted to perseverance, assuring them that he was going to prison full of joy, being confident that the glory of God would be promoted by his trials.

On Monday morning, accompanied by two or three friends, he set out for Ilchester, and himself carried the warrant for his commitment to prison. The streets of Taunton were lined with people, many of whom, with bitter lamentations, followed him for several miles. The scene on this occasion was so affecting that it seemed more than he could bear. When himself and his friends arrived at Ilchester, the gaoler was not at home. He therefore embraced this opportunity, and preached again before he entered the prison. He was then committed to a chamber, in which were six other ministers, and fifty Quakers. His fellow-sufferers in the ministry, and himself, preached once or twice a day, and many resorted to them, even from places eight or ten miles distant. In July he was indicted at the sessions. The grand jury threw out the bill; yet he was kept in prison. In August he was again indicted on the same evidence as before. The grand jury now found a bill against him, and he was brought to trial. The indictment was, that on May 17, 1663, "He, together with twenty others, to

the jurors unknown, did riotously and seditiously assemble themselves together, contrary to the peace of our sovereign lord the king, and to the great terror of his subjects, and to the evil example of others," &c. He replied that he was guilty of praying and preaching, and owned them for his duty; but that he abhorred riotous and seditious assemblies; and pleaded that he was not guilty of the charge of attending one. The jury however convicted him, and he was sentenced to pay a fine of one hundred marks, (£66 13s. 4d.,) and to be imprisoned till this fine was paid. To this he replied, that he was glad he had appeared before his country; that whatever he was charged with, he was guilty of nothing but doing his duty; that all which appeared from the evidence, was only that he had sung a psalm, and instructed his family in his own house, while some other persons were present; and that he should cheerfully receive whatever sentence might be pronounced upon him, in so good a cause. He was remanded to prison. In the following winter, his fellow-sufferers and himself were favoured with a more convenient room, and hundreds flocked to them to hear the word of God. The justices raged, and threatened him with exile, but their threats were not put into execution. At length he was liberated, but sickness soon overtook him. When his health was in some measure restored, he again laboured to promote the sacred cause of religion. A second imprisonment speedily interrupted his labours, and contributed to the ruin of his constitution. When liberated a second time, it was not for much active exertion. His strength was weakened, his health was ruined, and his constitution broken by labours and imprisonment.

He had now, by his example, to teach others how to bear sickness, and encounter death. After his release, he lingered on upwards of a year; his health, like an expiring taper, sometimes brightening, then declining.

During this season of trial he enjoyed inward peace, and said, that God had not tried him in anything, but in laying him aside from his work, and in keeping him out of heaven. He had not those rapturous joys of which some partake; but had a sweet serenity of heart and conscience, a confidence in God, grounded on the promises of the Gospel, and a belief that it would be well with him to all eternity.

In his illness he had so entirely lost the use of his limbs that he could not move a finger; when asked how he could be so well contented to lie so long as he had lain in great weakness, he replied: "What! is God my Father, Jesus Christ my Saviour, the Spirit my friend, and comforter, and sanctifier, and heaven my inheritance, and shall I not be content without limbs and health? Through grace I am fully satisfied with my Father's good pleasure."

The hour of his departure now drew on apace. He was seized with strong and terrible convulsions, which continued with little intermission for two days and nights. Prayers were offered that his sufferings might be mitigated; and prayer prevailed. He again became able to converse with his sorrowing friends. "O," said he, "how sweet will heaven be!" Looking upon his hands, he said, "These shall be changed. This vile body shall be made like unto Christ's glorious body. O what a glorious day will the day of resurrection be! Methinks I see it by faith. How will the saints lift up their heads and rejoice!"

At length his work was finished. His Master called, and he entered into rest. He is gone to that country where his sun will never set, and God shall be his everlasting light.

32. JAMES HERVEY.

“Since the dear hour that brought me to thy foot,
; And cut up all my follies by the root,
I never trusted in an arm but thine;
Nor hoped but in thy righteousness Divine,
My prayers and alms, imperfect and defiled,
Were but the feeble efforts of a child;
Howe’er perform’d, this was their brightest part,
That they were offerings of a thankful heart;
I cast them at thy feet, my only plea
Is, what it was,—dependence upon thee;
While struggling in the vale of griefs below,
This never failed, nor shall it fail me now.”—COWPER.

THIS eminent Christian and zealous minister was born February 26, 1713, at Hardingstone, near Northampton. In early life, he was impressed with the importance of religion, but unacquainted with its nature. The state of his mind at this time is illustrated by the following anecdote.

In the parish where he preached, there resided a ploughman, who attended Doddridge’s ministry, and who was well acquainted with the doctrines of grace. Mr. Hervey sometimes accompanied this ploughman, and one morning said to him: “What do you think is the hardest thing in religion?” To which he replied, “I am a poor illiterate man, and you, sir, are a minister; I beg leave to return the question.” Then said Mr. Hervey, “I think the hardest thing is to deny sinful self,” and applauded, at some length, this kind of self-denial. The ploughman replied: “Mr. Hervey, you have forgotten the greatest act of the grace of self-denial, which is to deny ourselves of a proud confidence in our own obedience for justification.”

In repeating this story to a friend, Mr. Hervey observed: “I then hated the righteousness of Christ; I

looked at the man with astonishment and disdain, and thought him an old fool. I have seen clearly since who was the fool—not the wise old Christian, but the proud James Hervey.” Little as he knew at this time of the way of peace, light soon afterward shone upon his mind. “The light,” says he, “was not instantaneous; it did not flash upon my soul, but arose like the dawning of the day. Now were I possessed of all the righteous acts that have made saints and martyrs famous, in all generations, could they be transferred to me, and might I call them all my own, I would renounce them all that I might win Christ.”

Being himself taught by the Spirit of truth, it now became his delight to display the glories of the Gospel to others. His pulpit no longer resounded with discourses on mere heathen morality; but Christ crucified was the theme on which he dwelt.

By his labours he was made a blessing to many, during his life; and, since his removal from this world, the God of grace has condescended to make his writings the means of advancing the immortal good of many more. In them, though dead, he yet, with affectionate earnestness, preaches to the living, and points them to “the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sin of the world.”

Some time before the close of Mr. Hervey’s mortal course, repeated sickness and weakness warned him that he would soon be removed to the rest he had sought. In 1747 he was attacked with so severe an illness that death appeared to him to be at hand. At this time he wrote to a friend: “My health is continually upon the decline, and the springs of life are all relaxing; medicine is baffled. Now I apprehend myself near the close of life, and stand, as it were, on the brink of the grave, with eternity full in my view. Perhaps you would be willing to know my sentiments of things; in this awful situation, at such a juncture, the mind is most unprejudiced,

and the judgment not so liable to be dazzled by the glitter of worldly objects. I think, then, we are extremely mistaken, and sustain a mighty loss, by reading so much, and praying so little. Were I to enjoy Hezekiah's grant, and have fifteen years added to my life, I would be much more frequent in my applications to the throne of grace.

"Truly, my hope, my whole hope, is even in the Lord Redeemer. Should the king of terrors threaten, I flee to the wounds of the slaughtered Lamb, as the trembling dove to the clefts of the rock. Should Satan accuse, I plead the surety of the covenant, who took my guilt upon himself, and bore my sins in his own body on the accursed tree, on purpose that all the nations of the earth might be blessed. Should hell open its jaws, I look up to that gracious Being who says, 'Deliver from going down to the pit, for I have found out a ransom.' Should it be said, No unclean thing can enter heaven, my answer is, 'The blood of Jesus his Son cleanseth us from all sin. Though my sins be as scarlet they shall be white as snow.' Should it be added, None can sit down at the marriage-supper of the Lamb without a wedding-garment; and your righteousnesses, what are they, before the pure law and piercing eye of God, but filthy rags? These I renounce, and seek to be found in the Lord my righteousness. It is written in the word that shall judge the world at the last day, 'By His obedience shall many be made righteous;' so that Jesus, the dear and adorable Jesus, is all my trust; His merits are my staff, when I pass through the valley of the shadow of death; His merits are my anchor, when I launch into the boundless ocean of eternity. If the God of glory pleases to take notice of any of my mean endeavours to honour his holy name, it will be infinite condescension and grace; but his Son, his righteousness and his sufferings, is all my hope and salvation."

Mr. Hervey recovered from this attack, and survived it over ten years. His last illness was of considerable length, but during its continuance he evinced the same happy and devotional spirit.

The following expressions, extracted from some of his letters, point to the source of all his consolations during this season of weakness and pain.

"I am now reduced to a state of infant weakness, and given over by my physician. My grand consolation is to meditate on Christ, and I am hourly repeating these heart-reviving lines of Dr. Young, in his fourth night :—

'This, only this subdues the fear of death :
And what is this? Survey the wond'rous cure,
And at each step let higher wonder rise!
Pardon for infinite offence! and pardon
Through means that speak its value infinite!
A pardon bought with blood! with blood Divine!
With blood Divine of Him I made my foe!
Persisted to provoke! though woo'd and awed,
Bless'd and chastised, a flagrant rebel still!
A rebel 'midst the thunders of his throne!
Nor I alone—a rebel universe!
My species up in arms—not one exempt!
Yet for the foulest of the foul He died;
Most joy'd for the redeem'd from deepest guilt,
As if our race was held of highest rank,
And Godhead dearer as more kind to man!'

The Doctor, seeing the great difficulty and pain with which he spoke, (for he was almost suffocated with phlegm and frequent vomitings,) and finding by his pulse that the pangs of death were then coming on, desired him that he would spare himself: "No," said he, with peculiar ardour, "Doctor, no; you tell me I have but a few minutes to live; O let me spend them in adoring our great Redeemer!" He then repeated the twenty-sixth verse of the seventy-third Psalm, "Though my heart and flesh faileth, God is the strength of my heart,

and my portion forever;" and he expatiated in a most delightful manner on these words of Paul, 1 Cor. iii, 22, 23, "All are yours, whether life or death, things present or things to come," referring his friends to the exposition of Dr. Doddridge. "Here," said he, "here is the treasure of a Christian; death is reckoned among this inventory, and a noble treasure it is! How thankful am I for death, as it is the passage through which I go to the Lord and Giver of eternal life, and as it frees me from all the misery which you see me now endure, and which I am willing to endure as long as God thinks fit; for I know that he will, by-and-by, in his own good time, dismiss me from the body. These afflictions are but for a moment, and then comes an eternal weight of glory. O! welcome, welcome, death! thou mayest well be reckoned among the treasures of the Christian; to live is Christ, and to die is gain."

He then paused a little, and with great serenity and sweetness in his countenance, being raised a little in his chair, repeated these words: "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, according to thy most holy and comfortable word, for mine eyes have seen thy most precious and comfortable salvation."

About three o'clock he said, "The conflict is over;" after which he scarcely spoke any other word intelligibly, except "precious salvation." During the last hour he said nothing. At length, leaning his head against the side of the easy chair, without a sigh, groan, or struggle, or the least emotion, he shut his eyes, and departed, between four and five in the afternoon, December 25, 1758, in the forty-fifth year of his age.

33. DR. DONNE.

THIS excellent man, on his death-bed, upon taking a solemn leave of his friends, made this striking declaration to them:—"I repent of all my life except that part of it which I spent in communion with God, and in doing good."

34. CHRISTIAN F. SWARTZ.

"Now safe arrives the heav'nly mariner;
The batt'ring storm, the hurricane of life,
All dies away in one eternal calm.
With joy Divine, full glowing in his breast,
He gains—he gains the port of everlasting rest."

THE Rev. Christian F. Swartz undertook a mission to India, under the government of Denmark, in 1750; and after labouring many years at Tranquebar, and in the neighbouring country, he finally removed to Tanjore, where he continued till his death, in 1798.

His unblamable conduct, and devotedness to the cause of his Master, gave him a surprising influence over all classes, and secured the confidence of the bigoted Hindoo. Such was the respect that the Hindoos had for Mr. Swartz, that he could go through the country unarmed and unhurt in time of war, when parties of armed men and robbers infested the country. On seeing him they would say, "Let him alone; he is a man of God." He twice saved the fort of Tanjore, when the credit of the English was lost, and the credit of the rajah also. On the view of an approaching enemy, the people of the country refused to supply the fort with provisions; and the streets were covered with the dead. But upon the *bare word* of Mr. Swartz that they should

be paid, they brought in a plentiful supply. He was appointed guardian to the family of the deceased king of Tanjore, and employed repeatedly as a mediator between the English government and the country powers. The last twenty years of his life were spent in the education and religious instruction of children, particularly those of poor parents, whom he maintained and instructed gratuitously; and at his death willed his property to the mission at Tanjore. His success was uncommon. It is said he reckoned two thousand persons savingly converted by his means.

After this apostolical and venerable man had laboured fifty years in evangelizing the Hindoos, so sensible were *they* of the blessing, that his death was considered as a public calamity. An innumerable multitude attended the funeral. The Hindoo rajah "shed a flood of tears over the body, and covered it with a gold cloth." His memory is still blessed among the people.

The following beautiful anecdote is related by Bishop Middleton, of this exemplary soldier of the cross:—"When lying apparently lifeless, Gericke, a worthy fellow-labourer in the service of the same society, who imagined the immortal spirit had actually taken its flight, began to chant over his remains a stanza of the favourite hymn which used to soothe and elevate him in his life-time. The verses were finished without a sign of recognition or sympathy from the still form before him; but when the last clause was over, the voice which was supposed to be hushed in death took up the second stanza of the same hymn, completed it with distinct and articulate utterance, and then was heard no more."

35. JEREMIAH EVARTS.

THIS eminent and holy man, so well known and beloved by every friend of missions, died a triumphant death.

When nearly exhausted, he expressed with great tenderness his affection for his Saviour; and soon after broke out into rapturous expressions: "Praise him—praise him—praise him in a way which you know not of."

Some one said to him, "You will soon see Jesus as he is, and know how to praise him."

He replied, "O wonderful—wonderful—wonderful glory! We cannot comprehend—wonderful glory! I will praise him! I will praise him! Wonderful—glory—Jesus reigneth!"

36. REV. W. THORP.

"More I would ask, but all my words are faint;
Celestial Love, what eloquence can paint?
No more by mortal words can be express'd;
But vast eternity shall tell the rest."—MRS. ROWE.

WHEN this venerable servant of Christ was brought down to the bed of death, alluding to his feebleness, he said, "I have been forty-six years a preacher of the Gospel. I have travelled, on an average, several thousand miles a year; I have preached for many public institutions; I have met old friends—revived old recollections—smiled and wept at the varied memory of the past—all buoyancy, energy, and health—and *now*, what am I? how feeble! how incompetent!" He then added, with a manner which no description can convey, "Verily, verily I say unto thee, when thou wast young thou

girdedst thyself, and walkedst whither thou wouldest.' But it is not so now; no, no,—'When thou shalt be old, thou shalt stretch forth thy hands, and another shall gird thee, and carry thee whither thou wouldest not.' Ah, this is very humiliating!—but it must be endured; and it is well—it is well! It is my earnest and constant prayer that I may be kept from complaint."

On the point of submission he was most tenderly conscientious. He seemed to dread nothing so much as a spirit of complaint and resistance.

On one occasion he said to a friend, with evident feeling and anxiety, "I am afraid I murmur in my affliction; I wish to be submissive, and to be preserved from complaint, and to bear patiently whatever my heavenly Father may require of me."

It was remarked by Mrs. Thorp, who had entered the chamber, "*You* don't murmur; I am sure no one ever bore affliction with more resignation and patience than *you* do."

"Ah!" said the sufferer, "I caught myself one day saying, 'O that I had wings like a dove!—then would I fly away, and be at rest;' and this was not right. I ought to suffer without a wish of my own, and to be entirely resigned to God."

His friend replied, "I would remind you that David made use of those very words."

"True," he said; "but David did not always please God; our desire should be to yield up ourselves to the will of God, whatever that will may be."

Once, when alone with his partner, he said, "We are all going—and you will go; but I shall see you with Jesus." Then, turning his brightening eye impressively on her, he said, "Mark me! I shall know you at the resurrection."

On one occasion he appeared to be in deep musing; he was evidently lost to all surrounding objects, and

did not know that there was any one in the room. He raised his eyes with an expression of solemn tenderness which was most striking and affecting, and said,—

“Sweet the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross I spend.”

During the last four weeks of his life he dictated a letter every week to the Church at this place, which was read at the weekly prayer-meeting that had been specially appointed to be held on his behalf. For the uniform kindness of his beloved friends at Castle-Green, he always expressed the warmest and most grateful estimation; and these last communications of pastoral affection were in admirable keeping with the simplicity and evangelical unction that distinguished his ministry. The letters are eminently spiritual and consolatory, and the last he dictated was written within ten hours of his decease. It was on the subject of *prayer*; and before it was read to the little praying company assembled together, their supplications and intercessions *for him* were no longer needed. The Church at Jerusalem was *praying* when Peter, their imprisoned pastor, was set at liberty; but a nobler liberty had been granted to this beloved minister—when his flock were gathered together for prayer, death, like the angel of God, had gently touched him, the fetters of mortality had burst asunder, and his happy spirit was conducted “through the gate to the city,”—*the new Jerusalem above*.

His son was standing near him about eleven o'clock on the night of his departure, and heard him say, musingly, “A funeral procession; there they are all in mourning, and surrounding the open grave.”

“Who?” asked his son.

He added, “The ministers, the deacons, members of the Churches.”

“But,” his son interrupted, “you do not see this.”

He instantly raised his face, his eye beaming with that look of solemn energy which generally preceded any remarkable expression, "No, my son, not literally, but in the mind's eye—it is coming, it is coming!"

"Do you fear it, father?"

He instantly answered, with remarkable emphasis, and with a strength of tone which produced astonishment, "*No, no*, I have no reason: does not He live?"

To one of his daughters he said, "You now see your father in the swellings of Jordan. God is dividing the waters to form a passage for me—and beyond is the promised land, into which I am about to enter."

A few minutes before his departure he said, "*Hope!*"

His now bereaved widow added, "As an anchor of the soul, both sure and steadfast, and which entereth into that within the veil."

He replied, "*Yes, yes,*" and immediately expired.

37. BISHOP BEDELL.

MR. SIMPSON introduces, by way of contrast to the death-bed scenes of Chesterfield, Voltaire, Rousseau, and other such unhappy characters, the death-bed scene of the learned and excellent Bishop Bedell, whom he calls the scourge of ecclesiastical corruption, a pattern for prelates and clergymen, and the glory of the Irish hierarchy.

After a life spent in the most laborious service of his Divine Master, when he apprehended his great change to draw near, he called for his sons, and his sons' wives, and spake to them, at several times, as he was able, the following words:—

"I am going the way of all flesh: I am ready to be offered up, and the time of my departure is at hand. Knowing, therefore, that shortly I must put off this

tabernacle, even as our Lord Jesus Christ hath showed me, I know also, that if this my earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, I have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens—a fair mansion in the new Jerusalem, which cometh down out of heaven from my God. Therefore, to me to live is Christ, and to die is gain; which increaseth my desire even now to depart, and to be with Christ, which is far better than to continue here in all the transitory, vain, and false pleasures of this world, of which I have seen an end.

“Hearken, therefore, unto the last words of your dying father. I am no more in this world; but ye are in the world. I ascend to my Father and your Father, to my God and your God, through the all-sufficient merits of Jesus Christ my Redeemer; who ever lives to make intercession for me, who is a propitiation for all my sins, and washed me from them all in his own blood, who is worthy to receive glory, and honour, and power, who hath created all things, and for whose pleasure they are, and were created.

“My witness is in heaven, and my record on high, that I have endeavoured to glorify God on earth; and in the ministry of the Gospel of his dear Son, which was committed to my trust, I have finished the work which he gave me to do, as a faithful ambassador of Christ, and steward of the mysteries of God; I have preached righteousness in the great congregation—lo, I have not refrained my lips, O Lord! thou knowest. I have not hid thy righteousness within my heart; I have declared thy faithfulness and thy salvation; I have not concealed thy loving-kindness and thy truth from the great congregation of mankind. He is near that justifieth me, that I have not concealed the words of the Holy One; but that the words that he gave me I have given to you, and ye have received them.

“I had a desire and resolution to walk before God in every stage of my pilgrimage, from my youth up to this day, in truth, and with an upright heart, and to do that which was upright in his eyes, to the utmost of my power; and what things were gain to me formerly, these things I now count loss for Christ: yea, doubtless, and I count all things but loss, for the excellency of the knowledge of Jesus Christ my Lord; for whom I have suffered the loss of all things; and I account them but dung, that I may win Christ, and be found in him, not having my own righteousness, which is of the law, but that which is through the faith of Christ—the righteousness which is of God by faith; that I may know him, and the power of his resurrection, and the fellowship of his sufferings, being made conformable to his death. I press, therefore, toward the mark, for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus.

“Let nothing separate you from the love of Christ—neither tribulation, nor distress, nor persecution, nor famine, nor nakedness, nor peril, nor sword; though, as we hear and see, for his sake we are killed all the day long, we are accounted as sheep for the slaughter; yea, in all these things we are more than conquerors through Him that loved us: for I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any creature, shall be able to separate me from the love of God in Christ Jesus, my Lord. Therefore, love not the world, nor the things of the world; but prepare daily and hourly for death that now besieges us on every side, and be faithful unto death, that we may meet together joyfully on the right hand of Christ at the last day, and follow the Lamb whithersoever he goeth, with all those that are clothed in white robes in sign of innocency, and palms in their hands in sign of victory, who came out of great tribulation, and

have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. They shall hunger no more, nor thirst, neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat; for the Lamb that is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes. Choose rather, with Moses, to suffer affliction with the people of God than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season, which will be bitterness in the latter end. Look, therefore, for the sufferings, and be made partakers of the sufferings of Christ; to fill up that which is behind of the affliction of Christ in your flesh, for his body's sake, which is the Church. What can you look for but one woe after another, while the man of sin is thus suffered to rage, and to make havoc of God's people at his pleasure, while men are divided about trifles, that ought to have been more vigilant over us, and careful of those whose blood is precious in God's sight, though now shed everywhere like water. If ye suffer for righteousness' sake, happy are ye; be not afraid of their terror, neither be ye troubled; and be ye in nothing terrified by your adversaries, which is to them an evident token of perdition, but to you of salvation, and that of God. For to you it is given in behalf of Christ, not only to believe in him, but also to suffer for his sake. Rejoice, therefore, inasmuch as ye are partakers of Christ's sufferings, that when his glory shall be revealed, ye may be glad also with exceeding joy. And if ye be reproached for the name of Christ, happy are ye—the Spirit of glory and of Christ resteth on you; on their part he is evil-spoken of, on your part he is glorified.

“God will surely visit you in due time, and turn your captivity as the rivers of the south, and bring you back again into your possession in this land: though now for a season, if need be, ye are in heaviness through manifold temptations, yet ye shall reap in joy, though now

you sow in tears: all our losses shall be recompensed with abundant advantages; for my God will supply all your need, according to his riches in glory, by Christ Jesus, who is able to do exceeding abundantly for us, above all that we are able to ask or think."

After that he blessed his children and those that stood about him, in an audible voice, in these words:—

"God of his infinite mercy bless you all, and present you holy, and unblamable, and irreprovable in his sight, that ye may meet together at the right hand of our blessed Saviour Jesus Christ, with joy unspeakable and full of glory. Amen. I have fought the good fight, I have finished the course of my ministry and life together. Though grievous wolves have entered in among us, not sparing the flock, yet I trust the great Shepherd of the flock will save and deliver them out of all places where they have been scattered in this cloudy and dark day; and they shall be no more a prey to the heathen, neither shall the beasts of the land devour them, but they shall dwell safely, and none shall make them afraid. O Lord, I have waited for thy salvation! I have kept the faith once given to the saints; for I know in whom I have believed, and I am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed to him against that day."

After this the good bishop spake little more. His sickness increased, his speech failed, and he slumbered the remainder of his time away, till his discharge came.

Let incredulity itself say, if this was not an admirable close of a laborious and useful life.

One may defy all the sons of infidelity to show us an example among their brethren of a life so useful, and a death so great, so noble, so glorious as this of the good bishop.

38. JOHN KNOX.

“Was this then death?

O soft, yet sudden change, what shall I call thee?

No more—no more thy name be death. And thou,

Corruption's dreaded power, how changed to joy!

Sleep, then, companion of my first existence,

Seed sown by God to ripen for the harvest.”—BULMER'S MESSIAH.

JOHN KNOX, the Scottish reformer's dying words were: “Come, Lord Jesus, sweet Jesus; into thy hands I commend my spirit: be merciful, O Lord, to thy Church, which thou hast redeemed; raise up faithful pastors.” After this, calling his friends to his bedside, he broke out in these rapturous expressions: “I have been meditating on the troubled state of the Church, the spouse of Christ; I have called on God, and committed her to her Head, Christ; I have fought against spiritual wickedness in high places, and have prevailed; I have tasted of the heavenly joys, where presently I shall be.” “Now, for the last time, I commit soul, body, and spirit into his hands.” Uttering a deep sigh, he said, “*Now it is come!*” His faithful attendant desired him to give his friends a sign that he died in peace. On this he waved his hand, and, uttering two deep sighs, fell asleep in Jesus.

39. ROBERT BRUCE.

ROBERT BRUCE, another bright and shining light of that Church, had been educated for the law by his father, one of the first barons of Scotland, and had got a patent to be one of the lords of session. But he was called by the grace of God to the ministry, and abandoning all his

fascinating prospects, he joyfully took up the cross and followed Jesus. He was ordained to the ministry in Edinburgh, where he withstood king James' attempts to overturn the religion and liberties of Scotland, until he was exiled. He died in his seventy-second year. He had taken his seat as usual at breakfast, and having eaten an egg as he used to do, and feeling still a good appetite, he called for another; but suddenly reclining his head in a musing posture, he said, "Hold, daughter, my Master calls me!" He lost his sight in a few moments; but calling for the Bible, he told them to open it at the eighth chapter of the Romans, at these words: "For I am persuaded that neither death nor life shall be able to separate me from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."

"Now," said the venerable man, "put my finger on these words;" and being told that it was, he said, "Now, God be with you, my dear children; I have breakfasted with you, and I shall sup with my Lord Jesus Christ this night." And saying this, he gently fell asleep.

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40. SAMUEL RUTHERFORD.

"Ah yes! the hour is come
When thou must hasten home,
Pure soul! to Him who calls;
The God who gave thee breath
Walks by the side of death,
And naught that step appals."—LANDOR.

SAMUEL RUTHERFORD, one of the most resplendent lights that ever rose in Scotland, was the professor of divinity in the University of St. Andrew's. When the parliament of Scotland summoned him for trial because he stood up for liberty and religion, he was on his dying bed. "Tell the parliament," said he to the messenger,

“that I have received a summons to a *higher bar*; I must needs answer *that* first; and when the day you name shall come, I shall be where few of you shall enter.”

In his last moments he said to the ministers around him, “There is none like Christ. O, dear brethren, pray for Christ, preach for Christ, do all for Christ; feed the flock of God. And O, beware of men-pleasing.” Having recovered from a fainting fit, he said, “I feel, I feel, I believe, I joy, I rejoice, I feed on manna; my eyes shall see my Redeemer, and I shall be ever with him. And what would you more? I have been a sinful man; but I stand at the best pass that ever a man did. Christ is mine and I am his. Glory, glory to my Creator and Redeemer forever. Glory shines in Immanuel’s land. O for arms to embrace him! O for a well-tuned harp!”

He continued exulting in God his Saviour to the last, as one in the full vision of joy and glory.

41. DR. WM. P. CHANDLER.

“I will tell thee even more,
Ten thousand years from now; if but with thee
I too reach heaven, and with new language there,
When an eternity of bliss has gone,
Bless God for new eternities to be.”—COXE.

MR. CHANDLER was a native of Maryland, and became a member of the Philadelphia Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church in 1797. His health failed and he was compelled to desist from preaching in 1810, but he lingered on with broken health till 1822.

The closing scene of his life is thus described by a physician and Christian brother:—

“I visited Dr. Chandler daily during his last illness, which was of long continuance. His disease was an al-

most universal paralysis. The attack had at first been confined to one side, and, after a partial recovery only of that side, the other became affected in like manner with the first. His mind, as well as his body, felt the effects of the disease, which at times caused a considerable derangement of intellect; but notwithstanding the confusion that was apparent in his mental operations, his constant theme was his God and the salvation of his soul, and on these subjects it was truly surprising to hear him converse. Although Dr. Chandler seemed incapable of rational reflection on other subjects, yet on that of religion, at intervals, he never conversed with more fluency, correctness, and feeling, at any period of his life. He appeared to be exceedingly jealous of himself, and occasionally labouring under fear lest he might have deceived himself, and that he should finally become a castaway; but of these apprehensions he was generally relieved whenever we approached a throne of grace, which we were in the habit of doing on almost every visit. In this state he remained until within a few days of his death, when the Lord was graciously pleased, in a most extraordinary manner, to pour out his Spirit upon his servant; and although his body was fast sinking, his mind, for two days, was restored to perfect vigour and correctness. During this time he seemed to be in the borders of the heavenly inheritance. He spoke of the glories, the joys, and the inhabitants of heaven, as though he had been in the midst of them. He remarked to me at the time that he felt that his soul had begun to dissolve its connexion with the body; and that there was a freedom, a clearness and ease in its views and operations that was entirely new to him, and that he had never before formed a conception of—‘In fact,’ said he, ‘I know not whether I am in the body or out of it.’ Soon after this he sunk into a stupor, in which he remained to the last.”

42. WM. ROMAINE.

ROMAINE was a zealous and successful preacher of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, and adorned it by a suitable character, above fifty years. In his last illness he said, "I have the peace of God in my conscience, and the love of God in my heart. I knew before the doctrines I preached to be truths, but now I experience them to be blessings. Jesus is more precious than rubies, and all that can be desired on the earth is not to be compared to him." He was in full possession of his mental powers to the last moment, and near his dissolution cried out, "Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty! Glory be to thee on high, for such peace on earth, and good-will to men."

43. AN AGED MINISTER.

A GOOD old minister, who died in 1807, at nearly ninety years of age, had been long incapable of engaging in public services, and had lost his recollection. On the evening before his death, a neighbouring minister visited him, but he did not know him. Being told who he was, he answered, "No, I do not remember any such person." His beloved son was introduced to him; but he did not know him. In short, his memory was so impaired that he knew none of his friends or family about him. At last he was asked, "Do you not remember the Lord Jesus Christ?" On this his eyes brightened; and attempting to lift his hands in the hour of death, he exclaimed, "O! yes, I do, I do! I remember the Lord Jesus Christ! He is my Lord and my God, by whom I hope to be saved!"

SECTION III.

Christian Men.

1. ROBERT BOYLE.

“Piety has found
Friends in the friends of science, and true prayer
Has flow’d from lips wet with Castalian dews.”

ROBERT BOYLE, eminent alike for science and piety, was the son of Richard, earl of Cork; and was born in the year 1627.

He was a man of great learning; and his stock of knowledge was immense. The celebrated Dr. Boerhaave has passed the following eulogium upon him: “Boyle was the ornament of his age and country. Which of his writings shall I commend? All of them. To him we owe the secrets of fire, air, water, animals, vegetables, fossils; so that from his works may be deduced the whole system of natural knowledge.”

He was treated with particular kindness and respect by King Charles the Second, as well as by the two great ministers, Southampton and Clarendon. By the latter, he was solicited to enter into orders; for his distinguished learning and unblemished reputation, induced Lord Clarendon to think, that so very respectable a personage would do great honour to the clergy. Boyle considered the proposal with due attention. He reflected, that, in his present situation of life, whatever he wrote with respect to religion, would have greater weight, as coming from a layman; for he well knew that the irreligious fortified themselves against all that the clergy could offer, by supposing and saying, that it was their trade, and that they were paid for it. He con-

sidered, likewise, that, in point of fortune and character, he needed no accession; and, indeed, his desire for these was always very limited. But Bishop Burnet, to whom Boyle had communicated memorandums concerning his life, tells us, that what had the greatest weight, in determining his judgment, was, "the not feeling within himself any motion or tendency of mind, which he could safely esteem a call from the Holy Spirit; and therefore he did not venture to take holy orders, lest he should be found to have lied unto it."

The encyclopædist says that one of the most prominent features of his character, was his sincere and unaffected piety. This was exemplified in all his writings and in the whole course of his life. The great object of his philosophical pursuits, was to promote the cause of religion, and to discountenance atheism and infidelity. His intimate friend, Bishop Burnet, makes the following observations on this point: "It appeared to those who conversed with him on his inquiries into nature, that his main design (on which as he had his own eye constantly fixed, so he took care to put others often in mind of it) was to raise in himself and others more exalted sentiments of the greatness and glory, the wisdom and goodness of God. This design was so deeply impressed on his mind, that he concludes the article of his will, which relates to the Royal Society, in these words: 'I wish them a happy success, in their attempts to discover the true nature of the works of God; and I pray that they, and all other searchers into physical truths, may cordially refer their attainments to the glory of the great Author of nature, and to the comfort of mankind.'"

Bishop Burnet also says of him: "He had the most profound veneration for the great God of heaven and earth that I ever observed in any man. The very name of God was never mentioned by him, without a pause and observable stop in his discourse."

His liberality was almost unbounded. He was at the charge of the translation and impression of the New Testament into the Malayan tongue; and he had it dispersed in the East Indies. He gave a great reward to the person who translated into Arabic Grotius's incomparable book on the truth of the Christian religion; and had a whole edition printed at his own expense, which he took care to have spread in all the countries where that language was understood. By munificent donations, and by his patronage, he also very materially promoted the plans of other persons for propagating the Christian religion in remote parts of the world. In other respects, his charities were so extensive, that they amounted to more than a thousand pounds sterling every year.

He died like a *Christian* philosopher, in the full assurance of that faith he had embraced, and to the establishment and propagation of which his best energies had been devoted. Of his firm attachment to Christianity, and of his solicitude for vindicating its truth, and extending the knowledge and influence of it, he exhibited the most substantial proofs, both while he lived and at his death.

2. JOHN HOWARD.

"Howard, thy task is done! thy Master calls,
And summons thee from Cherson's distant walls;—
'Come, well-approved! my faithful servant, come!
My minister of good, I've sped the way,
And shot through dungeon glooms a leading ray;
I've led thee on through wondering climes,
To combat human woes and human crimes;
But 'tis enough!—thy great commission's o'er;
I prove thy faith, thy love, thy zeal no more.'"—AIKEN.

JOHN HOWARD was born at Hackney, England, in the year 1726. His religious principles were strongly fixed even in his early youth, and continued steady and

uniform through life. As the devoted friend of the poor and unfortunate, he is known all over the world, and his memory will be revered to the end of time.

Dr. Aikin thus speaks of his character and work :—

“ Among those truly illustrious persons who, in the several ages and nations of the world, have marked their track through life by a continued course of doing good, few have been so distinguished, either by the extent of the good produced or by the purity of motive and energy of character exhibited in the process of doing it, as the late John Howard. To have adopted the cause of the prisoner, the sick, and the destitute, not only in his own country, but throughout Europe; to have considerably alleviated the burden of present misery among those unfortunate classes, and, at the same time, to have provided for the reformation of the vicious, and the prevention of future crimes and calamities; to have been instrumental in the actual establishment of many plans of humanity and utility, and to have laid the foundation for much more improvement hereafter; and to have done all this, as a private, unaided individual, struggling with toils, dangers, and difficulties, which might have appalled the most resolute, is surely a range of beneficence, which scarcely ever before came within the compass of one man’s exertions.”

Deeply impressed with a sense of the importance of his designs, and of the uncertainty of human life, he was desirous of doing as much as possible within the allotted limits. And the number of prisons and hospitals which he visited, in a short period of time, is surprising. The pious and well-governed disposition by which he was actuated, is forcibly expressed in the following passage extracted from one of his interesting publications :—

“ To my country I commit the result of my past labours. It is my intention again to quit it, for the purpose of revisiting Russia, Turkey, and some other coun-

tries, and extending my tour in the East. I am not insensible of the dangers that must attend such a journey. Trusting, however, in the protection of that kind Providence which has hitherto preserved me, I calmly and cheerfully commit myself to the disposal of unerring Wisdom. Should it please God to cut off my life in the prosecution of this design, let not my conduct be uncandidly imputed to rashness or enthusiasm, but to a serious, deliberate conviction that I am pursuing the path of duty, and to a sincere desire of being made an instrument of greater usefulness to my fellow-creatures than could be expected in the narrow circle of a retired life."

A little before the last time of his leaving England, when a friend expressed his concern at parting with him, from an apprehension that they should never meet again, he cheerfully replied: "We shall soon meet in heaven;" and, as he rather expected to die of the plague in Egypt, he added: "The way to heaven from Grand Cairo is as near as from London." He said he was perfectly easy as to the event, and made use of the words of Father Paul, who, when his physicians told him he had not long to live, said, "It is well; whatever pleases God pleases me."

This good man was arrested in his career of usefulness, by a disease, supposed to be the plague, at Cherson, in the beginning of the year 1690. He was perfectly sensible, during his illness, except at short intervals, till within a very few hours before his death. He was fully prepared for the event, and often said, that he had no wish for life, but as it gave him the means of relieving his fellow-creatures.

3. CURAENS, A GERMAN PHYSICIAN.

THE following expressions are stated to have dropped from the dying lips of a German physician. They display a desire similar to that which the great apostle of the Gentiles felt when he declared that it was better for him to depart and be with Christ:—

“Lord, I am oppressed; but to me it is enough that thy hand hath done it. My breast burns now at the sight of eternal life, the beginnings of which I do really feel within me. Son of God, my soul longs with desire and leaps with joy, to come to thee; and because it is yet withheld, I think the time long. I desire to be dissolved—O let me be dissolved, that I may be with thee! I groan for that dwelling above, which thou hast revealed to me. As the traveller in a dark night longs for the rising sun, so do I earnestly look for the brightness of that light which is in the presence of the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit. There I shall follow the Lamb whithersoever he goeth. O glorious and Divine Leader! The eye hath not seen, nor the ear heard, what God hath prepared for them that love him, neither hath it entered into the heart of man. This earthly life is but death; but this is life indeed which Christ hath begun in my soul; and now I live—yet not I, but Christ liveth in me. I see the heavens now open. Now let thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation. Thou, Jesus Christ, art my resurrection and my life. How lovely are thy tabernacles, O my Redeemer! I die in the Lord, who is my life, and in the acknowledgment and faith of Jesus Christ. O pleasant change, and translation from sin into a state of holiness; from darkness into light; and from death into life!”

4. SIR. WILLIAM JONES.

“If in that frame no deathless spirit dwell,
If that faint murmur be the last farewell,
If faith unite the faithful but to part,
Why is their memory sacred to the heart?”—CAMPBELL.

SIR WILLIAM JONES, an eminent lawyer, and most accomplished scholar, was born in London, in the year 1746. He lost his father when he was only three years of age; and the care of his education devolved on his mother, a woman of uncommon mental endowments.

He was not one of those happy geniuses (if such there are) who can make brilliant acquisitions without pains. It was, on the contrary, by the most sedulous industry, and the renunciation of the usual diversions of a school-boy, joined with the natural gift of a very retentive memory, that he was enabled to lay in those ample stores of knowledge, by which he became so highly distinguished.

After graduating at Oxford, he pursued his professional studies at the Temple, and was admitted to the bar in 1774. And in 1783, he received the appointment of a judge of the Supreme Court of judicature at Fort William, in Bengal; and at the same time the honour of knighthood was conferred upon him.

The field of action and inquiry which opened to him in India, was immense. He planned the institution of a society in Calcutta, similar to the Royal Society of London; and the labours and discoveries of this institution have been very interesting and eminently useful. For his extensive researches into the history, laws, literature, and religion of India, the world is greatly indebted to him, and from them the cause of Christianity has derived no inconsiderable aid.

This learned and excellent man was, in the prime of his days, and when apparently in good health, seized with a disorder which, in about a week, put a period to his valuable life. His biographer, Lord Teignmouth, observes, that "the progress of the complaint was uncommonly rapid, and terminated fatally on the 27th of April, 1794."

As religion was the subject of his meditations in health, it was more forcibly impressed upon his mind during illness. He knew the duty of resignation to the will of his Maker, and of dependence on the merits of a Redeemer. These sentiments are expressed in a short prayer, which he composed during his indisposition in 1784, and which is in the following words:—

"O thou Bestower of all good! if it please thee to continue my easy tasks in this life, grant me strength to perform them as a faithful servant; but if thy wisdom hath willed to end them by this thy visitation, admit me, not weighing my unworthiness, but through thy mercy declared in Christ, into thy heavenly mansions, that I may continually advance in happiness, by advancing in true knowledge and awful love of thee. Thy will be done!"

5. SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY was born in Kent, in the year 1554. He possessed shining talents, was well educated, and at the early age of twenty-one was sent by Queen Elizabeth as her ambassador to the emperor of Germany. He is described by the writers of that age, as the finest model of an accomplished gentleman that could be formed, even in imagination. An amiable disposition, elegant erudition, and polite conversation, rendered him the ornament and delight of the English court. Lord Brooke so highly valued his friendship, that he directed

to be inserted as part of his epitaph, "Here lies Sir Philip Sidney's friend." His fame was so widely spread, that, if he had chosen it, he might have obtained the crown of Poland.

But the glory of this Marcellus of the English nation, was of short duration. He was wounded at the battle of Zutphen, and carried to Arnheim, where, after languishing about three weeks, he died, in the thirty-second year of his age.

This accomplished person, at the solemn period of approaching death, when a just estimate of things is formed, and when the mind looks round for support and consolation, perceived that the greatest worldly honours are only splendid vanities, and have but a momentary duration. At this period, he was so dissatisfied with his "Arcadia," a romantic work, ill agreeing with his present serious views of things, that it is said he desired it might never be published.

After he had received the fatal wound, and was brought into a tent, he piously raised his eyes towards heaven, and acknowledged the hand of God in this event. He confessed himself to be a sinner, and returned thanks to God, that "he had not struck him with death at once, but gave him space to seek repentance and reconciliation."

Compared with his present views of religion, his former virtues seemed to be nothing. When it was observed to him, that good men, in the time of great affliction, found comfort and support in the recollection of those parts of their lives in which they had glorified God, he humbly replied: "It is not so with me. I have no comfort that way. All things in my former life have been vain."

On being asked whether he did not desire life, merely to have it in his power to glorify God, he answered: "I have vowed my life unto God; and if he cut me off, and

suffer me to live no longer, I shall glorify him, and give up myself to his service.”

The nearer death approached, the more his consolation and hopes increased. A short time before his dissolution, he lifted up his eyes and hands, and uttered these words: “I would not change my joy for the empire of the world.”

His advice and observations, on taking the last leave of his deeply-afflicted brother, are worthy of remembrance. They appear to have been expressed with great seriousness and composure. “Love my memory; cherish my friends. Their fidelity to me may assure you that they are honest. But, above all, govern your will and affections by the will and word of your Creator. In me, behold the end of the world, and all its vanities.”

6. LORD TEIGNMOUTH.

“Time is eternity;
Pregnant with all eternity can give,
Pregnant with all that makes archangels smile.”—YOUNG.

LORD TEIGNMOUTH is well known as having occupied, during a period of thirty years, the distinguished post of president of the “British and Foreign Bible Society.” Some of the early days of his more active life were spent in India, where he held several appointments under the East India Company with honour and success. In 1775 he was constituted governor of the Supreme Council at Fort William. The post of governor-general of Bengal was afterward forced upon him—then Sir John Shore—by Mr. Pitt’s ministry. He entered upon this high office in the spirit of a Christian, and preserved the same unostentatious simplicity by which he had been ever characterized. Here he received the honour of a

peerage, and soon after returned to England, spending his time in the society of his well-chosen friends, Grant, Wilberforce, Henry Thornton, and others, whose names have long been eminent for piety and philanthropy. In 1804, the Bible Society was formed, and Lord Teignmouth became its first president, a position which he retained till his death. To the duties of this situation he devoted himself with the most ardent zeal and untiring energy, entering into a large correspondence on its behalf, and long preparing its annual reports. During many years of his life he devoted three hours a day to purposes of devotion. His closing scene was beautifully descriptive of the power of those Christian principles under the influence of which he had lived, and in the consolations of which he departed. To his old and faithful servants he said, "It is my duty to be as thankful for my sufferings as for my other mercies." The Rev. Henry Blunt frequently visited him in his last illness, and furnishes some notes of his lordship's conversations:—

" 'I am anxious,' said his lordship, 'to know whether you think I am right. I depend upon nothing in myself. I know I am a poor, helpless sinner, and I trust entirely to my gracious Saviour. I depend only on what he has done for me. My whole life has been a life of mercies; I am surrounded by mercies. Few have spent so happy a life as mine has been; but I am not grateful enough for it. I feel an increasing dulness and coldness in my prayers. I cannot pray as I could wish. But the Lord will not visit this upon me. Do you think he will? God is not a hard task-master; he has always been most merciful to me, and I ought to trust him now. What wonderful preservations I have received from Him, particularly in India!'

"The last time I saw Lord Teignmouth, almost as soon as I had sat down, he said, 'Mr. Blunt, I will tell

you what I was just thinking of. It describes my state at present, for I do not think that I have much longer to remain here. But this is what I am doing; I am looking for that blessed hope, and the glorious appearing of the great God and of our Saviour Jesus Christ, who gave himself for us, that he might redeem us from all iniquity, and purify unto himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works. I have no hope but in Christ Jesus, in his sacrifice, in his blood, in his righteousness. What could all the world do for me *now*, so great a sinner as I am, and so helpless? What could save me but my gracious Redeemer?"

"His end," says the Rev. Robert Anderson, his son-in-law, "was perfect peace. The only embarrassing circumstance of a private nature, which had temporarily molested him, had been happily arranged; and he beheld, with hallowed and untroubled joy, the glorious institution, whose light, during thirty years, had gladdened his heart and illumined his path, emerge from the clouds which had awhile obscured its progress,—

‘Repair its golden flood,
And cheer the nations with redoubled ray.’

"Lord Teignmouth predicted, as if conscious of the exact amount of his remaining strength, the day of his decease, about a week previous to its occurrence, and gave particular directions respecting his funeral. Apprehensions of death, which had occasionally proved a trial to his faith, had entirely ceased as its approach became obvious. Nor did increasing debility induce remissness in the discharge of any of his duties to himself or his survivors. His affection toward the members of his family and his kindred, present or abroad, was overflowing; while he unceasingly addressed to all, including his servants, the language of a devout, rejoicing, and grateful heart. His end was evidently approaching.

He was full of sweetness, and full of thankfulness to God and all around him. At seven in the morning, he took what might be termed a hearty breakfast. Charles afterward placed him comfortably in his bed; and in that very position he fell asleep in Jesus at half-past nine, (Feb. 14, 1834.)

“It was the observation of one who had lived for some years in his immediate neighbourhood, that Lord Teignmouth always reminded him of one of the ancient patriarchs; and assuredly, when I recall all that I have been privileged to witness since the first hour of my acquaintance with this beloved and venerated nobleman, I feel that I am only endeavouring to describe the impression produced on my mind when I say that he lived a patriarch’s life, that he died a patriarch’s death.”

Lord Teignmouth in life exhibited the pattern of a character admirably chastened by devotion. In his death there were no transports; it was the maturity of a character which had been long ripening. “When the fruit is brought forth, immediately he putteth in the sickle, because the harvest is come.”

7. JOSEPH ADDISON.

“Death is the crown of life!
It wounds to cure; we fall, we rise, we reign!
Spring from our fetters, fasten in the skies,
Where blooming Eden withers in our sight.
Death gives us more than was in Eden lost;
This king of terrors is the prince of peace.”—YOUNG.

JOSEPH ADDISON, a celebrated English writer, was born at Milston, in Wiltshire, in the year 1672. About the age of fifteen, he was entered at Queen’s College, Oxford, where, by his fine parts and great application, he made a surprising proficiency in classical learning.

Before he left the university he was warmly solicited to enter into orders; and he once resolved to do so: but his great modesty, and an uncommonly delicate sense of the importance of the sacred function, made him afterward alter his resolution.

He was highly respected by many of the greatest, and the most learned of his contemporaries. He travelled into Italy, where he made many useful observations, and prepared materials for some of his literary works. On his return to England he was chosen one of the lords' commissioners for trade. In 1709 he was appointed secretary to the lord-lieutenant of Ireland; and in 1717, was advanced to the high office of secretary of state.

The writings of Addison are among the finest specimens of the English classics, and have been of great use to the world. The following portraiture of his character as a writer is from the pen of Dr. Johnson:—

“He employed wit on the side of virtue and religion. He not only made the proper use of wit himself, but taught it to others; and, from his time, it has been generally subservient to the cause of reason and truth. He has dissipated the prejudice that had long connected cheerfulness with vice, and easiness of manners with laxity of principles. He has restored virtue to its dignity, and taught innocence not to be ashamed. This is an elevation of literary character, above all Greek, above all Roman, fame. As a teacher of wisdom, he may be confidently followed. His religion has nothing in it enthusiastic or superstitious; he appears neither weakly credulous nor wantonly sceptical; his morality is neither dangerously lax nor impracticably rigid. All the enchantment of fancy, and all the cogency of argument, are employed to recommend to the reader his real interest—the care of pleasing the Author of his being.”

In the following lines he expresses the complacency

with which he looked forward towards another life:—
“The prospect of a future state is the secret comfort and refreshment of my soul. It is that which makes nature look cheerful about me; it doubles all my pleasures, and supports me under all my afflictions. I can look at disappointments and misfortunes, pain and sickness, death itself, with indifference, so long as I keep in view the pleasures of eternity, and the state of being in which there will be no fears nor apprehensions, pains or sorrows.”

The virtue of this excellent man shone brightest at the point of death. After a long and manly, but vain struggle with his distempers, he dismissed his physicians, and with them all hopes of life; but, with his hopes of life, he dismissed not his concern for the living. He sent for Lord Warwick, a youth nearly related to him, and finely accomplished, but irregular in conduct and principle, on whom his pious instructions and example had not produced the desired effect.

Lord Warwick came: but life now glimmering in the socket, the dying friend was silent. After a decent and proper pause, the youth said, “Dear sir, you sent for me, I believe, and hope you have some commands: I shall hold them most dear.”

May the reader not only feel the reply, but retain its impression! Forcibly grasping the youth’s hand, Addison softly said, “See in what peace a Christian can die!”

He spoke with difficulty, and soon expired. Through Divine grace, how great is man! Through Divine mercy, how stingless death!

8. GEORGE MOIR.

‘The last end
Of the good man is peace. How calm his exit!
Night-dews fall not more gently to the ground,
Nor weary worn-out winds expire so soft.”—BLAIR.

THIS excellent Scottish Christian was little known in the world; but as his life had been devoted to God, so his death eminently displayed the power of the Gospel and the triumph of faith over the last enemy. After having been long worn by painful illness, his wife told him that the change of his countenance indicated the speedy approach of death. “Does it?” he asked. “Bring me a glass.” On looking at himself, he was struck with the dying appearance which he saw in his face; but giving the glass back, he said, with a calm satisfaction, “Ah, death has set his mark on my body, but Christ has set his mark on my soul.”

9. JOHN HOLLAND.

“Leaving the old, both worlds at once they view,
Who stand upon the threshold of the new.”—WALLER.

THE striking account of the death of this excellent person is most of the information that now remains respecting him.

The day before he died he called for his Bible, saying, “Come, O come! death approaches; let us gather some flowers to comfort this hour!”

He then turned to the eighth chapter of Romans, which he desired a person in the room to read; and at the end of every verse commented upon it in a manner

suited to promote his own comfort, and which excited the joy and wonder of his friends. He continued this sacred employment for as much as two hours, when, on a sudden, he said, "O stay your reading. What brightness is this I see? Have you lighted up any candles?"

To which Mr. Leigh, who had been reading, answered, "No; it is the sunshine."

"Sunshine?" said he; "nay, my Saviour's shine. Now, farewell, world; welcome, heaven. The Day-star from on high hath visited my heart. O speak it when I am gone, and preach it at my funeral, God dealeth familiarly with man! I feel his mercy; I see his majesty: whether in the body, or out of the body, I cannot tell,—God knoweth; but I see things that are unutterable."

He continued for some time speaking with a cheerful look, and a soft, sweet voice, though his friends could not understand what he spoke. At last, shrinking down, he sighed, and said, "Ah, yet it will not be. My sins keep me from my God."

Not long, however, was he denied the happiness he sought. On the following morning he closed his life with these words upon his lips:—"O what a happy change shall I make! From death to life! from sorrow to solace! from a factious world to a heavenly being! O, my dear brethren, sisters, and friends, it pitieth me to leave you behind. Yet remember my death when I am gone; and what I now feel, I hope you shall find ere you die, that God doth, and will deal familiarly with men. And now, thou fiery chariot, that camest down to fetch up Elijah, carry me to my happy hold! And all ye blessed angels, who attended the soul of Lazarus to heaven, bear me, O bear me into the bosom of my best Beloved! Amen, amen! Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly!"

10. BOERHAAVE.

HERMAN BOERHAAVE, one of the greatest physicians, and best of men, was born in Holland, in the year 1668. This illustrious person, whose name has been spread throughout the world, and who left, at his death, above two hundred thousand pounds sterling, was, at his first setting out in life, obliged to teach the mathematics to obtain a necessary support. His abilities, industry, and great merit, soon gained him friends, placed him in easy circumstances, and enabled him to be bountiful to others.

As soon as he rose in the morning, it was, through life, his daily practice to retire for an hour for private prayer and meditation. This, he often told his friends, gave him spirit and vigour in the business of the day; and this he therefore commended as the best rule of life: for nothing, he knew, can support the soul in all distresses but confidence in the supreme Being; nor can a steady and rational magnanimity flow from any other source than a consciousness of the Divine favour.

He asserted, on all occasions, the Divine authority of the Holy Scriptures. The excellency of the Christian religion was the frequent subject of his conversation. A strict obedience to the doctrine, and a diligent imitation of the example, of our blessed Saviour, he often declared to be the foundation of true tranquillity. He was liberal to the distressed, but without ostentation. He often obliged his friends in such a manner that they knew not, unless by accident, to whom they were indebted. He was condescending to all, and particularly attentive in his profession. He used to say, that the life of a patient, if trifled with or neglected, would one day be required at the hand of the physician. He

called the poor his best patients; for God, said he, is their paymaster. In conversation, he was cheerful and instructive, and desirous of promoting every valuable end of social intercourse. He never regarded calumny and detraction, (for Boerhaave himself had enemies;) nor ever thought it necessary to confute them. "They are sparks," said he, "which, if you do not blow them, will go out of themselves. The surest remedy against scandal, is, to live it down by perseverance in well-doing, and by praying to God that he would cure the distempered minds of those who traduce and injure us."

About the middle of the year 1737 he felt the first approaches of that lingering disorder which at length brought him to the grave. During this afflictive illness his constancy and firmness did not forsake him. He neither intermitted the necessary cares of life nor forgot the proper preparations for death.

He related to a friend, with great concern, that once his patience so far gave way to extremity of pain that, after having lain fifteen hours in exquisite tortures, he prayed to God that he might be set free by death. His friend, by way of consolation, answered, that he thought such wishes, when forced by continued and excessive torments, unavoidable in the present state of human nature; that the best men, even Job himself, were not able to refrain from such starts of impatience. This he did not deny, but said, "He that loves God ought to think nothing desirable but what is most pleasing to the Supreme Goodness."

Such were his sentiments, and such his conduct, in this state of weakness and pain. As death advanced nearer, he was so far from terror or confusion, that he seemed even less sensible of pain, and more cheerful under his torments. He died, much honoured and lamented, in the seventieth year of his age.

11. SIR MATTHEW HALE.

SIR MATTHEW HALE, lord chief-justice of England, was born in Gloucestershire, in the year 1609. Before he was six years old he lost both his parents; but, by the care of a judicious guardian, great attention was paid to his education. When he had completed his studies at Oxford he quitted the university, with an intention of going into the army; but, on the persuasion of Sergeant Glanvill, he entered at Lincoln's Inn, and with great vigour, and almost unexampled application, bent his mind to the studies of his profession.

In early life he was fond of company, and fell into many levities and extravagancies. But this propensity and conduct were corrected by a circumstance that made a considerable impression on his mind during the rest of his life. Being one day in company with other young men, one of the party, through excess of wine, fell down apparently dead at their feet. Young Hale was so affected on this occasion that he immediately retired to another room, and, shutting the door, fell on his knees, and prayed earnestly to God that his friend might be restored to life, and that he himself might be pardoned for having given countenance to so much excess. At the same time, he made a solemn vow that he would never again keep company in that manner, nor "drink a health" while he lived. His friend recovered, and Hale religiously observed his vow. After this event there was an entire change in his disposition: he forsook all dissipated company, and was careful to divide his time between the duties of religion and the studies of his profession. He became remarkable for a grave and exemplary deportment, great moderation of temper, and a religious tenderness of spirit; and these

virtues appear to have accompanied him through the whole of his life.

This eminent and virtuous man possessed uninterrupted health till near the sixty-sixth year of his age. At this period he was affected with an indisposition, which, in a short time, greatly impaired his strength; and he found himself so unfit to discharge the duty of justice of the king's bench that he was obliged to resign the office. "He continued, however," says Bishop Burnet, "to retire frequently for his devotions and studies. As long as he could go himself he went regularly to his retirement; and when his infirmities increased, so that he was not able to walk to the place, he made his servants carry him thither in a chair. At last, as the winter came on, he saw, with great joy, his deliverance approaching; for besides his being weary of the world, and his longings for the blessedness of another state, his pains increased so much that no patience inferior to his could have borne them without great uneasiness of mind. Yet he expressed, to the last, such submission to the will of God, and so equal a temper, that the powerful effects of Christianity were evident in the support which he derived from it under so heavy a load.

"He continued to enjoy the free use of his reason and senses to the latest moment of life. This he had often and earnestly prayed for during his last sickness. When his voice was so sunk that he could not be heard, his friends perceived, by the almost constant lifting up of his eyes and hands, that he was still aspiring toward that blessed state, of which he was now to be speedily possessed. He had no struggles, nor seemed to be in any pangs in his last moments. He breathed out his righteous and pious soul in peace."

12. JOHN LOCKE.

JOHN LOCKE, a very celebrated philosopher, and one of the greatest men that England ever produced, was born in the year 1632. He was well educated; and applying himself with vigour to his studies, his mind became enlarged, and stored with much useful knowledge. He went abroad as secretary to the English ambassador at several of the German courts; and afterwards had the offer of being made envoy at the court of the emperor, or of any other that he chose; but he declined the proposal on account of the infirm state of his health. He was a commissioner of trade and plantations, in which station he very honourably distinguished himself. Notwithstanding his public employments, he found leisure to write much for the benefit of mankind. His "Essay on Human Understanding," his "Discourses on Government," and his "Letters on Toleration," are justly held in high estimation.

This enlightened man, and profound reasoner, was most firmly attached to the Christian religion. His zeal to promote it appeared, first, in his middle age, by publishing a discourse to demonstrate the reasonableness of believing Jesus to be the promised Messiah, and afterward, in the latter part of his life, by a very judicious Commentary on several of the Epistles of the apostle Paul. The sacred Scriptures are everywhere mentioned by him with the greatest reverence; and he exhorts Christians "to betake themselves in earnest to the study of the way to salvation in those holy writings, wherein God has revealed it from heaven, and proposed it to the world, seeking our religion where we are sure it is in truth to be found, comparing spiritual things with spiritual."

In a letter, written the year before his death, to a person who asked this question, "What is the shortest and surest way for a young man to attain the true knowledge of the Christian religion?" he says, "Let him study the Holy Scriptures, especially the New Testament. Therein are contained the words of eternal life. It has God for its author; salvation for its end; and truth, without any mixture of error, for its matter." This advice was conformable to his own practice. "For fourteen or fifteen years he applied himself, in an especial manner, to the study of the Scriptures, and employed the last years of his life hardly in anything else. He was never weary of admiring the great views of that sacred book, and the just relation of all its parts; he every day made discoveries in it, that gave him fresh cause of admiration."

The summer before his death he began to be very sensible of his approaching dissolution. He often spoke of it, and always with great composure. A short time before his decease he declared to a friend that "he was in the sentiments of perfect charity towards all men, and of a sincere union with the Church of Christ, under whatever name distinguished."

The day before his death, Lady Masham being alone with him, and sitting by his bedside, he exhorted her to regard this world only as a state of preparation for a better, adding, that "he had lived long enough, and thanked God for having passed his days so comfortably; but that this life appeared to him mere vanity."

Being told that, if he chose it, the whole family should be with him in his chamber, he said he should be very glad to have it so if it would not give too much trouble; and an occasion offering to speak of the goodness of God, he especially exalted the care which God showed to man in justifying him by faith in Jesus Christ; and, in particular, returned God thanks for having

blessed him with the knowledge of the Divine Saviour.

About two months before his death he wrote a letter to his friend, Anthony Collins, and left this direction upon it: "To be delivered to him after my decease." It concludes with the following remarkable words:—

"May you live long and happy in the enjoyment of health, freedom, content, and all those blessings which Providence has bestowed on you, and to which your virtue entitles you! You loved me living, and will preserve my memory when I am dead. All the use to be made of it is, that this life is a scene of vanity, which soon passes away, and affords no solid satisfaction but in the consciousness of doing well, and in the hopes of another life. This is what I can say upon experience, and what you will find to be true when you come to make up the account. Adieu."

The following extract from a letter written by Lady Masham, deserves a place among the testimonies respecting this distinguished and excellent man:—

"You will not, perhaps, dislike to know that the last scene of Mr. Locke's life was not less admirable than anything else concerning him. All the faculties of his mind were perfect to the last. His weakness, of which only he died, made such gradual and visible advances, that few people, I think, do so sensibly see death approach them as he did. During all this time, no one could observe the least alteration in his humour—always cheerful, conversable, civil; to the last day thoughtful of all the concerns of his friends, and omitting no fit occasion of giving Christian advice to all about him. In short, his death was, like his life, truly pious; yet natural, easy, and unaffected. Time, I think, can never produce a more eminent example of reason and religion than he was, both living and dying."

13. JOSEPH HARDCASTLE.

THE name of Joseph Hardcastle is well known to the friends of missions, in consequence of his having been, for many years, treasurer of the London Missionary Society. Divine grace led him to embrace religion in early life; and he died cheered by its supports, in the sixty-seventh year of his age. The venerable minister who preached his funeral sermon, records the following expressions, which dropped from his dying lips, in the concluding scene of a life of benevolence and piety:—

“Lord Jesus, thou hast said, ‘He that believeth in me shall never die; and he that believeth, though he were dead, yet shall he live.’ I believe this; I believe I shall never know what death is, but pass into life.

“Thou hast said, ‘Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out.’ I come to thee; thou wilt not cast me out.

“Surely goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life, and I am going to dwell in the house of the Lord forever. I am infinitely indebted to Him for his conduct of me from infancy to the end of my life. He took me by the hand in a wonderful manner, and brought me into connexion with the excellent of the earth. Most gracious God, I commit my offspring to thee; and I charge my children to walk in thy fear and love.

“He has drawn me with the cords of mercy from my earliest days. He gave me very early impressions of religion, and enabled me to devote myself to Him in early life; and this God is my God forever and ever—forever and ever. I said to him, when a young man, ‘Thou shalt guide me by thy counsel, and afterward receive me to glory.’ ‘Whom have I in heaven but

thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire besides thee.'

"No principle can enter the mind so sublime as the doctrine of the cross, which, with infinite majesty, speaks peace in heaven, on earth, and throughout the universe. Let every one of my children glory in the cross of salvation. It is the power of God to every one that believeth—the power of God! What feeble ideas do I attach to such expressions!

"I am in some respects like the old patriarch Jacob, on his dying bed, with all his sons about him. Live in love, and the God of love will be with you. This is my last farewell; this is our last interview till we meet in a better world. My flesh and heart are failing; I hope I have not been deceiving myself. My children, seek for an interest in Christ—seek for an interest in Christ. I earnestly exhort you to be decided, and to be very useful. He is your best Friend; manifest your regard for Him to the world; avow your attachment; be not ashamed of him—he is the glory and ornament of the universe.

"I hope I shall be favoured, when my spirit is departing, with some intimations of approaching glory; but I will trust in Him—I will trust in Him. In the mean time, I possess a sweet peace, calm and undisturbed. I will go to God, my exceeding joy, as the Psalmist says. It is an awful thing for a human spirit, deeply depraved as it is, to appear before the tribunal of so mighty a Being. He placeth no trust in his servants. The heavens are not clean in his sight.

"If I am to live, I welcome life, and thank its Giver; if I am to die, I welcome death, and thank its Conqueror. If I have a choice, I would rather depart and be with Christ, which is far better.

"My last act of faith I wish to be, to take the blood of Jesus, as the high priest did when he entered behind

the veil; and when I have passed the veil, to appear with it before the throne.

"I have just finished my course: I hope also I may say, 'I have fought a good fight, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day.'

"Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit! Lord Jesus, receive my spirit when it leaves the body! Thou hast redeemed it; I have waited for thy salvation." He died March 3, 1819.

14. SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

"Through nature's wreck, through vanquish'd agonies,
(Like stars struggling through this midnight gloom,)
What gleams of joy! What more than human peace!"—YOUNG.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH, an illustrious Englishman, of an ancient family in Devonshire, was born in 1552. He was a man of admirable parts, extensive knowledge, undaunted resolution, and strict honour and honesty. As a soldier, a statesman, and a scholar, he was greatly distinguished, and was eminently useful to Queen Elizabeth, who protected and encouraged him in the various enterprises which he projected. He was the discoverer of Virginia, and took effectual measures for the settlement of the country, and for promoting its prosperity.

His active enterprises against the Spaniards, both in Europe and South America, excited the particular enmity of the court of Spain, which used every means to effect his destruction. During the reign of Elizabeth, these machinations were fruitless; but on the accession of James I., Sir Walter lost his interest at court, was stripped of his employments, and unjustly accused and condemned for a plot against the king. He was after-

ward trusted by James with a commission of considerable importance; and thus virtually pardoned for all supposed offences. The malice of his enemies, however, at length prevailed against him, and he was pusillanimously sacrificed to appease the Spaniards, who, whilst Raleigh lived, thought every part of their dominions in danger.

During his imprisonment, and with the prospect of death before him, he wrote the following letters to his son, and to his wife. They contain many solemn and affecting admonitions, and testify the influence of religion on his mind.

In the letter to his son, he says: "My son, let my experienced advice, and fatherly instructions, sink deep into thy heart. Seek not riches basely, nor attain them by evil means. Destroy no man for his wealth, nor take anything from the poor; for the cry thereof will pierce the heavens, and it is most detestable before God, and most dishonourable before worthy men, to wrest anything from the needy and labouring soul. God will never prosper thee, if thou offendest therein. Use thy poor neighbours and tenants well. Have compassion on the poor and afflicted, and God will bless thee for it. Make not the hungry soul sorrowful; for if he curse thee in the bitterness of his soul, his prayer shall be heard of him that made him.

"Now, for the world, dear child, I know it too well to persuade thee to dive into the practices of it; rather stand upon thy guard against all those that tempt thee to it, or may practice upon thee, whether in thy conscience, thy reputation, or thy estate. Be assured that no man is wise or safe, but he that is honest. Serve God; let him be the author of all thy actions. Commend all thy endeavours to him, that must either wither or prosper them. Please him with prayer; lest, if he frown, he confound all thy fortune and labour, like the

drops of rain upon the sandy ground. So God direct thee in all thy ways, and fill thy heart with his grace!"

The following is a copy of the letter to his wife:—

"You will receive, my dear wife, my last words in these my last lines. My love I send you, which you may keep when I am dead; and my counsel, that you may remember it, when I am no more. I would not, with my will, present you sorrows, dear wife; let them go to the grave with me, and be buried in the dust: and seeing that it is not the will of God that I shall see you any more, bear my destruction patiently, and with a heart like yourself. First, I send you all the thanks which my heart can conceive, or my words express, for your many travails and cares for me: for though they have not taken effect, as you wished, yet my debt to you is not the less; but pay it I never shall in this world. Secondly, I beseech you, for the love you bear me living, that you do not hide yourself many days; but by your travails seek to help my miserable fortunes, and the right of your poor child: your mourning cannot avail me, who am but dust. Thirdly, you shall understand, that my lands were conveyed, *bona fide*, to my child; the writings were drawn at midsummer was a twelve-month, as divers can witness. I trust my blood will quench their malice who desired my slaughter, and that they will not seek to kill you and yours with extreme poverty.

"To what friend to direct you, I know not; for all mine have left me in the true time of trial. Most sorry am I, that, being surprised by death, I can leave you no better estate; God hath prevented all my determinations—that great God, who worketh all in all. If you can live free from want, care for no more, for the rest is but vanity. Love God, and begin betimes; in him you will find true and endless comfort: when you have trav-

ailed and wearied yourself with all sorts of worldly cogitations, you will sit down with sorrow in the end. Teach your son also to serve and fear God whilst he is young, that the fear of God may grow up in him: then will God be a husband to you, and a father to him—a husband and a father that can never be taken from you.

“Dear wife, I beseech you, for my soul’s sake, pay all poor men. When I am dead, no doubt you will be much sought unto, for the world thinks I was very rich. Have a care of the fair pretences of men; for no greater misery can befall you in this life, than to become a prey unto the world, and afterwards to be despised. As for me, I am no more yours, nor you mine; death has cut us asunder, and God has divided me from the world, and you from me. Remember your poor child, for his father’s sake, who loved you in his happiest estate. I sued for my life; but, God knows, it was for you and yours, that I desired it: for know it, my dear wife, your child is the child of a true man, who in his own respect despiseth death, and his mis-shapen and ugly forms. I cannot write much: God knows how hardly I steal this time, when all are asleep; and it is also time for me to separate my thoughts from the world. Beg my dead body, which living was denied you, and either lay it in Sherborne, or in Exeter church, by my father and mother.

“I can say no more; time and death call me away. The everlasting God, powerful, infinite, and inscrutable; God Almighty, who is goodness itself, the true light and life, keep you and yours, and have mercy upon me, and forgive my persecutors and false accusers, and send us to meet in his glorious kingdom! My dear wife, farewell! bless my boy; pray for me; and may my true God hold you both in his arms!

“Yours that was, but not now mine own.

“WALTER RALEIGH.”

He was executed in Old Palace Yard, in the sixty-sixth year of his age. His behaviour on the scaffold was manly, unaffected, and even cheerful. Being asked by the executioner which way he would lay his head, he answered: "So the heart be right, it is no matter which way the head lies."

15. LOUIS IX., KING OF FRANCE.

LOUIS IX., styled St. Louis, succeeded to the crown of France, in the year 1226. This king possessed great wisdom, piety, and virtue. His reputation for candour and justice was so great, that the barons of England, as well as king Henry III., consented to make him umpire of the differences which subsisted between them. Fœnelon says of this patriotic prince: "He was distinguished by the nobleness of his sentiments; he was without haughtiness, presumption, or severity. In every respect, he attended to the real interests of his country, of which he was as truly the father as the king.

An abhorrence of sin was so deeply impressed upon his mind, by a religious education, that he not only preserved it through the course of his life, but was zealous to inculcate it upon others. He was very solicitous that his children should be trained up in the fear and admonition of the Lord; and used to devote a considerable part of his time to their religious instruction. He often related to them the punishments which the pride, the avarice, and the debauchery of princes, brought upon themselves and their people.

In his last sickness, he earnestly exhorted Philip, his son and successor, firmly to adhere to religion, in his own private life and conduct, and zealously to promote it among his subjects. He also strongly recommended to him justice, moderation, and all the virtues becoming

a sovereign and a Christian. He strictly enjoined him never to suffer any one, in his presence, to speak disrespectfully of the Almighty, or of those devoted to his service; or to utter a word, tending, in the smallest degree, to countenance a crime. "God," said he, "grant you grace, my son, to do his will continually, so that he may be glorified by your means, and that we may be with him after this life, and praise him eternally."

His dying advice to his daughter Isabella, Queen of Navarre, was also very expressive of his zeal for the cause of religion, and his solicitude for the welfare of his children. He wrote to her as follows:—

"My dear daughter, I conjure you to love our Lord with all your might; for this is the foundation of all goodness. No one is so worthy to be loved. Well may we say, 'Lord, thou art our God, and our goods are nothing to thee.' It was the Lord who sent his Son upon earth, and delivered him over to death for our salvation. If you love him, my daughter, the advantage will be yours; and be assured that you can never love and serve him too much. He has well deserved that we should love him; for he first loved us. I wish you could comprehend what the Son of God has done for our redemption. My daughter, be very desirous to know how you may best please the Lord; and bestow all your care to avoid everything that may displease him. But particularly, never be guilty of any deliberate sin, though it were to save your life. Take pleasure in hearing God reverently spoken of, both in sermons and in private conversation. Shun too familiar discourse, except with very virtuous persons. Obey, my daughter, your husband, your father, and your mother, in the Lord; you are bound to do so, both for their sakes, and for the sake of him who has commanded it. In what is contrary to the glory of God, you owe obedience to none. Endeavour, my daughter, to be an example of goodness to all

who may see you, and to all who may hear of you. Be not too nice about dress ; if you have too many clothes, give them away in charity. Beware also of having an excessive care of your furniture. Aspire after a disposition to do the will of God, purely for his sake, independently of the hope of reward, or the fear of punishment."

Thus did this prince teach his children ; and thus did he live himself. He died in great tranquillity, in the year 1270.

16. BLAISE PASCAL.

BLAISE PASCAL was born at Clermont, in France, in the year 1623. Nature endowed him with extraordinary powers of mind, which were highly cultivated. He was an eminent philosopher, a profound reasoner, and a sublime and elegant writer. We raise his character still higher, when we say, he was a man of most exemplary piety and virtue. The celebrated Bayle, speaking of this distinguished person, says : " A hundred volumes of religious discourses, are not of so much avail to confound the impious, as a simple account of the life of Pascal. His humility and his devotion mortify the libertines more than if they were attacked by a dozen missionaries. They can no longer assert, that piety is confined to men of little minds, when they behold the highest degree of it in a geometrician of the first rank, and most acute metaphysician, and one of the most penetrating minds that ever existed."

The humility and simplicity of heart for which he was always remarkable, seemed to increase as he approached his end. A person who frequently visited him in his last sickness, said of him : " He is a child : he is humble ; he submits like a little child." One of his particular friends, who had spent an hour with him, and

had been much edified by his meek and pious example, thus expressed himself to his sister: "You may, indeed, be comforted. If God should call him hence, you have abundant cause to praise that gracious Being for the favours which he has conferred upon him. I always very much admired his great qualities, but I never before observed that extraordinary simplicity which I have just now witnessed; it is wonderful in such a mind as he possesses. I most cordially wish that I were in his situation."

His last words were: "May God never forsake me!" and he died full of peace and hope.

17. LOUIS, DUKE OF ORLEANS.

LOUIS, DUKE OF ORLEANS, first prince of the blood royal of France, and highly distinguished for piety and learning, was born at Versailles, in the year 1703. He was the son of Philip, duke of Orleans, regent of France, and of Mary Frances of Bourbon. He discovered, in his very childhood, a reverence for religion, a shining genius, and an enlarged understanding. At an early age he became sensible of the vanity of titles, pre-eminence, and all the splendour of life. He proposed to himself a new mode of conduct, which he afterwards pursued, dividing his time between the duties peculiar to his rank, the exercises of a Christian, and the studies which improve the mind. He was, in every respect, a pattern of self-denial, of piety, and of virtue.

His religion was not merely contemplative, for he possessed a most extensive charity, and an enlightened zeal for the public good. The indigent of every age, sex, and condition, excited his compassionate regard. He daily heard their complaints, in one of the halls of the convent of St. Genevieve; he sympathized with them,

he alleviated their distresses. When it was not in his power to dismiss them entirely satisfied, his heart seemed to grant what necessity obliged him to refuse. It is hardly to be imagined what sums this pious prince expended, in placing children for education in colleges and nunneries, in portioning young women, endowing nuns, putting boys apprentices, or purchasing for them their freedom; in setting up unfortunate tradesmen in business again, and preventing the ruin of others; in restoring and supporting noblemen's families, in relieving the sick, and paying surgeons for their attendance on them. Very often accompanied by a single servant, he sought after poor persons, in chambers and garrets, and kindly administered to their wants. He made great improvements in physic, agriculture, arts, and manufactures. He purchased, and published, a variety of useful remedies. His gardens were filled with medicinal plants of all sorts, brought from the most distant climates.

The delight he found in piety and devotion, he used thus to express: "I know, by experience, that sublunary grandeur and sublunary pleasure are delusive and vain, and are always infinitely below the conceptions we form of them; but, on the contrary, such happiness and such complacency may be found in devotion and piety as the sensual mind has no idea of."

In his last illness, perceiving that death was approaching, he prepared for it with the greatest fortitude and composure, and spoke of it, as of the demise of another person. In his will, he expatiated, in the most pathetic manner, on his belief in the resurrection.

At the concluding period of life, his mind seemed filled with the love of God, and he implored, with the utmost earnestness, the Divine blessing for his son, the duke of Chatres. "I have a son," said he to the minister who attended him, "whom I am going to commend to the all-perfect Being. I entreat God that his natural

virtues may become Christian graces; that the qualities which gain him esteem, may be servicable to his salvation; that his love for the king, and his love for me, may be the blossoms of that immortal charity, which the holy spirits and blessed angels enjoy."

Thus died this truly Christian prince, in the forty-ninth year of his age.

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18. SIR THOMAS FOWELL BUXTON.

SIR THOMAS FOWELL BUXTON was intimately associated with Mr. Wilberforce in his noble efforts for the emancipation of the slave, and caught his mantle as he ascended to glory. He was in every respect a man of firm purpose and the most extended benevolence—prompt at every call of public need—one of the most self-denying and exalted benefactors of society.

"While reduced to the lowest state of weakness, he was full of the spirit of gratitude, and continually poured forth fervent thanksgiving 'for pardon given and redeeming love.' His prayers were earnest for 'the gift of the most Holy Spirit, and the removal of all clouds, that he might come to Christ, under humiliation, suffering, and infirmity, and find strength and consolation in Him.'

"On Sunday, January 21st, he broke forth, with much energy of voice and manner, in these words, 'O God, O God, *can* it be that there is good reason to believe that such an one as I shall be remembered amongst the just? Is thy mercy able to contain even me? From my heart I give thee most earnest thanksgivings for this and for all thy mercies.'"

Mr. J. J. Gurney, who did not long survive his co-adjutor in his many schemes of benevolence, thus speaks of his posture of mind: "It was almost, if not entirely

a painless illness. Nothing could be more quiet and comfortable than the sick room, with an easy access to all who were nearly connected with him. Never was a Christian believer more evidently rooted and grounded in his Saviour—never was the Christian's hope more evidently 'an anchor to the soul, both sure and steadfast.'

"On my remarking to him that I perceived he had a firm hold on Christ, he replied, in a clear, emphatic manner, 'Yes, indeed I have!—unto eternal life!' After a long-continued state of torpor, he revived surprisingly. Just before we left him, on the 14th of February, his mind was lively and bright, as 'a morning without clouds.' While memory lasts, I can never forget his eager look of tenderness and affection, of love, joy, and peace, all combined, as he grasped my hand, and kept firm hold of it for a long time, on my bidding him farewell, and saying to him, 'Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for thee, yes, for *thee*, my dearest brother.' The five days which intervened between our leaving him and his death, appear to have been tranquil ones; with the same alternations between sleep long-continued and tending to torpor, and waking times, brief indeed, but marked by an uncommon degree of ease and cheerfulness."

Thus died Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton, February 19, 1844.

19. SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

SIR ISAAC NEWTON, a most celebrated English philosopher and mathematician, and one of the greatest geniuses that ever appeared in the world, was descended from an ancient family in Lincolnshire, where he was born, in the year 1642. His powers of mind were wonderfully

comprehensive and penetrating. Fontenelle says of him, that, "In learning mathematics, he did not study Euclid, who seemed to him too plain and simple, and unworthy of taking up his time. He understood him almost before he read him; a cast of his eye on the contents of the theorems of that great mathematician, seemed to be sufficient to make him master of them." Several of his works mark a profundity of thought and reflection, that has astonished the most learned men. He was highly esteemed by the university of Cambridge, and was twice chosen to represent that place in parliament. He was also greatly favoured by Queen Anne, and by George the First. The princess of Wales, afterwards queen-consort of England, who had a turn for philosophical inquiries, used frequently to propose questions to him. This princess had a great regard for him, and often declared that she thought herself happy to live at the same time as he did, and to have the pleasure and advantage of his conversation.

This eminent philosopher was remarkable for being of a very meek disposition, and a great lover of peace. He would rather have chosen to remain in obscurity, than to have the serenity of his days disturbed by those storms and disputes which genius and learning often draw upon those who are eminent for them. We find him reflecting on the controversy respecting his optic lectures (in which he had been almost unavoidably engaged) in the following terms: "I blamed my own imprudence, for parting with so real a blessing as my quiet, to run after a shadow."

The amiable quality of modesty stands very conspicuous in the character of this great man's mind and manners. He never spoke, either of himself or others, in such a manner as to give the most malicious censurers the least occasion even to suspect him of vanity. He was candid and affable; and he did not assume any airs

of superiority over those with whom he associated. He never thought either his merit, or his reputation, sufficient to excuse him from any of the common offices of social life. Though he was firmly attached to the Church of England; he was averse to the persecution of the Non-conformists. He judged of men by their conduct; and the true schismatics, in his opinion, were the vicious and the wicked. This liberality of sentiment did not spring from the want of religion; for he was thoroughly persuaded of the truth of Revelation, and amidst the great variety of books which he had constantly before him, that which he loved the best, and studied with the greatest application, was the Bible. He was, indeed, a truly pious man, and his discoveries concerning the frame and system of the universe, were applied by him to demonstrate the being of a God, and to illustrate his power and wisdom. He also wrote an excellent discourse, to prove that the remarkable prophecy of Daniel's weeks, was an express prediction of the coming of the Messiah, and that it was fulfilled in Jesus Christ.

The testimony of the pious and learned Dr. Doddridge to the most interesting part of this great man's character, cannot be omitted on the present occasion. "According to the best information," says he, "whether public or private, I could ever obtain, his firm faith in the Divine Revelation discovered itself in the most genuine fruits of substantial virtue and piety, and consequently gives us the justest reason to conclude, that he is now rejoicing in the happy effects of it, infinitely more than all the applause which his philosophical works have procured him, though they have commanded a fame lasting as the world."

The disorder of which he died, was supposed to be the stone in the bladder, which was, at times, attended with paroxysms so severe as to occasion large drops of sweat

to run down his face. In these trying circumstances, he was never heard to utter the least complaint, nor to express the least impatience. He died in the eighty-fifth year of his age. In his principles and conduct through life, he has left a strong and comfortable evidence, that the highest intellectual powers harmonize with religion and virtue; and that there is nothing in Christianity but what will abide the scrutiny of the soundest and most enlarged understanding.

20. DR. JAMES HOPE.

DR. JAMES HOPE was a physician in London of large practice. He was eminent as a Christian. Among the maxims which he adopted in the regulation of his professional life were the following:—Never to keep a patient longer than was absolutely necessary—never to receive a fee to which he was not fairly entitled—and always to pray for his patients.

He rose rapidly in his profession. The poor equally with the rich had shared his attention. He was actuated by the most devout desire for God's glory, and took every occasion in his intercourse with medical students to maintain the principles of revealed religion against materialism and infidelity. He early became a victim of disease. During his sickness, he removed to Hampstead for change of air; and on the inquiry of Dr. Latham whether he felt quite happy, he said, "Perfectly so. I have always been a sober thinking man, and I could not have imagined the joy I now feel. My only wish is to convey it to the minds of others; but that is impossible."

Finding him much weaker, Mrs. Hope said to him, "I think that one week will do great things for you."

"Do you think so, indeed?" said he; "very well, be

it soon or be it late, so that I go off in such a way as not to frighten you."

"I will not," he said on another occasion, "make speeches, but I have two things to say,"—the first was a kind farewell to his wife; he then added, "the second is soon said—Christ is all in all to me. I have no hope but in him. He is indeed all in all." When that passage was quoted, "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me," he said, "They do comfort me—there is no darkness. I see Jordan, and the heavenly Joshua passing over dry-shod." His last expressions were the following:—

"I am going now—I shall soon sleep."

"And you will wake again."

"Yes; those that sleep in Jesus will God bring with him."

Remarking on the beauty of the day, Mrs. Hope said, "What a glorious day is dawning upon you, my dearest!" His assent was joyful. "There will be no sun and no moon there, for the Lamb will be the light thereof."

He murmured—"Christ"—"angels"—"beautiful"—"magnificent"—"delightful." Soon after he said, "I thank God." These were his last connected words.

21. LORD HARRINGTON.

JOHN, LORD HARRINGTON possessed excellent natural endowments, and a considerable stock of useful learning; but the great concern of his mind was to become learned in the school of Christ, and to provide for an immortal inheritance. He manifested a principle of real charity in his heart, by his love to all who were truly religious, and by giving the tenth part of his yearly income to charitable uses.

At the beginning of his last sickness he strongly ap-

prehended that he should not recover, and therefore calmly prepared for death. About two hours before his death he declared that "he still felt the comfort and joys of assured salvation by Christ Jesus." And when the time of his departure was come, he said, "O that joy! O, my God, when shall I be with thee?" Thus he peacefully expired, in the twenty-third year of his age.

22. PETUMBER.

"He knows, and knows no more, his Bible true—
A truth the brilliant atheist never knew;
And in that volume reads, with sparkling eyes,
His title clear to mansions in the skies."

PETUMBER, a native of India, was the child of idolaters, and was himself an idolater. In advanced life he became acquainted with the Gospel. He embraced the truth, afterward became a preacher of it, and died cheered by the hopes religion imparts.

In his last illness, when Mr. Ward was standing by his bedside, the good old man broke out in such moving strains as the following:—"I do not attribute it to my own wisdom, or to my own goodness, that I became a Christian. It is all grace—it is all grace! I have tried all means for the restoration of my health. All are vain: God is my only hope. Life is good—death is good; but to be wholly emancipated is better."

His patience was great. He said once or twice, "I am never unhappy that it is so with me: my spirits are always good." He would say, with a moving and child-like simplicity, "He is my God, and I am his child. He never leaves me. He is always present." Alluding to the introduction to several of the Epistles, "Grace be to you, and peace from God our Father, and from the Lord Jesus Christ," he said several times, "Peace! peace! I now find in my own heart that peace."

He entreated his wife to make Christ her refuge, that they might meet again in heaven.

Within a few days of his decease he seemed to long, though without any signs of impatience, to depart; and spoke of his removal with as much composure as though he was familiar with the place and company to which he was going.

On the morning of his death he called the brethren to come and sing. While they were singing a hymn, the chorus of which runs,—

“Eternal salvation through the death of Christ,”

the tears of joy ran down his dying cheeks; and at that blessed moment his soul departed, leaving a smile upon his countenance, which imparted to it so pleasant an aspect that at first one or two of the missionaries hesitated whether he was dead or not.

23. FERRAO.

FERRAO was an East Indian idolater, but becoming a convert to the Gospel, was baptized in 1811. After this he appeared a pious and conscientious Christian, and died happily, in September, 1813.

Not long before his departure he was visited by Mr. Leonard, who informed him that death was nearer than he supposed. “On hearing this,” Mr. Leonard states, “he fixed his eyes upon me with a mixture of tranquillity and delight, and then, closing them, continued in a state of meditation for some time; after which he said, ‘The Lord is my portion; he now supports my feeble frame, while death is performing its office.’ Of himself he said, ‘I am indeed the chief of sinners.’ I then asked him how he enjoyed so much peace and tranquillity under such a weight of guilt, especially as

he might now expect to appear before a sin-hating and a sin-punishing God in a few short moments. He replied, 'Christ has removed the heavy load; he died that I might live; he bore my sins in his own body upon the accursed tree; and I can now realize his presence in the sweet consolation I experience, and through a sense of his dying love, and his willingness and equal power to save a sinner, vile as I know myself to be.'

"I asked him (as I was about to depart) if he felt disturbed at the near approach of death: he looked at me with a smile, and said that death had lost its sting, that he could now meet him with joy. I then asked what he wished I should pray for on his account; whether the Lord would continue him longer upon earth, or take him to himself. He replied, 'The latter. I have been too long from him: I can now see Him as through a glass darkly; but I feel the strongest desire to see him face to face, to be like him, and to enjoy his presence forever.'"

"Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord!"

24. "ME," A BLIND WARRIOR.

25,

THE narrative given in "Williams's Missionary Enterprises in the South Sea Islands," of ME, an old blind warrior, is so interesting an exemplification of the simple power of Christ's truth as to demand insertion. It shows, also, that the energy of the Gospel is the same in all climes, and among all people:—

"On the first Sabbath after my return I missed old Me, and not receiving the hearty grasp of congratulation from him to which I was accustomed, I inquired of one of the deacons where he was, when he informed me that he was exceedingly ill, and not expected to recover. I determined, therefore, to visit him immediately. On

reaching the place of his residence, I found him lying in a little hut, detached from the dwelling-house; and, on entering it, I addressed him, by saying, 'Me, I am sorry to find you so ill.'

"Recognizing my voice, he exclaimed, 'Is it you? Do I really hear your voice again before I die? I shall die happy now. I was afraid I should have died before your return.'

"My first inquiry related to the manner in which he was supplied with food; for, in their heathen state, as soon as old or infirm persons become a burden to their friends, they are put to death in a most barbarous manner. . . . In reply to my question, Me stated that at times he suffered much from hunger.

"I said, 'How so? you have your own plantations;' for, although blind, he was diligent in the cultivation of sweet potatoes and bananas.

"'Yes,' he said; 'but as soon as I was taken ill the people with whom I lived seized my ground, and I am, at times, exceedingly in want.'

"I then inquired what brethren visited him in his affliction to read and pray with him. Naming several, he added, 'They do not come so often as I could wish; yet I am not lonely, for I have frequent visits from God. God and I were talking when you came in.'

"'Well,' I said, 'and what were you talking about?'

"'I was praying to depart, and to be with Christ, which is far better,' was his reply.

"Having intimated that I feared his sickness would terminate in death, I wished him to tell me what he thought of himself in the sight of God, and what was the foundation of his hope. 'O,' he replied, 'I have been in great trouble this morning, but I am happy now. I saw an immense mountain with precipitous sides, up which I endeavoured to climb; but when I had attained a considerable height I lost my hold, and fell to the

bottom. Exhausted with perplexity and fatigue, I went to a distance, and sat down to weep, and, while weeping, I saw a drop of blood fall upon that mountain, and in a moment it was dissolved.'

"Wishing to obtain his own ideas of what had been presented to his imagination, I said, 'This was certainly a strange sight: what construction do you put upon it?'

"After expressing his surprise that I should be at a loss for the interpretation, he exclaimed, 'That mountain was my sins, and the drop which fell upon it was one drop of the precious blood of Jesus, by which the mountain of my guilt must be melted away.'

"I expressed my satisfaction at finding he had such an idea of the magnitude of his guilt, and such exalted views of the efficacy of the Saviour's blood, and that, although the eyes of his body were blind, he could, with the 'eye of his heart,' see such a glorious sight. He then went on to state that the various sermons he had heard were now his companions in solitude, and the source of his comfort in affliction. On saying, at the close of the interview, that I would go home and prepare some medicine for him, which might afford him ease, he replied, 'I will drink it because you say I must, but I shall not pray to be restored to health again; for my desire is to depart and to be with Christ, which is far better than to remain longer in this sinful world.'

"In my subsequent visits I always found him happy and cheerful, longing to depart and to be with Christ. This was constantly the burden of his prayer. I was with him when he breathed his last. During this interview, he quoted many precious passages of Scripture; and having exclaimed, with energy, 'O death, where is thy sting?' his voice faltered, his eyes became fixed, his hands dropped, and his spirit departed to be with that Saviour, one drop of whose blood had melted away

the mountain of his guilt. Thus died poor Me, the blind warrior of Raiateia. I retired from the overwhelming and interesting scene, praying, as I went, that my end might be like his."

25. DONALD MORRISON.

THE Rev. M. Gilfillan has given us a sketch of this eminently pious man:—

Donald Morrison was the oldest member in the Secession Church at Comrie, and the oldest man in the parish. He was always an early riser, his food was the simplest that could be found, and he had a great command over his passions. His temper was gentle and calm; his disposition, sweet and agreeable. From his early years he feared God, delighted in prayer, meditation, reading the Scriptures, and hearing the word preached. His acquaintance with the Scriptures was very profound and extensive. You could hardly mention a portion of them which he did not remember, and, considering his education, well understand. Truly, this blessed book was his daily companion, and unfailing consolation through life. Indeed, he never read many other books—this was always new, and always refreshing to his soul.

The lot of this good and venerable man was peculiarly afflictive and trying. It was truly through great tribulation that he entered the kingdom. No man was known in the place to have ever had such a large share of domestic trouble as he had. Besides the death of his wife and some children a long time ago, and personal affliction in no small degree, he had two sons who were idiots, and a third who had the epilepsy, or falling sickness, and who perished in a fit of that disorder, as was supposed, in the water of Lednock, not far from his

father's house. One of these boys was sprightly and active till he was five years of age, and, at that period, which, perhaps, is not to be paralleled in the history of man, sunk into stupidity and inaction. Donald was put to incredibly great trouble and anxiety with these three sons. As they were intractable themselves, the great burden of managing them lay upon him. Though they frequently wandered from his house, and sometimes to a great distance, he never grudged time, nor exertion, nor expense, in seeking them out, and bringing them home again. One petition he frequently preferred to the throne of grace was, that if it were the will of God, he would wish to survive them, that no other person might be troubled with them but himself. This prayer God graciously answered, for the last of them died about twelve years since, aged forty.

Amidst all these heavy trials he was wonderfully supported, and no man ever heard him complain. In patience he possessed his soul, finding that Divine grace was sufficient for him, and the strength of Christ perfected in his weakness. It is, beyond controversy, a strong proof of the reality and importance of religion, when we see a man struggling with adversity for many years; and trials accumulating with his age; and trials, too, of a very uncommon kind, and still cheerful, serene, and submissive. We must seek for the cause of all this in the faith of the Gospel. This is a remedy for all human evils, an antidote to all fears, a consolation in all afflictions, and the grand asylum in every danger. When the world around him stood amazed at his fortitude and resignation, he felt himself entirely dependent on the grace of Christ, by which he could do and suffer everything. The cause of his submission was perhaps hid from them, but its effects were obvious and certain. The contentment of this good man in every situation was almost proverbial in the place where

he lived, and strongly recommended genuine Christianity.

Suitable to this life and walk of faith, was the death of this old disciple. He had been for several years very infirm, but was able to attend the church in the summer every year except the last before his death. But he still continued to love the Bible and the duty of prayer. "He felt his ruling passion strong in death." He declared, times without number, to his pastor, that he had enough of life and its vanities; that he was well pleased with the thorny path through which God had lead him; that he had a deep sense of his guilt and misery as a sinner, and that he approved of the way of salvation by Christ, as worthy of God, and suitable to perishing sinners; that he had good hope through grace, and would soon be with Christ, whom he loved above all things in heaven and earth; that his desires after the enjoyment of God were strong and unquenchable. "O," said he, "what a sight will it be to see Christ *as he is*! Farewell, all things below the sun! I shall never see hell! I shall be forever with the Lord! Nothing shall separate me from the love of God! He hath done all things well!" He retained his senses till the last, and sunk into eternity, like the sun retiring below the horizon, and fell asleep in Jesus.

"Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord." No monument records his name, no epitaph adorns his grave, no sculptor can exhibit his piety and patience; but such as he was shall be held in everlasting remembrance. "Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace!"

26. LORD WILLIAM RUSSELL.

"The soul uneasy, and confined from home,
Rests and expatiates in a world to come."

LORD WILLIAM RUSSELL, son of the duke of Bedford, and a distinguished patriot, fell a victim to the tyranny of Charles II., in 1683. When his last interview with the countess, his wife, on the evening before he was executed, was over, he observed, "The bitterness of death is past." Just before he was beheaded he said aloud, "Neither imprisonment nor fear of death has been able to discompose me in any degree. On the contrary, I have found the assurances of the love and the mercy of God, in and through my blessed Redeemer, in whom alone I trust. And I do not question but I am going to partake of that fulness of joy which is in his presence; the hopes of which do so wonderfully delight me, that I think this is the happiest time of my life, though others may look upon it as the saddest."

27. LORD BACON.

LORD BACON was one of the greatest geniuses of England, and, what is more than all, a sincere Christian. How delicious to turn away from the vapouring pomp and parade of philosophists and infidels to the pages of such men as Bacon, and hear him saying, "A little philosophy inclineth men's minds to atheism; but depths in philosophy bring men's minds about to religion." We find a prayer of his which begins with these words, and which we record as his last testimony:—"Thy creatures, O Lord, have been my books, but thy holy Scrip-

tures much more. I have sought thee in the courts, fields, and gardens; but I have found thee, O God, in thy sanctuary, thy temples."

28. JOHN WELCH.

"O what new life I feel!
Being of beings, how I rise! Not one,
A thousand steps I rise! And yet I feel
Advancing still in glory—I shall soar
Above these thousand steps. Near and more near
(Nor in his works alone, these beauteous worlds)
I shall behold the Eternal face to face."—BULMER'S MESSIAH.

JOHN WELCH, the son-in-law of John Knox, was one of the most gifted ministers of the Church of Scotland; a man of apostolic zeal and extraordinary devotion; he lived in holy communion with God. He died an exile in France for the word of God and the testimony of Jesus. Having preached to a congregation of Protestants in France, he was taken ill immediately as he left the pulpit. On his death-bed he seemed to feel himself on the very threshold of glory; he was filled and overpowered with the sensible manifestations of God's love and glory. The last words of this holy man were uttered in an ecstasy of joy: "It is enough, O Lord, it is now enough; hold thy hand; thy servant is a clay vessel, and can hold no more!"

29. BERGERUS.

BERGERUS, an illustrious councillor of the emperor Maximilian, and one much admired by Melancthon, said on his dying bed, "Farewell, O farewell, all earthly things, and welcome heaven! Let none hereafter make mention of earthly things to me."

30. ZUNIGER.

ZUNIGER, a learned professor of medicine at Basle, approached his end with holy longings and pantings after death: "I rejoice, yea, my spirit leaps within me for joy, that now the time at last is come, when I shall see the glorious God face to face; whose glory I have had some glances of here, in the search of natural things; whom I have worshipped, whom I have by faith longed after, and after whom my soul has panted."

31. LIEUT. DANIEL MURRAY.

THE following account of the exit of this good man is from the pen of a friend and associate:—

"When I arrived at the residence of our late friend, Mr. Daniel Murray, I found him apparently dying. He had arranged all his affairs, talked in the most cheerful, consoling manner to his family and friends, and sent messages of affectionate regard to those who were absent. He received me with great animation, and a smile that showed he was filled with 'all joy and peace.' He expressed his thankfulness at my visit, spoke of his many and great comforts, the perfect peace and happiness he felt, and the sure hope which enabled him to welcome death, that he might be with his Saviour. He declared that 'it was to him alone he looked with this confident hope; that he was himself unworthy, and trusted entirely to the merits of his Redeemer. Hours were passed in conversations like these.

"Upwards of thirty years ago he made profession of religion. From that time to his death, during a retired

and domestic life, he was known as a warm, consistent Christian. All this you know. But I knew him long before this. At eight or nine years of age, he being a year older, we became intimate, and were brought up together almost in the same family. We continued thus until he entered the navy, I think in the year 1798; and ever since we have been much together, and always on terms of the closest friendship.

“From my earliest recollections of him, his character and conduct were so remarkable, that he seemed to me without a fault. No temptations ever seemed to surprise him. No allurements or persuasion led him from his course. I remember well how strong his influence was over me, and how it was always used for my good. But I ascribed to natural causes altogether the peculiarity and excellence of his character, and did not see how religion could change him, who seemed already as perfect as a human being could be. This was not only my thought; all who knew him well thus estimated him.

“I remember being present at a conversation on the subject of religion between the late John Randolph and Commodore Decatur, who had known Mr. Murray while in the navy. The latter was expressing his difficulties about the universal sinfulness of man’s nature. It surprised him that the very best people in the world should always speak of themselves as sinners. He mentioned his own mother as an instance; and then, turning to me, said, ‘There, too, is our friend Murray; you know what a man he is; who ever saw anything wrong in him? Is it not absurd to think of such a man as a sinner? And yet he accounts himself such.’

“I shall never forget Mr. Randolph’s reply to this. He rose from his sofa, walked towards Decatur, stood before him, and in his emphatic manner said to this effect: ‘I well know how dark and unintelligible this subject appears to you, and why it is so. But I trust a

time will come when you will know and feel it to be all true—true of all, true of yourself; when you will be self-arraigned and self-condemned; found guilty of sin—not of the sin of cowardice, falsehood, or any mean and dishonourable act, but at least of this, that you have had conferred upon you great and innumerable favours, and have requited your Benefactor with ingratitude. This will be guilt enough to humble you, and you will feel and own that you are a sinner.’

“The difficulties, however, that I had felt from this appreciation of his early character, were all cleared up at the death-bed of my friend. On my first seeing him he said, ‘You witness my most comfortable and happy state. I cannot describe it to you. Now, I owe it all to you, though I never told you, and you never knew it.’ Shortly after this, when we were alone, he called to me and said: ‘Now I will tell you what I never told you or any one. When we first met, and you were a little boy, your good mother had taught you a hymn, which you used to repeat aloud every night on getting into bed. That hymn made a remarkable and deep impression on me, which was never effaced. Without your knowing it, I got it by heart from hearing you repeat it; and from that time to this, I have never gone to my rest at night without repeating to myself that hymn and praying. This had a most salutary effect upon me all my life. When at sea, I never, under any circumstances, omitted it; and under the influence produced by it, I remember that when I was once for a short time in command of a small brig we had captured from the French in the Mediterranean, one of the first orders I gave was for the regular meeting of all hands for reading and prayer, which was well received, and had a good effect.’ He then repeated it to me, and I took a pencil and wrote it down. I had forgotten every word of it.

“Here then I saw the true source of all that had so

charmed and surprised me in his life. What I had attributed to the impulse of a gentle and noble nature, were the 'fruits of the Spirit;' and the excellence that shone forth in his conduct and character was 'the beauty of holiness.' This he acknowledged with all thankfulness, and with the deepest humility; speaking of it as an infinite and undeserved mercy, which he had not improved as he ought. It now seems strange to me that I had never discovered this; but I was walking in darkness, and therefore perceived not the light by which he was directed.

"Surely God has here shown us some of the doings of his wonder-working hand. A pious mother teaches her child a hymn. It makes no impression upon his heart, and is soon effaced from his memory. But its work is done, and its fruits appear in the heart and life of another.

"Shall she complain that the seed has been blown away from the soil over which she so carefully cast it, to take root in another? No. 'As the heavens are higher than the earth, so are God's ways higher than our ways, and his thoughts than our thoughts.' 'Who will say unto him, What doest thou?' That seed, thus blown away, produced its rich fruits, and they were then brought back to the spot which her prayers had desired they should bless. Her wayward child had forgotten her instructions, but they had made for him a friend, whose influence, and counsel, and example restrained and strengthened him in the dangerous paths of youth, whose life had taught him how to live, and whose death hath now taught him how to die.

"Well may he bless God, for this 'his servant departed this life in faith and fear,' and ask 'his grace so to follow his good example, that with him he may be a partaker of the heavenly kingdom.'"

32. COL. DAVID MACK.

COL. DAVID MACK closed a long and eventful life in the early part of 1845, he being in the ninety-fifth year of his age. He was of Puritan descent; "the blood of the Pilgrims ran in his veins, and the love of the Pilgrims' God burned in his heart."

He attended constantly on Divine worship. He was not afraid of the snow and vapour, the stormy wind, rain, or distance; and obstacles which would keep at home two-thirds of a congregation of common Christians in the prime of life, were no impediment to him at fourscore years and ten, a period when even "the grasshopper is a burden." But "love knows no burden," and hence it was easy for him to go to the house of the Lord, for he "loved the gates of Zion more than all the dwellings of Jacob."

He lived till satisfied with long life. When his pastor asked him, near its close, if his life seemed short, he did not say, like Jacob, "Few and evil have the days of the years of my life been," but he said, "When I look at my life, taken as a whole, it seems short, like a handbreadth before me; but when I look at the gradual and astonishing changes which have taken place, and when I trace them from the commencement to the great result, and when I look at my posterity, my children's children, I almost feel that I have lived forever!"

Though his hearing was yet perfect, and his eye scarcely dim, and his natural force not much abated, he did not wish to live longer; his days were full, his work was done, he chose to depart: "and he was not, for God took him."

"Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his."

DIED.

In Highland, Doniphan Co., Kansas, Aug. 12, JANE, wife of Rev. Dana Fox, aged 81 years and 11 days.

For more than forty years Sister Fox had been a devoted christian and faithful member of the M. E. Church, having been happily converted to God in early youth.

Brother and Sister Fox bid farewell to their friends in Elmira, New York, in April last, and removed to this place, with the design of making Highland the pilgrims rest this side of Jordan for the remnant of their days. They had fitted up a pleasant and convenient cottage in the beautiful little village of Highland, and were busily engaged in beautifying and ornamenting it, that they might have a pleasant home in which to close up their mortal career. Sister Fox seemed contented and happy. Two of her sons were settled here, and she looked forward with pleasing anticipation to the time when her only daughter would settle near her, and her youngest son finish his course in the Genesee College and make Kansas his home. Our Sister was not permitted to realize these anticipations; she was suddenly and unexpectedly called from these mortal shores—but when death came it found her ready. She had a mansion fitted up in Heaven; she had a richer treasure there, and she could well afford to exchange her cottage in the wilderness for a mansion in the skies. Sister Fox was a faithful wife, an affectionate mother, a kind neighbor, and a devoted christian. A few hours before she took her final leave of earth, her husband asked her if "all is well?" She answered "Yes." "Are you willing to die?" She answered with a distinct whisper, "Yes." With the most perfect resignation she committed her blood-washed spirit into the hands of her Redeemer and Saviour, and without a struggle or groan she sweetly fell asleep in Jesus.

"She rests from her labors, and her works follow her."

Com.

the practice in Greenleaf Asbury University.

In the prosecution of his to be a man of real medical few physicians were ever He succeeded in gathering time, many and most devoted with his social qualities, in exercised the largest confisician. Few men have exvotion to their profession th

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[PART I.

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county, Ky., in 1811. as. They gave most l culture, and were so fruit of their labours. d religion, and united rch.

ere is but a step between me and 1st Samuel, 20th chapter and e. This Scriptural teaching is prcibly brought to our mind to n learning of the sudden death Rev. Dana Fox, who many years was a much loved citizen of this y, and a beloved pastor of the then "old brick church" of this village, which was destroyed by fire on the morning of Thursday, Feb. 26th, 1863. Many readers of the Journal, will most readily recall to mind, the earnest and labored efforts of our reverend friend "in the days of yore"—during the great revivals of our Methodist Church, and of his feeling eloquence, particularly on funeral occasions. Your correspondent—although then but a child, most distinctly recalls to mind the occasion when the subject of this memorial used the above Scriptural quotation on the occasion of the death of a near relative, and the impression then made to this hour remains most distinctly vivid. The Rev. Dana Fox departed this life at his late residence at Highland, Doniphan county, Kansas, near the hour of midnight, on Saturday, Aug. 19th, after an illness of only a few hours, in the 81st year of his age. Thus has passed away another devoted Christian in the full maturity of life and ripeness of years; and well may be said of him, as of others of like usefulness, "Well done good and faithful servant."

The Peru correspondent of the Auburn (Neb.) Post, furnishes to that paper the following account of the marriage of our former young townsman, Phillip P. Starin :

"The marriage of Mr. Phil. P. Starin and Mrs. Nellie Dillon in Peru, on the 22d, was the social event of the season in this village of Normal Schools and Contingent Congressmen. The ceremony was performed at the church by the Rev. Mr. Bedell, and the beautiful and impressive Episcopal ceremony was witnessed by a vast number of the friends of the contracting parties. We will not attempt to describe the toilets and presents, but will draw it mild and save our reputation as a society correspondent, by saying that the bride was arrayed in a traveling suit of hunter's green and that the groom wore the correct black suit with the immaculate tie ; Dr. R. T. Daily of Geneva, (a brother of your fellow townsman, Dr. Daily), gave the bride away ; the bridal party and invited guests were driven from the church to the residence of Mrs. S. G. Daily where, after the usual congratulations, they enjoyed an excellent supper ; the happy pair were the recipients of a number of handsome presents, a list of which we are unable to obtain at this time.

Among the guests at the reception, we noticed Mr and Mrs. Coy and Dr. Daily and wife of Auburn ; Rev. Estabrook and wife, of Brownville ; Dr. Daily, of Geneva ; Dr. Bedell, wife and daughter, and many others whose names we did not learn. The bridal couple, together with some of the guests, left Peru on the 6:30 B. & M. train for Auburn, where it is hoped they arrived in safety. May they "live long and prosper."

On Thursday evening prior to his death, while some of his friends were engaged in vocal prayer around his bed, he received a most remarkable outpouring of the Spirit. Using his own language, it was "limitless, unbounded, unspeakable joy—it was full redemption." It was then he received the evidence of entire sanctification. To those who were with him it seemed as though the room had been filled with the glory of God, and they were strongly reminded of the scene of the Pentecost. His voice, from being weak and hollow, became so

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strong and full that it might have been heard distinctly some distance outside of the house. For more than twenty minutes he poured forth such a tide of eloquent thought, he gave such clear and expressive statements of his enjoyments, of his relations to God as a redeemed sinner, and of the plan of human salvation, as astonished those who were most intimately acquainted with him. And then, when he had exhausted all the power of language, he would urgently entreat those who were with him to aid him in giving embodiment to the feelings of rapture and praise which he in vain struggled to express.

"I have been," said he, "able to look upon death before with composure; but never before could I look clear through the dark and gloomy vault, quite up into heaven. O, such a fulness, such an infinity of joy!"

One coming in, said, "You have comfort." He replied, "That word will not do; it is *glory*. Here it is; the soul immortal, the body mortal; the soul all-powerful to think, to reason, and enjoy, the body all weakness and pain; the body pinioned to the bed, the soul soaring away, scarce willing to stay longer with its frail companion. All the bliss of being seems to be concentrated upon this hour." And when, afterward, he referred to the same blessing, he said, "As I had a few things yet to accomplish, I had to persuade my ravished soul to linger a little longer with my body."

On Friday morning the sacrament of the Lord's Supper was, by his request, administered to him, and his infant child baptized. It was a scene of great joy and religious triumph. From that moment he seemed to be almost entirely severed from the world, and waiting in joyful expectancy the summons of his Master.

His mind seemed to gain new strength, his conceptions to become more vivid, and his ability to express the bright visions of his soul to greatly increase, as he

drew near to the gates of death. When speaking of the redemption of Christ, and of his desire to understand more of the plan of human redemption, he said, "Eternity is an endless series of cycles, developing the great ends of God's redeeming mercy in time. Religion is a stream of life, and joy, and salvation, poured along with the current of human existence."

"How do you feel?" said he, in a voice of tenderness, to his companion.

After a momentary struggle with feeling she replied, indicating Christian firmness and resignation. She then repeated his question, "How do *you* feel?"

He answered, "As you have often done, when, late in the evening, you have sung to your babe, hushing it to repose with your evening lullaby, and desiring yourself to sink away into the same sweet sleep."

Turning to his wife, who had lingered, like a guardian angel, through all his sickness, around his bed, and who, though exhausted with watching and labour, still administered to his wants, he said, with a countenance beaming with inexpressible affection, "Here is my wife; she has been—" and he paused; "she has been—what shall I say? The Saviour gave her to me, and for eighteen months she has pinioned herself down to my room to watch over me, to anticipate my slightest wants, and to minister to all my necessities. God will reward her."

He laboured for some time, during Sunday and Monday, under a nervous fever; but, when it was possible to fix his thoughts at all upon the subject of religion, his mind became entirely clear and composed.

The closing scene was on Tuesday. As he drew near to the final struggle, the fever gave way, and his mind became entirely and uninterruptedly clear. When his respiration had become difficult, and his voice husky in death, as we sung,

“O that each from his Lord might receive the glad word,”

he joined us, and sung the last two lines,

“Well and faithfully done,

Enter into my joy, and sit down on my throne,”

his lips continuing to move when he was no longer able to articulate. I said to him, “Do you yet feel you have victory?” and the last words he uttered were in reply to this: “All victory, unutterable victory; all is peace, all is joy, all is well!” When even his whispered praise could no longer be heard, he was requested, if he yet felt he had victory, to raise his hand. Throwing all his remaining bodily strength into the effort, he raised his hand, and waved it above his head, his countenance becoming radiant with inward joy; then sinking rapidly, in a few moments he fell asleep in Jesus. This was the end of one who loved and feared God. It was a Christian triumph—another verification of God’s word: “In all these things we are more than conquerors.”

[NOTE.—The above sketch is taken mainly from an obituary written by President Berry, of the Indiana Asbury University.]

SECTION IV.

Christian Women.

1. HARRIET NEWELL.

“Should fate command me to the farthest verge
Of the green earth, to distant barb’rous climes,
Rivers unknown to song; where first the sun
Gilds Indian mountains, or his setting beam
Flames on the Atlantic isles! ’tis naught to me,
Since God is ever present—ever just,
In the void waste, as in the city full;
And where He vital breathes, there *must be joy*.”—THOMPSON.

HARRIET NEWELL passed through a short, but shining, course to heaven. She was born at Haverhill, in Massachusetts, on October 10, 1793; her maiden name was Atwood. In her nineteenth year she was married to Mr. Samuel Newell, an American missionary to India, and on November 30, 1812, died at Port Louis, in the Isle of France. Thus, in her, within the short compass of twenty years, were displayed the varied graces of the dutiful daughter, the affectionate wife, the tender mother, the zealous Christian, and the devoted missionary. Within that little span she was all these, and, to crown all, a saint in light.

Before she had completed her sixteenth year she became, in reality, a devoted follower of the great Redeemer; and, during the remainder of her short pilgrimage, walked with God. An abiding impression of her own unworthiness made the cross of Christ her joy and trust. “On the precious mount of Calvary,” said she, “hangs all my hope. In His atoning blood, who suffered and died, my sins can be washed away; and how-

ever vile and loathsome in myself, in Him I can find cleansing."

After being made a partaker of the grace of God, she panted for the highest attainments and enjoyments of religion. The following extracts of her diary show what were the desires of her soul:—

"O that my whole soul might be drawn out in love to God! and may all my faculties unite with the inhabitants of the New Jerusalem in praising the immortal King for what he *has* done, and still *is doing*, for rebellious man! But I fall *infinitely* short of the honour due to his glorious name. When shall I arrive at the destined port of rest, and with the blood-washed millions praise the Lamb of God for redeeming love? Hasten, blessed Immanuel, that glorious period when all thy exiled children shall arrive at their eternal home! O for a tongue to sound aloud the honours of the dear Jesus!"

The time was now approaching when she was to encounter the difficulties of a missionary life. She listened to the call of Providence, and obtained the consent of her affectionate mother. The feelings of her own heart, and the conduct of her mother, she thus describes in a letter to a friend:—

"When I bade you a parting adieu, my mind was in a state of agitation which I can never express. Dejected and weary, I arrived at the dear mansion, where I have spent so many pleasant hours. My dear mamma met me at the door with a countenance that bespoke the tranquillity of her mind. The storm of opposition, as she observed, had blown over, and she was brought to say from the heart, 'Thy will be done.' Yes, C., she had committed her child to God's parental care; and though her affection was not lessened, yet, with tears in her eyes, she said, 'If a conviction of duty and love to the souls of the perishing heathen lead you to

India, as much as I love you, Harriet, I can only say, *Go.*' Here I was left to decide the important question. Many were the conflicts within my breast. But at length, from a firm persuasion of duty, and a willingness to comply, after much examination and prayer, I answered in the affirmative."

To another friend she wrote:—"I have passed through many interesting and solemn scenes since I last saw you. Returning to Haverhill, I found my dear mamma calm and composed. So completely was she filled with a sense of the shortness of time, and the uncertainty of life, and the duty of giving up our dearest comforts to the Lord, that she never raised one objection, but wished me to act according as my conscience directed. I felt an unspeakable consolation in committing the disposal of this event to God.

"And now, my dear M., what will you say to me when I tell you that I *do* think, seriously think, of quitting my native land forever, and of going to a far distant country, 'not knowing the things which shall befall me there.' Should I refuse to make this sacrifice—refuse to lend my little aid in the promulgation of the Gospel among the heathen—how could I ever expect to enjoy the blessing of God, and peace of conscience, though surrounded with every temporal mercy? It would be pleasant to spend the remaining part of my life with my friends, and to have them surround my dying bed. But no! I must relinquish their society, and follow God to a land of strangers, where millions of my fellow-sinners are perishing for lack of vision. I have professed, my friend, for these two years past, to derive comfort only from God. Here, then, is a consoling reflection—the ever-blessed Jesus is able to support and comfort me, as well in the sultry climes of India, as in my dear native land. I trust that he will make his promise good—that as my day is, so shall my

strength be. The wintry storms of life will soon be over, and if I have committed my immortal interests into the hands of God, I shall shortly find a sweet release from every woe. The people of this world probably view this subject as they do others. Those who have never felt the worth of their own souls, account it superstition and hypocritical zeal for Christians to sacrifice their earthly pleasures for the sake of telling the heathen world of a Saviour. But all the ridicule that the gay and thoughtless sinner can invent will not essentially injure me. If I am actuated by love to the Saviour and his cause, nothing in earth or hell can hurt me."

Love to the world would have forbidden the sacrifice she was now about to make; but she had learned to confess herself a stranger and pilgrim upon earth. In her diary she says,—

" 'I'm but a stranger and a pilgrim here,
In these wild regions, wand'ring and forlorn,
Restless and sighing for my native home,
Longing to reach the weary space of life,
And to fulfil my task.' "

" Yes, my Redeemer, I know by experience, that this life is a tiresome round of vanities hourly repeated. All is empty. My thirsty soul longs for the enjoyment of God in heaven, where the weary and heavy laden find rest. How long, O my Father, shall I wander in this dreary land? when shall I bid a final adieu to these scenes of guilt

' O haste the hour of joy and sweet repose! ' "

In a letter to a friend she said,—“I go, my friend, where heathens dwell, far from the companions of my playful years, far from the dear land of my nativity. My contemplated residence will be, not among the

refined and cultivated, but among females degraded and uncivilized, who have never heard of the religion of Jesus. How would it gladden my sad heart, in the trying hour of my departure, could I but leave a dear circle of females of my own age, engaged for God, and eminent for their usefulness in Haverhill. Well, I hope to find a circle of Hindoo sisters in India, interested in *that* religion which many of my companions reject, though blessed with innumerable privileges. But my friend M. will not treat with indifference *this* religion. O no! I will cherish the fond hope that she will renounce the world, become a follower of Immanuel, and be unwearied in her exertions to spread the triumphs of the cross through the world. I must leave you, my dear M., with God. May you become a living witness for him! When our journey through this barren wilderness is ended, may we meet in heaven!"

At length the hour of her departure from "friends, kindred, country," arrived. She deeply felt the pang of separation, yet said, in a letter to a friend: "Consolations are mine, more valuable than ten thousand worlds. My Saviour, my Sanctifier, my Redeemer, is still lovely; his comforts *will* delight my soul. Think of Harriet, when crossing the stormy ocean; think of her when wandering over Hindoostan's sultry plains. Farewell, my friend—a last, a long farewell.

"May *we* meet in yonder world, 'where adieus and farewells are a sound unknown!'"

To another friend, at the same period, she wrote,—
"The hour of my departure hastens; when another rising sun illumines the eastern horizon I shall bid a last farewell to a beloved widowed mother, brothers, and sisters dear, and the circle of Haverhill friends. With a scene so replete with sorrow just at hand, how can I be otherwise than solemn as eternity! The motives which first induced me to determine upon

devoting my life to the service of God in distant India, now console my sinking spirits. O how valuable, how exceedingly precious, are the promises of the Gospel!

“My friend, there is a rest for the weary pilgrim in yonder world. Shall we meet *there*, ‘when the long Sabbath of the tomb is past?’”

The sacrifice was made, but she did not regret that she had made it; though now, more than ever, she felt herself but a pilgrim upon earth. In a part of her diary, written at sea, she says:—

“My attachment to the world has greatly lessened since I left my country, and, with it, all the honours, pleasures, and riches of life. Yes, mamma, I feel this morning like a pilgrim and a traveller in a dry and thirsty land, where no water is. Heaven is my home; there, I trust, my weary soul will sweetly rest, after a tempestuous voyage across the ocean of life. I love to think of what I shall shortly be when I have finished my heavenly Father’s work on earth. How sweet the thoughts of glory, while I wander here in this waste wilderness! I still contemplate the path into which I have entered with pleasure, although replete with trials, under which nothing but sovereign grace can support me. I have, at times, the most ardent desires to see you, and my other dear friends. These desires, for a moment, are almost insupportable. But when I think seriously of the object of my undertaking, and the motives which first induced me to give up all, and enter upon it, I enjoy a sweet serenity of mind, a satisfaction which the heaviest trials cannot destroy. The sacrifices which I have made are great indeed; but the light of Immanuel’s countenance can enliven every dreary scene, and make the path of duty pleasant.”

The heaven she thus desired, in a few months she was

called to enjoy. The following extracts from letters written by Mr. Newell, from the Isle of France, in December, 1812, describe the conclusion of her earthly course. :—

“ When I sit down to address you, my dear mother, from this distant land, to me a land of strangers, and a place of exile, a thousand tender thoughts arise in my mind, and naturally suggest such inquiries as these: How is it now with that dear woman to whom I am indebted for my greatest earthly blessings—the mother of my dear Harriet?—and mine too, (for I must claim the privilege of considering you as my own dear mother.) Does the candle of the Lord still shine on her tabernacle, and is the voice of joy and praise yet heard in her dwelling? Or, what is not improbable in this world of disappointment, has some new affliction, the death perhaps of a dear child, or of some other beloved friend, caused her heart again to bleed and her tears to flow? Ah! my mother, though we may live many years, and see good in them all, yet let us remember the days of darkness, for they too will be many. It is decreed by Infinite Wisdom alone, that through much tribulation we must enter into the kingdom of heaven. You, my dear mother, have had your share of adversity; and I too have had mine. But we will not complain. Sanctified afflictions are the choicest favours of heaven; they cure us of our vain and foolish expectations from the world, and teach our thoughts and affections to ascend, and fix on joys that never die. I never longed so much to see you as I have these several days past. What would I now give to sit one hour by that dear fire-side, where I have tasted the most unalloyed pleasure that earth affords, and recount to you and the dear children, the perils, the toils, and the sufferings, through which I have passed since I left my native land. In this happy circle I should for a moment forget———

“Yes, my dear friends, I would tell you how God has disappointed our favourite schemes, and blasted our hopes of preaching Christ in India, and has sent us all away from that extensive field of usefulness, with an intimation that he has nothing for us to do there, while he has suffered others to enter in and reap the harvest. I would tell you how he has visited us all with sickness, and how he has afflicted me in particular by taking away the dear little babe which he gave us, the child of our prayers, of our hopes, of our tears. I would tell you—but O! shall I tell it or forbear?

“Have courage, my mother, God will support you under this trial; though it may, for a time, cause your very heart to bleed. Come then, let us mingle our griefs, and weep together, for she was dear to us both, and she too is gone. Yes; Harriet, your lovely daughter, is gone, and you will see her face no more! Harriet, my own dear Harriet, the wife of my youth, and the desire of my eyes, has bid me a last farewell, and left me to mourn and weep! Yes, she is gone. I wiped the cold sweat of death from her pale, emaciated face, while we travelled together down to the entrance of the dark valley. There she took her upward flight, and I saw her ascend to the mansions of the blessed! O Harriet! Harriet! for thou wast very dear to me. Thy last sigh tore my heart asunder, and dissolved the charm which tied me to earth.

“But I must hasten to give you a more particular account of the repeated afflictions with which God has visited me.”

After giving an account of these afflictions, of the birth and death of her infant, and of the rapid consumption of which she died, he then proceeds as follows:—

“There, my dear mother; I have finished the story of Harriet’s sufferings. Let us turn from the tale of woe to brighter scenes—one that will gladden your heart, as I

am sure it does mine. During this long series of sufferings, the bare recital of which must affect every feeling heart, she meekly yielded to the will of her heavenly Father, without one murmuring word. 'My wicked heart,' she writes, 'is inclined to think it hard, that I should suffer such fatigue and hardship. I sinfully envy those whose lot it is to live in tranquillity on land. Happy people! Ye know not the toils and trials of voyagers across the rough and stormy deep. O for a little Indian hut on land! But hush, my warring passions; it is for Jesus who sacrificed the joys of his Father's kingdom, and expired on a cross to redeem a fallen world, that thus I wander from place to place, and feel nowhere at home. How reviving the thought! how great the consolation it yields to my sinking heart! I will cherish it, and yet be happy.'

"In view of those sufferings which she afterward experienced, she writes thus: 'I hope to reach the place of our destination in good health. But I feel no anxiety about that. I know that God orders everything in the best possible manner. If he so orders events, that I should suffer pain and sickness on the stormy ocean, without a female friend, exposed to the greatest inconveniences, shall I repine, and think he deals hardly with me? O no! Let the severest trials and disappointments fall to my lot, guilty and weak as I am, yet I think I can rejoice in the Lord, and joy in the God of my salvation.'

"In the first part of the sickness which succeeded the birth of our babe, she had some doubts, which occasionally interrupted her spiritual comfort; but they were soon removed, and her mind was filled with that peace of God which passeth all understanding. When I asked her, a few days before she died, if she had any remaining doubts respecting her spiritual state, she answered with an emphasis, that she had none. During

the whole of her sickness, she talked in the most familiar manner, and with great delight, of death and the glory that was to follow. When Dr. Burke one day told her, those were gloomy thoughts, she had better get rid of them, she replied, that on the contrary they were to her cheering and joyful beyond what she could express. When I attempted to persuade her that she would recover, (which I fondly hoped,) it seemed to strike her like a disappointment. She would say, 'You ought rather to pray that I may depart, that I may be perfectly free from sin, and be where God is.'

"Her mind was from day to day filled with the most comforting and delightful views of the character of God and Christ. She often requested me to talk to her on these interesting subjects. She told me that her thoughts were so much confused, and her mind so much weakened, by the distress of body she had suffered, that she found it difficult steadily to pursue a train of thought on Divine things, but that she continually looked to God and passively rested on him. She often spoke of meeting her friends in heaven. 'Perhaps,' said she, 'my dear mother has gone before me to heaven, and as soon as I leave this body I shall find myself with her.' At another time she said: 'We often talk of meeting our friends in heaven; but what would heaven be with all our friends if God were not there?'

"She longed exceedingly for the brethren to arrive from India, that we might form ourselves into a Church, and celebrate the dying love of Jesus once more before she died. Her desires to enjoy the benefit of this ordinance were so strong, and our situation so peculiar, that I thought a deviation from the usages of our Churches in this instance would be justifiable, and accordingly on the last Sabbath in November, the day before she died, I gave her the symbols of the body and the blood of our Lord; and I trust it was a comfortable season to us both.

“A few days before she died, after one of those distressing turns of coughing and raising phlegm, which so rapidly wasted her strength, she called me to come and sit on the bed beside her, and receive her dying message to her friends. She observed, that her strength was quite exhausted, and she could say only a few words, but feared she should not have another opportunity. ‘Tell my dear mother,’ said she, ‘how much Harriet loved her. Tell her to look to God and keep near to him, and he will support and comfort her in all her trials. I shall meet her in heaven, for surely she is one of the dear children of God.’ She then turned to her brothers and sisters. ‘Tell them,’ said she, ‘from the lips of their dying sister, that there is nothing but religion worth living for. O! exhort them to attend immediately to the care of their precious, immortal souls. Tell them not to delay repentance. The eldest of them will be anxious to know how I now feel with respect to missions. Tell them, and also my dear mother, that I have never regretted leaving my native land for the cause of Christ. Let my dear brothers and sisters know that I love them to the last. I hope to meet them in heaven; but O! if I should not.’ Here the tears burst from her eyes, and her sobs of grief at the thought of an eternal separation, expressed the feelings that were too big for utterance. After she had recovered a little from the shock which these strong emotions had given to her whole frame, she attempted to speak of several other friends, but was obliged to sum up all she had to say in, ‘Love and an affectionate farewell to them all.’ Within a day or two of her death, such conversation as the following passed between us:—

“Should you not be willing to recover, and live a while longer here?”

“On some accounts it would be desirable. I wish to do something for God before I die. But the experience

I have had of the deceitfulness of my heart, leads me to expect, that, if I should recover, my future life would be much the same as my past has been, and I long to be perfectly free from sin. God has called me away before we have entered on the work of the mission, but the case of David affords me comfort; I have had it in my heart to do what I can for the heathen, and I hope God will accept me."

"But what shall I do when you are gone? How can I bear the separation?"

"Jesus will be your best friend, and our separation will be short. We shall soon, very soon, meet in a better world; if I thought we should not, it would be painful indeed to part with you."

"How does your past life appear to you now?"

"Bad enough; but that only makes the grace of Christ appear the more glorious."

"Jesus, thy blood and righteousness
My beauty are, my heavenly dress;
'Midst flaming worlds in these array'd,
With joy shall I lift up my head."

"When I told her that she could not live through the next day, she replied, 'O joyful news! I long to depart.' Some time after, I asked her, 'How does death appear to you now?' She replied, 'Glorious; truly welcome.' During Sabbath night she seemed to be a little wandering; but the next morning she had her recollection perfectly. As I stood by her, I asked her if she knew me. At first she made no answer. I said to her again, 'My dear Harriet, do you know who I am?'

"My dear Mr. Newell, my husband," was her reply; but in broken accents, and a voice faltering in death.

"The last words which I remember, and which I think were the last she uttered relative to her departure, were these: 'The pains, the groans, the dying strife! How

long, O Lord, how long?" But I must stop, for I have already exceeded the bounds of a letter, though I have come far short of doing justice to the dying deportment of this dear friend. O may my last end be like hers!"

In a letter to another friend, Mr. Newell wrote: "Mary, my dear sister, do not grieve too much for Harriet; she is well now. O may we be counted worthy to meet her in the mansions of the blessed! Dear creature, she comforted me with this hope on her dying bed; and this blessed hope is worth more to me than all the wealth of India."

2. HANNAH MORE.

"The eternal flow of things,
Like a bright river of the fields of heaven,
Shall journey onward in eternal peace."—BRYANT.

HANNAH MORE was the eldest of five sisters, all of whom lived unmarried, and devoted themselves to the education of young persons. Her early life manifested too strong an inclination for worldly conformity—a fact which, considering the caresses lavished upon her, was more lamentable than astonishing. But as time rolled on, her mind and heart were brought under the full power of Divine truth. She was one of the early patronesses of Sunday schools, a persevering opponent of negro-slavery, and an upholder of Christianity, through the press, in various publications which our space will not allow us to specify.

In 1820, she was visited by a succession of severe and alarming fits of sickness, from which she herself supposed that she should never recover. Her expressions on this occasion have all the weight of a dying testimony. One of her friends having said, "I trust you

will be better to-morrow;" she replied, "If it be God's will, I hope so; when, where, and as thou wilt, O Lord! I, who have written so much upon submission to the will of God, ought now to practise it."

When a part of the forty-first Psalm was repeated to her, she remarked: "A beautiful psalm! but all my trust is through grace, all my hope is for mercy, and all I ask is acceptance through Jesus Christ. What should I do now if the work were to be begun?"

"O, what will it be," said she at another time, "when our eyes close on this scene, and open upon the world of spirits? I have often thought, since I have been lying here, of poor Thistlewood's expression, 'We shall soon know the grand secret.' A Christian may say the same; it is a secret equally to *him*; but *he* says it with a firm faith and a well-grounded assurance, that 'there is a reward for the righteous,'—that 'there is a God that judgeth in the earth.'"

From this attack, however, she recovered, and lived to extreme old age. In 1832, she began to sink under the weight of infirmities and of years. Yet her mind was clear and calm. Her exclamations were: "Jesus is all in all; God of grace, God of light, God of love, whom have I in heaven but thee?" When very sick, she said, "What can I do? What can I *not* do with Christ? I know that my Redeemer liveth." Speaking of heaven, she said: "The thought of that world lifts the mind above itself. My God, my God, I bless thy holy name. O, the love of Christ, the love of Christ! Mercy, Lord, is all I ask!"

At another time she said: "It pleases God to afflict me, not for his pleasure, but to do me good, to make me humble and thankful. Lord, I believe; I do believe with all the power of my weak sinful heart! Lord Jesus, look down upon me from thy holy habitation, strengthen my faith, and quicken me in my preparation! Support

me in that trying hour when I most need it! It is a glorious thing to die!' When one talked to her of her good deeds, she said, 'Talk not so vainly—I utterly cast them from me, and fall low at the foot of the cross.'

"During this illness of ten months, the time was passed in a series of alternations between restlessness and composure, long sleeps and long wakefulness, with occasional great excitement, elevated and sunken spirits. At length, nature seemed to shrink from further conflict, and the time of her deliverance drew nigh. On Friday, September 6, 1833, we offered up the morning family devotions by her bed-side. She was silent, and apparently attentive, with her hands devoutly lifted up. From eight in the evening of this day till nearly nine, I was watching her. Her face was smooth and glowing. There was an unusual brightness in the expression. She smiled, and, endeavouring to raise herself a little from her pillow, she reached out her arms as if catching at something; and while making this effort, she once called 'Patty' (the name of her last and dearest sister) very plainly, and exclaimed 'Joy!' In this state of quietness and inward peace she remained for about an hour. At half-past nine o'clock Dr. Carrick came. The pulse had become extremely quick and weak. At about ten, the symptoms of speedy departure could not be doubted. She fell into a dozing sleep, and slight convulsions succeeded, which seemed to be attended by no pain. She breathed softly, and looked serene. The pulse became fainter and fainter, and as quick as lightning. With the exception of a sigh or groan, there was nothing but the gentle breathing of infant sleep. Contrary to expectation, she survived the night. At six o'clock on Saturday morning I sent in for Miss Roberts. She lasted out till ten minutes after one, when I saw the last gentle breath escape; and one

more was added to 'the multitude which no man can number,' who sing the praises of God and of the Lamb forever and ever."

3. FELICIA HEMANS.

FELICIA HEMANS is well and widely known as one of the sweetest and most impassioned of our domestic poets. There was about her the charm of exquisite sensibility and high principles; and her poems, though sometimes over-wrought, were regulated by noble feeling and almost perfect taste. She was early acquainted with sorrow; it left its traces in nearly every page she wrote; but she had learned to trust in Him who "healeth the broken in heart, and bindeth up their wounds." Her death was truly Christian. Her attendant writes of her,—“She ever seemed to me as a wanderer from her heavenly Father's mansion, who knew too much of that home to seek a resting-place here. She often said to me, ‘I feel like a tired child, wearied, and longing to mingle with the pure in heart.’ At other times she would say, ‘I feel as if I were sitting with Mary at the feet of my Redeemer, hearing the music of his voice, and learning of him to be meek and lowly.’ And then she would say, ‘O, Anna, do you not love your kind Saviour? The plan of redemption was indeed a glorious one; humility was indeed the crowning work. I am like a quiet babe at his feet, and yet my spirit is full of his strength. When anybody speaks of his love to me, I feel as if they were too slow; my spirit can mount alone with him into those blissful realms with far more rapidity.’

“‘I cannot tell you how much I suffer,’ she wrote in pencil, as weakness gained upon her, ‘nor what a state of utter childlike weakness my poor wasted limbs are

reduced to. But my mind is, as I desired Charlie to tell you, in a state of the deepest resignation; to which is now added a warm thankfulness to God for this his latest mercy.' She enjoyed the greatest peace, nor would she allow any tones of commiseration to be employed before her. 'No poetry,' she said, 'could express, nor imagination conceive, the visions of blessedness that flitted across her fancy, and made her waking hours more delightful than those even that were given to temporary repose.' She continually spoke of the unutterable comfort she derived from dwelling on the contemplation of the atonement. To one friend, for whom she dreaded the influence of adverse opinions, she sent a solemn exhortation, earnestly declaring that this alone was 'her rod and staff,' when all earthly supports were failing. To another she desired the assurance might be given, that the 'tenderness and affectionateness of the Redeemer's character, which they had often contemplated together, was now a source, not merely of reliance, but of positive happiness to her—the sweetness of her couch.'"

Mrs. Hemans had ever loved flowers: they were to her the poetry of nature; they expressed to her the delightful truth that "God is love." Her sick room was always adorned with them; and they were expressive of the gentle kindness of those who daily furnished them for the couch of sickness. In a note, thanking a friend for one of these acts of consideration, she said, "I have been sorry, in one sense, to hear that you have latterly been so great a sufferer; and I can indeed sympathize with you in many of the trying feelings attendant on a broken and declining state of health. But, as I believe I am writing to one who has 'tasted that the Lord is gracious,' and has been given to know something of that love that passeth knowledge, I almost feel as if it were wrong to say I am sorry that a gracious,

and compassionate, and faithful Saviour, is fulfilling to you his own precious promise, 'As many as I love, I rebuke and chasten.'" This was the true description of her own feeling.

Her poetical faculty was strong to the last, and on her death-bed she dictated to her brother "The Sabbath Sonnet." She describes the blessedness of the groups who, on that day, were seeking the house of God:—

*"I may not tread
With them those pathways—to the feverish bed
Of sickness bound; yet, O my God! I bless
Thy mercy, that with Sabbath peace hath fill'd
My chasten'd heart, and all its throbbings still'd
In one deep calm of lowliest thankfulness."*

Her friend, Dr. Croker, whom she called "a physician and a pastor," often read to her, and, among other things, some of the writings of Archbishop Leighton. "The last time of her listening to it, she repeatedly exclaimed, 'Beautiful! beautiful!' and, with her eyes upraised, seemed occupied in communing with herself, and mentally praying." At last, in a gentle slumber, she departed. Her end was in exquisite accordance with her life, and her own lines, inscribed on her epitaph,—

*"Calm, on the bosom of thy God,
Fair spirit, rest thee now:
E'en whilst with us thy footsteps trod,
His seal was on thy brow.*

*"Dust, to its narrow cell beneath;
Soul, to its place on high:
They who have seen thy look in death,
No more need fear to die."*

4. CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH.

“A path that must be trod,
If man would ever pass to God.”

CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH, another gifted authoress, is worthy of mention in this connexion. She, too, had been lacerated by domestic sorrow; and she, too, was sustained by the all-supporting power of evangelical Christianity. During many years she had maintained herself and her mother by the profits of her pen; and her last work, “War with the Saints,” was composed after the seizure of her fatal illness, and by the help of machinery which enabled her to write while in a reclining posture. Previous to this time she had lost her first husband, whose name was Phelan, and became the wife of Mr. L. H. J. Tonna. Her disease was cancer. In her last moments she exemplified the presence of the religion she had so vigorously maintained in opposition to Roman Catholic heresies. As Ramsgate was selected in the hope that a change to the sea-side might prove beneficial, she was removed with some difficulty to the railway. She acknowledged some special regulations made for her comfort during her journey, exclaiming, “How good the Lord is to make every one so kind to me!” and, as soon as the door of the carriage was closed, she prompted her husband and servant to kneel beside her, and to ask that she might be upheld during her journey. As she passed the new Roman Catholic Cathedral, lately opened in St. George’s Fields, she demonstrated the force of her religious convictions by crying out at the sight of it, and in the Hebrew language, which she was accustomed to use, “O daughter of Babylon, who art to be destroyed!”

On the next morning, her disease, having reached an artery, caused a large loss of blood. She was tranquil and resigned, saying, "It is the love of Jesus that sustains me." Her faintness was very great, and her situation most alarming. She exclaimed, "Flesh and heart fail me, but Jesus does not fail me!" To her medical attendant she said, "Do you love the Lord Jesus?" and on receiving a mark of assent, was gratified. Requesting those around her to pray, she added, "Pardon and acceptance; nothing more." "Jesus," she said, "upheld her—he was her hope and her refuge."

As the powers of nature became exhausted, a marked change betokened the approach of death. "It is death!" said the sufferer.* She seemed to feel no pain; no sigh or groan escaped her; her countenance was perfectly calm, tranquil, and happy; and she kept her eyes steadily fixed on her husband, followed his every motion, and showing uneasiness if, for a moment, he moved from her side. Life seemed slowly ebbing away.

"Once again her eyes brightened; her husband was leaning over her, and throwing her arm round his neck, and pressing his lips to hers, she exclaimed, with intense emphasis, 'I love you!'

"All thought that these were her last words; but it soon became evident that she was gathering her remaining strength for a last effort; and then, with death in every look and tone, gasping between each word, but with a loud, clear, distinct voice, she uttered these words, 'Tell them,' naming some dear Jewish friends, —'tell them, that Jesus *is* the Messiah; and tell ——;' —her hand had forgotten its cunning; her tongue was cleaving to the roof of her mouth; but Charlotte

* Similar were the last words of George IV.—uttered with feelings how different!

Elizabeth had not forgotten Jerusalem. Her breathings grew fainter and fainter; she was slightly convulsed, and at twenty minutes past two she fell asleep in Jesus."

The inscription she requested to be placed on her tomb, closed by a passage of Scripture, accurately descriptive of her life and death,—“LOOKING UNTO JESUS.”

5. MRS. ELIZABETH FRY.

“But the wide arms of mercy were spread to enfold thee,
And sinners may die, for the Sinless hath died!”—HEBER.

Who that is acquainted with the events of his own times does not hail with grateful acknowledgment the name of Elizabeth Fry—not only admirable as the succourer of the oppressed, but still better known as full of pity for the guilty? Newgate, the dark abode of the infamous and the sinner, was, through her instrumental agency, visited with light and love; and many a poor wretch, who, till she knew her, had no better consolation than her own dark thoughts, became conscious, through her teaching, of a higher power above, and of a renewed and nobler nature within. Mrs. Fry, as is well known, was one of the Society of Friends. The Sunday preceding her illness was remarkable to her from the solemnity of the occasion. She had urged upon the meeting the question, “Are we all now ready? If the Master should this day call us, is the work completely finished? Have we anything left to do?”—solemnly, almost awfully reiterating the question, “Are we prepared?”

“One morning of acute suffering, the remark was made to her, how marvellous it was that she had never seemed impatient to depart, believing, as there was good ground to do, that she had been fitted for the great

change. Her inherent fear of death had probably prevented this; for there was something in her mind which, whilst she desired 'the kingdom,' caused her to shrink from the encounter with the great enemy—the last grapple before the victory can be won. But this, too, was altered: she expressed her 'entire willingness to stay the Lord's time;' that 'whilst there was any work to do, she wished to live,' but, beyond that, expressed not the smallest wish for life. She added that she had come to an entire belief, that any remaining dread would be taken away from her when the time came; or that, 'in tender mercy to her timid nature,' she should be permitted to pass unconsciously through the dark valley."

The concluding scene is thus described:—

"Some passages of Scripture were read to her, which she appeared to comprehend, and she entirely responded to any observation made to her. This was favourable, but other symptoms were not so—she lay so heavily, and the limbs appeared so wholly powerless. The morning broke at last, but it brought no comfort. About six o'clock, she said to her maid, 'O Mary, dear Mary, I am very ill!'

"'I know it, dearest ma'am, I know it.'

"'Pray for me—it is a strife, but I am safe.'

"She continued to speak, but indistinctly, at intervals, and frequently dozed, as she had done through the night. About nine o'clock, one of her daughters, sitting on the bedside, had open in her hand that passage in Isaiah, 'I the Lord thy God will hold thy right hand, saying unto thee, Fear not; I will help thee, fear not, thou worm Jacob, and ye men of Israel; I will help thee, saith the Lord, and thy Redeemer, the Holy One of Israel.' Just then her mother roused a little, and in a slow distinct voice uttered these words, 'O, my dear Lord, help and keep thy servant!' These were the last words she spoke on earth; she never attempted to articulate again.

A response was given, by reading to her the above most applicable passage; one bright glance of intelligence passed over her features—a look of recognition at the well-known sound—but it was gone as rapidly, and never returned. From this time, entire unconsciousness appeared to take possession of her; no sound disturbed her, no light affected her, the voice of affection was unheeded—a veil was drawn between her and the world about her, to be raised no more.

“ Suddenly, about twenty minutes before four, there was a change in her breathing: it was but for a moment. The silver cord was loosed—a few sighs at intervals, and no sound was there! Unutterably blessed was the holy calm—the perfect stillness of the chamber of death. She ‘saw the King in his beauty, and the land that was very far off.’”

“He that dies,” says Lord Bacon, “in the prosecution of some earnest desire, is like one that is wounded in hot blood, who does not feel the blow. Therefore, a mind fixed and bent upon something that is good, steals from the pains of death.”

6. ELIZABETH MORTIMER.

“Yet, Jesus, Jesus! there I’ll cling,
I’ll crowd beneath his sheltering wing;
I’ll clasp the cross, and holding there,
Even me—O bliss!—his wrath may spare.—KIRKE WHITE.

THE parents of this eminently consistent Christian woman were attendants upon the ministry of Mr. Wesley; and from them she received a strictly religious education. In her sixteenth year she entered, with decided purpose, upon a course of Christian piety; and through all the vicissitudes of subsequent life, her biographer says, “the foundation of her future excellence was

laid in deep as well as early piety, and being firmly based, the superstructure rose proportionably high. There was, in truth, a harmony of parts, a general symmetry, that struck the eye of the beholder, and produced impressions of serene and graceful beauty, hallowing and refreshing to the mind."

She was the intimate friend and correspondent of the Wesleys, of Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher, of Lady Maxwell, and of others distinguished in the history of Methodism, and whose letters enrich her biography.

Walking in the light and liberty of the Gospel, she endeavoured to adorn it, by the usefulness as well as the purity of her life. The sick, the poor, and the afflicted, were objects of her kind solicitude. She ministered to spiritual and temporal necessity, and often felt her sympathies excited by the destitution, misery, and ignorance which met her view. Thankfulness for higher privileges, and a sense of the responsibility incurred by their possession, impressed her mind with salutary caution, lest the deposit should be negligently held. Self-denial she accounted an essential part of Christian discipline.

In November, 1775, then twenty one years of age, she was appointed leader of a class. She was timidly conscious of her own deficiency for duties so weighty, but she dared not disobey the call of duty; and, therefore, in dependence upon heavenly succour, entered heartily into a work for which she was peculiarly adapted, by a natural ingenuous simplicity of character as well as by a lively and deep experience of the power of saving grace. Indeed, through her long Christian course, she was, in this department, eminently useful and acceptable. Clear in her own conceptions, unhesitating in her purposes, and uniformly vigilant, devout, and prayerful, she endeavoured to impress on those who sought her counsel, the same decision, earnestness, and

spirituality of mind. Her manner was attractive, lively, unembarrassed, kind, familiar; yet dignity tempered sweetness, and induced gratitude, affection, and respect. The sphere in which she moved for many years, afforded ample scope for the employment of her talents in this interesting line. How often she was made the minister of mercy, in confirming the believer, in encouraging the mourner, in directing admonition to the trifling and lukewarm, and in addressing words of wisdom to the ignorant, the records of eternity will show.

Two years later she was reduced to apparently the last stage of consumption. While in this state, Mr. Wesley visited her, and the minute he makes of his visit in his journal, at once shows her condition, and attests the high consideration in which she was held by him.

"On Friday, May 9th, 1777," he says, "I went to Malton, hoping to meet Miss Ritchie (the maiden name of Mrs. Mortimer) there; but instead of her I found a letter, which informed me that she was on the brink of the grave, but added, 'Surely my Lord will permit me to see you once more in the body.' I would not disappoint the congregation, but as soon as I had done preaching set out, and about four in the morning came to Otley. I minutely inquired into the circumstances of her illness. She is dropped suddenly into the third stage of a consumption, having one or more ulcers in her lungs, spitting blood, having a continued pain in her breast, and a constant hectic fever, which disables her either from riding on horseback, or bearing the motion of a carriage; meantime, she breathes nothing but praise and love. Short-lived flower, and ripe for a better soil!"

He writes again: "After preaching in the evening at Leeds, I pushed on to Otley. Here I found E. Ritchie weaker and happier than ever. I spent half an hour with her, to

'Teach at once, and learn of her, to die.'

And again: "Thursday, June 5th. About noon I came to Otley, and found E. R. just alive; but all alive to God. In the evening it seemed as if the departing saint had dropped her mantle upon the congregation,—such an awe rested upon them while I explained and applied, 'They were all filled with the Holy Ghost.'

"Monday, 9th. I spent one hour more at Otley. *Spectaculum Deo dignum!* I have not before seen so triumphant an instance of the power of faith. Though in constant pain, she makes no complaint. So does the glory of God overshadow her, and swallow up her will in his; she is indeed all praise, all meekness, and all love."

From this sickness, however, after lingering several months, she was unexpectedly restored.

After her marriage to Harvey Walklake Mortimer, Esq., her residence became fixed in London and vicinity; and here, though called to exercise her talents in a new direction, they were not less successfully or usefully employed. Many of her early friends and associates passed before her into their rest, and in 1819 she was afflicted by the sudden demise of her affectionate and worthy husband. Thenceforth she seemed like a saint ripe for heaven, and only waiting for the time of her release.

Under the sustaining influence of immortal hope, the last season of life may be contemplated not only without dismay, but with serene and holy joy. The traveller is within sight of his home; the pilgrim has nearly escaped the perils of the wilderness; the long-absent son is on the eve of admittance to the paternal mansion; the saint is on the verge of heaven, in the precincts of the vision of God. The hoary head is a crown of glory, when found in the way of righteousness; and the haloes that encircle it are as wreaths of light, which shine to cheer and animate in their progress those who are as

yet at a farther distance from the goal. But faith, which gives subsistence to things unseen, and is the evidence of anticipated realities, is the only principle that can disperse the shadows, and dispel the gloom, which will otherwise collect and settle heavily around the chill and cheerless evening of departing life.

Mrs. Mortimer was brought within the verge of four-score years, when mortal sickness made its last and irresistible attack. Its precursors were excessive languor, and such infirmities as flesh is heir to when standing on the borders of the grave.

But there were seasons when overwhelming languor, for a while, was superseded by the efforts of the loftier principle within; when faith and hope, with holy energy, seemed to exalt her on expanded wings to heaven, and to give the foretaste of approaching bliss. Her richest views, as well as her sublimest and most hallowed feelings, were elicited in conversation with the friends who, in some favourable moments, were so happy as to catch the sparks of light and love that emanated from her spirit, cheering the gloom and solitude of sickness, and discovering death to be a stingless though a direful foe.

The state of her mind at this crisis, is well expressed in a message sent to two friends:—"Tell Mr. and Mrs. M.," said she, "that I am waiting in expectation of a great change. Changes, you know, are often causes of apprehension, because they may be for the worse. But that is not my case. I am anticipating my change with joy, because I have a rational, Scriptural, well-grounded hope, that it will be for the better. It will be to a state where there is no suffering, no pain, no infirmity; where I shall behold my Saviour, and be forever filled with his love! It will be all glory! But I have no distinct conception of what it will be like. I can form no idea of that which is infinite. My mind is lost when I attempt to realize it. But my Saviour is my rock, and my

refuge, and I rejoice in the blessed hope of everlasting life with him."

A beaming joy overspread her countenance while giving utterance to these expressions, which were pronounced at intervals, with deep solemnity, and seemed to issue from a sainted spirit on the confines of the world of light.

Her power of recollection became somewhat impaired as age and infirmity advanced upon her. Of this she was quite conscious, and observed: "My faculties fail. When I think of one subject, if another strikes my mind, I lose the first idea; neither can I fully express what I mean to say."

"Your faculties," said a friend, who wished to relieve her from something like embarrassment, "will soon be renewed in immortal vigour. The subjects of your early recollections are nearly all of them gone into eternity; both the persons and their concerns are passed away."

With rekindling animation, she replied, "Yes, the world passes away, and everything connected with it perishes; but 'he that doeth the will of God abideth forever.'"

"It is," said her friend, "a delightful thought, that there is something permanent, even though we live in a world so subject to change; God is immutable, and so is the heaven in which he dwells. Our spirits, too, are immortal, and shall soon find their unchanging portion there."

"On that," she said, "I love to meditate. I look backward on a long line of passing shadows, but I cannot see far forward."

Again adverting to her want of distinct ideas on the subject of the future glory, "A Christian," it was observed, "whether he looks backward or forward, finds occasions for gratitude, and hope, and love. He can say, 'Goodness and mercy have followed me all my days.'"

"Yes," she added, "'and I shall dwell in the house of the Lord forever.' But there is occasion for humility. The past might have been more diligently improved."

"It would be a painful retrospect," said her friend, "were it not for the blood of atonement."

"It would be dreadful! dreadful!" she exclaimed, with great emphasis, "but—

‘His blood for me did once atone,
And still it pleads before the throne.’”

A few weeks before she was removed, a friend remarked, that she had served a good Master, from the age of sixteen to eighty, and that He would not now forsake her. With a most expressive look and manner, she said: "Poor service! unprofitable service! but I cast myself on the atoning sacrifice, and there I find rest and peace."

At another time, in an interview with Mrs. Wilkinson, she said, "Speak of heaven. O, what a company is there!" To the same friend, on her expressing an assurance that she would end well, she replied, lifting up her hands and eyes, "Yes; and why? Because I have an Intercessor, in whom I have power to rest; for remember I have nothing wherein to trust but Christ. I have no deservings, no merit."

In her silent and solitary hours she meditated much on reunion with departed saints. "I cannot express," she would sometimes say, "how I exult in the anticipation of soon rejoining those friends from whom I have been separated here below; yet it seems strange that, although so near to the world of spirits, I cannot see them."

It was observed, that "that world was now visible to the eye of faith alone, but she would soon drop the veil, and then faith would be exchanged for sight. Now, she was saved by hope, then she would be admitted to realize

in full fruition her anticipated heaven." Holy joy illumined her sweet and venerable, but emaciated countenance, and spoke entire assent to what had been advanced. Prayer, and a solemn benediction, pronounced with most impressive emphasis, concluded this affecting interview, which seemed preparative to the converse of the heirs of heaven. It was consecrated by the presence of the Saviour, doubtless by that of his angelic ministries, and why not also by that of glorified and sainted friends? How hallowed are such scenes! Disease may weigh down the corruptible frame of the dying Christian, and, like a haze in the lower atmosphere, obscure the beams of the intellectual sun; but the light of heaven breaks through the dimness, and reveals visions of glory, even amidst the desolations of the valley of the shadow of death.

When the mandate of dismissal should arrive, she was prepared to welcome it; but till her summons came, she was content to suffer, as under other circumstances she had sought to do, the will of God. About a month before her death, she requested to receive the ordinance of the Lord's Supper, which was solemnly administered to her by her son, the Rev. Thomas Mortimer, B. D. Her family and two friends were admitted to join with her on this interesting occasion. It was a prelude to tasting of the "new wine" at the richer banquet prepared for saints in heaven.

On the 9th of April, the day of her departure, she lay as in a tranquil sleep. Toward evening her respiration became short and quick, till about seven o'clock, when, almost imperceptibly, she breathed her last. The shaft of death was pointless; his approach was without terror, and his commission, to all appearance, executed without pain. Neither groan nor struggle indicated suffering, while the spirit took its flight from the terrestrial, shattered tabernacle to the felicities and joys of paradise.

Her end was perfect peace. She was interred in the burying ground of the City-Road Chapel, on Thursday, April 16th; and the solemn event was improved by Dr. Bunting, in a funeral sermon, on the 26th of the same month.

7. HANNAH HOUSMAN.

“What nothing earthly gives, or can destroy,
The soul’s calm sunshine, and the heart-felt joy,
Is virtue’s prize.”

THIS amiable and exemplary woman was one of those who remember their Creator in the days of their youth. She was a native of Kidderminster. In her childhood she enjoyed the advantages of a religious education; and such was the blessing of God upon her early privileges, that she appears, from her diary, to have been under lively religious impressions at thirteen years of age. For twenty-four years she seems to have humbly and circumspectly walked with God. In her dying hours she had such foretastes of the joy to come as richly rewarded her for all the conflicts of this probationary scene; and in her triumphant departure, let the young behold an animating and encouraging reason for early piety.

The following account of her last illness and death was drawn up by a person who witnessed her sufferings and her comforts:—

From the time of her first seizure she was exercised with very violent pains without any intermission till her death; such as, she would often say, she thought she could not have borne. “But,” said she, “God is good; verily he is good to me! Through life I have found him a good and gracious God.”

When recovering from extreme pain, she said, “God

is good; I have found him so: and though he slay me, yet I will trust in him. These pains make me love my Lord Jesus the better. O they put me in mind of what he suffered to purchase salvation for my poor soul! Why for me, Lord! why for me, the greatest of sinners? Why for me, who so long refused the rich offers of thy grace, and the kind invitations of the Gospel? How many helps and means have I enjoyed more than many others; yea, above most! I had a religious father and mother; and I had access to a valuable minister, to whom I could often and freely open my mind. I have lived in a golden age. I have lived in peaceable times, and have enjoyed great advantages and helps for communion with God, and the peace of my own mind; for which I owe my gracious God and Father more praises than words can express. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me bless his holy name! Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all, or any of his benefits!"

When any were weeping or mourning over her, she would say, "Weep not for me: it is the will of God; therefore be content. If it may be for his honour and glory, he will spare me a little longer; if not, I am wholly resigned to the will of God. I am content to stay here as long as he has anything for me to do or to suffer; and I am willing to go, if it be my Father's good pleasure. Therefore be content, and say, 'It is the Lord, let him do what seemeth to him good.'"

To a person who came to see her, she said, "Cousin, I think I shall die: and now what a comfort it is that I am not afraid of death! The blood of Christ cleanses me from all sin. But mistake me not; there must be a life and conversation agreeable to the Gospel, or else our faith in Christ is a dead faith. Secure Christ for your friend: set not your heart on things below; riches and honours, and what the world calls pleasures, are all

fading, perishing things." She then threw out her hand, and said, "O, if I had thousands and ten thousands of gold and silver lying by me, what could they do for me, now I am dying? Take the advice of a departing friend who wishes you well. Do not set your affections on riches, or on anything here below. Remember, death will come in a little while, whether you are ready or unready, willing or unwilling. I commend you to God. I hope, in a short time, we shall meet again in heaven, that place of perfect rest, peace, and happiness."

The whole time of her sickness she was in a cheerful, thankful frame of mind. When she was cold, and had something warm given her, she often said,— "Blessed be God for all his mercies; and for this comfort in my affliction." On her attendant's warming a piece of flannel, and putting it round her cold hands, she thanked her for it, and said, "O how many mercies I have! I want for nothing. Here is everything I can wish for. I can say I never wanted any good thing. I wish only for a tranquil passage to glory. It was free grace that plucked me from the very brink of hell; and it is the power of Divine grace that has supported me through the whole of my life. Hitherto I can say the Lord is gracious. He has been very merciful to me in sustaining me under all my trials. The Lord brings affliction; but it is not because he delights to afflict his children—it is at all times for our profit. I can say it has been good for me to be afflicted; it has enabled me to discern things, which, when I was in health, I could not perceive. It has made me see more of the vanity and emptiness of this world, and all its delusive pleasures; for, at best, they are but vanity. I can say, from my own experience, I have found them to be so many a time."

To her husband, the day before she died, she said,

“My dear, I think I am going apace; and I hope you will be satisfied, because it is the will of God. You have at all times been very loving and good to me; and I thank you for it kindly: and now I desire you freely to resign me to God. If God sees it best to prolong my stay here upon earth, I am willing to stay; or if he sees it best to take me to himself, I am willing to go. I am willing to be and bear what may be most for his glory.”

The evening before she died she found death stealing upon her; and, feeling her own pulse, said, “Well, it will be but a little while before my work in this world will be finished. Then I shall have done with prayer. My whole employment in heaven will be praise and love. Here I love God but faintly, yet I hope sincerely; but there it will be perfectly. I shall behold his face in righteousness; for I am thy servant, Lord, bought with blood—with precious blood. Christ died to purchase the life of my soul. A little while, and then I shall be singing that sweet song, ‘Blessing, and honour, and glory, and power, be unto Him that sitteth upon the throne, and to the Lamb forever and ever.’”

With smiles on her face, and transports of joy, she often said, “Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly! Why tarry the wheels of thy chariot? O blessed convoy! come, and fetch my soul, to dwell with God, and Christ, and perfect spirits, forever and ever. When I join that blessed society above, my pleasures will never end. O the glory—the glory that shall be set on the head of faith and love!”

A few minutes before her departure, finding herself going, she desired to be lifted up. When this was done, she cheerfully said, “Farewell, sin! farewell, pains!”—and so finished her course with joy.

8. ELIZABETH ROWE.

“Death is an equal doom
To good and bad, the common inn of rest;
But after death the trial is to come,
When best shall be to them who lived best.”—SPENSER.

IN every age religion has found many of its most devoted friends among the softer sex. Women ministered to the Saviour when he had scarcely a place to lay his head, and watched beside his cross when his own disciples forsook him. They welcomed his resurrection from the grave, and to them he *first* appeared; and still, wherever the Gospel of salvation spreads, it will be found that female hearts, in the largest proportion, yield to the gentle sway of the Lord Jesus Christ.

Elizabeth Rowe is one of those who adorned the Gospel in life, who enjoyed its supports in death, and who doubtless shine as stars in the firmament forever. And let the young, especially, consider that the piety of this amiable woman was *early* piety. She sought the path of peace in youth. Her course was like that of the sun. In the morning of life her religion appeared, and shone more and more unto the perfect day.

Her maiden name was Singer. She had a sister distinguished for her early and amiable graces, of whose death the following remarkable account was given by Mrs. Rowe to Dr. Coleman, of Boston, who sent it in a letter to the eminently pious Isaac Watts. The account is strange, but by no means incredible to those who believe that effectual fervent prayer avail-eth much:—

“It was in my sister’s death,” said Mrs. Rowe, when giving the account, “that my father was to be

tried; but it was I that was taken sick: and when the physicians let them know my great danger, and the little hope they had of my recovery, this dear sister came to me with a visible concern, and earnestly besought me to tell her whether I was ready and willing to die if God should call me from them by this sickness, for she was afraid I should die, and she could not comfortably part with me but to go to Christ; she hoped, therefore, that my interest in him was comfortable and clear."

"I earnestly turned to her, and said, 'Why, sister, do they think me in such hazard? I must confess to you that my distress would be great on account of my soul if I thought my death were now coming, for I have not that full assurance of my interest in Christ which I have always begged of God I might have before he pleases to call me hence.'

"No sooner had she heard me say this than she fell, as in an agony, on her knees, by my bed-side, and in a manner inexpressible, for fervour and humility, besought the Lord, 'that if her father must have the grief of burying one of his children, it might be her; for through his free grace, and to the glory of it, she could joyfully profess before him her assured hope of her interest in his everlasting mercy, through Jesus Christ; wherefore she could willingly surrender herself to die if it might please God to grant her sister a further space for making her calling and election sure.'

"Having prayed thus, in a transport the most surprising and astonishing to me," said Mrs. Rowe, "she earnestly kissed me, and left the room, without giving me time or power to answer her a word; and what is almost impossible to relate, from that hour or two I grew better, and recovered; but she took to her bed, and died in a few days."

The life thus remarkably prolonged was spent for

God; and her views in the prospect of eternity are expressed in a letter accompanying her "Meditations," and opened after her decease. The following passage is an extract from it:—

"The reflections were occasionally written, and only for my own improvement; but I am not without hope that they may have the same salutary effect on some pious minds as the reading the experiences of others has had on my own soul. The experimental part of religion has generally a greater influence than the theory of it; and if, when I am sleeping in the dust, those soliloquies should kindle a flame of Divine love, even in the heart of the lowest and most despised Christian, be the glory given to the great Spring of all grace and benignity!

"I have now done with mortal things, and all to come is vast eternity—eternity! How transporting is the sound! As long as God exists, my being and happiness are, I doubt not, secure. These unbounded desires, which the wide creation cannot limit, shall be satisfied forever. I shall drink at the fountain-head of pleasure, and be refreshed with the emanations of original life and joy. I shall hear the voice of uncreated harmony speaking peace and ineffable consolation to my soul.

"I expect eternal life, not as a reward of merit, but as a pure act of bounty. Detesting myself in every view I can take, I fly to the righteousness and atonement of my great Redeemer for pardon and salvation: this is my only consolation and hope. Enter not into judgment, O Lord, with thy servant; for in thy sight shall no flesh be justified. Through the blood of the Lamb I hope for an entire victory over the last enemy: and that, before this comes to you, I shall have reached the celestial heights; and, while you are reading these lines, I shall be adoring before the throne of God,

where faith shall be turned into vision, and these languishing desires satisfied with the full fruition of immortal love." Amen.

9. JANE RATCLIFF.

"And when the closing scenes prevail,
When wealth, state, pleasure, all shall fail;
All that a foolish world admires,
Or passion craves, or pride inspires;
At that important hour of need
Jesus shall prove a friend indeed.
His hand shall smooth thy dying bed,
His arm sustain thy drooping head;
And when the painful struggle's o'er,
And that vain thing, the world, no more,
He'll bear his humble friend away,
To rapture and eternal day.
Come, then, be his in every part,
Nor give him less than all your heart."—COTTON.

JANE RATCLIFF was born in the year 1638. Her extraordinary faith and piety render her a suitable subject for these memoirs.

In early life she indulged herself in many of the follies and vanities of her time; but being awakened to a sense of their fatal tendency, she renounced them, and placed her affections on objects which alone can confer solid and durable enjoyment. We shall pass over the intermediate parts of her circumspect life, and come to the closing scene of it, when she appeared to be much raised above the love of life and the fears of death. The following is an extract from her own expressions on that solemn occasion. At the same time that they manifest her desire to be released from the sorrows and dangers of mortality, there can be no doubt that it was limited by an humble submission and pious resignation to the will of Heaven:—

"I desire to die," said she, "because I want, while I live here, the glorious presence of God, which I love, and long for; and the sweet fellowship of angels and saints, who would be as glad to see me with them as I should be to see them about me, and who would entertain me with unwearied delight.

"I desire to die—because, while I live, I shall want the perfection of my nature, and be as an estranged and banished child from my Father's house.

"I desire to die—because I would not live to offend so good a God, and grieve his Holy Spirit; for his loving-kindness is better than life, and he is abundant in mercy to me, and the fear of displeasing him often lies as a heavy load upon my heart.

"I desire to die—because this world is generally infected with the plague of sin, and I myself am tainted with the same disease; so that, while I live here, I shall be in danger of being infected or of infecting others. And if this world hates me, because I endeavour to follow goodness, how would it rejoice if my foot should slip! How woeful would my life be to me if I should give occasion to the world to triumph and blaspheme! There are in my nature so many defects, errors, and transgressions, that I may say with David, 'Innumerable evils have compassed me about; my iniquities have taken hold on me, so that I am not able to look up.' I therefore desire heaven for holiness, and to the end that I may sin no more.

"I desire to die—because nothing in this world can give me solid and durable enjoyment.

"With regard to my children, I am not troubled; for that God who has given them life and breath, and all they have, while I am living, can provide for them when I am dead. My God will be their God, if they be his; and if they be not, what comfort would it be for me to live to behold it? Life would be bitter to me

if I should see them dishonour God, whom I so greatly love.

“I fear not death—because it is but the separation of the soul from the body; and that is but a shadow of the body of death: Romans vii, 24. Whereas the separation of the soul from God by sin, and of soul and body for sin, is death indeed: Isa. lix, 2.

“I fear not death—because it is an enemy that has been often vanquished, and because I am armed for it, and the weapons of my warfare are mighty through God, and I am assured of victory.

“I do not fear death for the pain of it; for I am persuaded I have endured as great pain in life, as I shall find in death, and death will cure me of all sorts of pain. Besides, Christ died a terrible death, to the end any kind of death might be blessed to me. And that God who has greatly loved me in life, will not neglect me in death; but will, by his Spirit, succour and strengthen me all the time of the combat.”

For her comfort in her last hours, she put into the following form some memoirs of the principal mercies and blessings she had received from God:—

“How shall I praise God for my conversion? for his word, both in respect of my affection to it, and the wonderful comforts I have had from it? for hearing my prayers? for godly sorrow? for fellowship with the godly? for joy in the Holy Spirit? for the desire of death? for contempt of the world? for private helps and comforts? for giving me some strength against my sins? for preserving me from gross evils, both before and after my calling?”

In her last sickness, which was of long continuance, she was deeply sensible of the dangers and miseries that attend our progress through life, and often implored God to remove her into a better world, saying in the words of David: “Make haste to help me, O Lord, my salva-

tion! Be pleased, O Lord, to deliver me! O Lord, make haste to help me!" And she was relieved in the tenderest manner; for her spirit departed from the body, when it was thought she had only fallen asleep. She died in the year 1638.

10. LADY RACHEL RUSSEL.

"'Tis immortality,—'tis that alone,
Amidst life's pains, abasements, emptiness,
The soul can comfort, elevate, and fill."—YOUNG.

LADY RACHEL RUSSEL, daughter of the earl of Southampton, was born about the year 1636. She appears to have possessed a truly noble mind, a solid understanding, an amiable and a benevolent temper. Her pious resignation, and religious deportment, under the pressure of very deep distress, afforded a highly instructive example, and an eminent instance of the power of religion to sustain the mind, in the greatest storms and dangers, when the waves of affliction threaten to overwhelm it.

It is well known, that the husband of this lady, William, Lord Russel, was beheaded in the reign of Charles the Second; that he was a man of great merit; and that he sustained the execution of his severe sentence with Christian and invincible fortitude. During the period of her illustrious husband's troubles, she conducted herself with a mixture of the most tender affection, and the most surprising magnanimity. She appeared in court at his trial; and when the attorney-general told him, "He might employ the hand of one of his servants in waiting, to take notes of the evidence for his use," Lord Russel answered, "that he asked none, but that of the lady who sat by him." The spectators, at these words, turned their eyes, and beheld the daughter of the virtuous Southampton rising up to assist her lord in this his

utmost distress: a thrill of anguish ran through the assembly. After his condemnation, she threw herself at the king's feet, and pleaded, but alas! in vain, the merits and loyalty of her father, in order to save her husband.

When the time of separation came, her conduct appears to be worthy of the highest admiration; for without a sigh or tear, she took her last farewell of her husband, though it might have been expected, as they were so happy in each other, and no wife could possibly surpass her in affection, that the torrent of her distress would have overflowed its banks, and been too mighty for restraint. Lord Russel parted from his lady with a composed silence; and observing how greatly she was supported, said, after she was gone: "The bitterness of death is now past;" for he loved and esteemed her beyond expression. He declared, that "she had been a great blessing to him; and observed, that he should have been miserable, if she had not possessed so great magnanimity of spirit joined to her tenderness, as never to have desired him to do a base thing to save his life." He said, "there was a signal providence of God, in giving him such a wife, in whom were united noble birth and fortune, great understanding, great religion, and great kindness to himself; but that her behaviour in his extremity, exceeded all."

After the death of her lord upon the scaffold, this excellent woman, encompassed with the darkest clouds of affliction, seemed to be absorbed in a religious concern, to behave properly under the afflicting hand of God, and to fulfil the duties now devolved upon herself alone, in the care, education, disposal, and happiness, of her children.

To Lady Essex, she wrote as follows:—

"I beseech God one day to speak peace to our afflicted minds, and not to suffer us to be disappointed of our great hope. But we must wait for our day of consolation,

till this world passes away; an unkind and trustless world this has been to us. Why it has been such, God knows best. All his dispensations serve the end of his providence. They are ever beautiful, and must be good, and good to every one of us; and even these dismal ones are so to us, if we can bear evidence to our own souls that we are better for our afflictions, which is often the case with those who suffer wrongfully. We may reasonably believe our friends have found that rest we yet but hope for; and what better comfort can you or I desire, in this valley of the shadow of death we are walking through? The rougher our path is, the more delightful and ravishing will be the great change."

She survived Lord Russel about forty years, and continued his widow to the end of her life. She died in the year 1723, in the 87th year of her age. Her continued hope and trust in Him who had been the staff of her life, and her support in affliction, is evidenced by the following declaration, made not long before the end of her days:—

"God has not denied me the support of his Holy Spirit, in this my long day of calamity; but he has enabled me, in some measure, to rejoice in him as my portion forever. He has provided a remedy for all our griefs, by his sure promises of another life, where there is no death, nor any pain nor trouble, but fulness of joy, in the presence of Him who made us, and who will love us forever."

11. QUEEN MARY.

MARY, queen of Great Britain, and consort of King William the Third, was the daughter of James the Second, and was born in the year 1661. She appeared to be happily disposed from very early life, being good

and gentle before she was capable of knowing that it was her duty to be so. This temper continued with her through the whole progress of her childhood. She might need instruction, but she wanted no persuasion. And it is said that she never once, in the whole course of her education, gave occasion for reproof. Besides a most amiable sweetness of temper, she possessed great understanding, and a mind cultivated with useful learning and knowledge.

She was married in the sixteenth year of her age, to the prince of Orange, and went to reside in Holland, where she conducted herself with so much wisdom and goodness as to gain universal esteem and affection. But that which was, beyond all comparison, her greatest ornament and possession, was a truly devout and religious temper, which made her look with indifference on the honours and splendour with which she was surrounded, and seek for her highest enjoyment in doing good, in peace of mind, and in the hope of a better life.

This good queen spent a great part of her time in perusing the Holy Scriptures and other religious books. By a letter to her father, written in early life, in support of the Protestant faith, she appears to have been thoroughly grounded and established in the principles of the Reformation. Bishop Burnet says, that "although he had a high opinion of the princess's good understanding before he saw this letter, yet the letter surprised him, and gave him an astonishing joy, to see so young a person, all on a sudden, without consulting any one, able to write in so solid and learned a manner."

The piety of this excellent person was a noble support to her under the troubles of life; yet there were some distresses to which it gave a sharper edge. The impieties and blasphemies, the open contempt of religion, and the scorn of virtue, which she heard of from many persons, and from many different parts of the nation,

uly 30th, 1858, in the 82d year of his age.

His native place was Readington, New Jersey, whence, in 1802, he removed to the town of Hector, in this State, and three years after to Ulysses, where he passed the remainder of his days. He was among the few who came to this part of the country when it was almost an unbroken wilderness, and among the still smaller number who encouraged and aided the early efforts that were here made, to establish and build up the Church of Christ, now so flourishing, and so widely extended. Under the labors of Rev. Loring Grant and N. B. Dodson, in 1818, he gave his heart to the Savior, and united with the M. E. Church, of which he remained a worthy and useful member while he lived. The Church was small, and struggling against strong opposition and discouragement, when he cast in his lot among the Methodists, and there was no motive to induce any to identify themselves with her then misunderstood, and often misrepresented people, but that under which her Discipline invites all to enter within her fold, "a desire to flee the wrath to come." His subsequent life proved that in uniting with the Church, he sought a spiritual home, where he believed he should be aided in his endeavor to live a holy life, and acquire a "meetness for the inheritance of the saints in light." He was uniform and consistent in his Christian course. His religious integrity won for him the respect of the community in which he lived, while as an affectionate husband and father, he was beloved in his own family circle. In the happy effects of family religion that remain, it may be said of him as of Abel, that "he being dead yet speaketh." Of his numerous children, most of whom survive him, all are embraced within the pale of the Church, and several of them sustain to it important official relations. His companion, the sharer of his toils, his joys and sorrows, for almost sixty years, survives him, to walk life's pathway a few days alone, and then go to join him in heaven. He was one of five brothers, whose ages, severally, would average eighty years; a family of vigorous men, who had long outlived the generation to which they belonged. But they have begun to fall. William died a few days before Peter, and in the common order of nature, those who remain will soon follow, but they have all come down to Jordan's banks in the same faith, and are looking beyond to the same heavenly home. Br. Smith conversed but little during the last hours of his sickness, but in what he said, he expressed an unwavering trust in Jesus. When too far gone to recognize the most familiar names, when called at his bedside, he was heard several times, when partially aroused, to repeat the dying words of Stephen, "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit."

"Who would not wish to die like those
Whom God's own Spirit deigns to bless?
To sink into that soft repose,
Then wake to perfect happiness?"

A. SUTHERLAND.

Truman:

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Under the weight of her disorder, which was very trying to nature, she appeared to feel no inward depression or discouragement of mind. A willingness to die, and an entire resignation to the will of God, accompanied her to the closing scene; in the near approach of which she declared, that "she experienced the joys of a good conscience, and the power of religion giving her supports, which even the last agonies could not shake."

Thus died this most excellent princess; and, no doubt, passed from an earthly to a heavenly crown, "a crown of glory that shall never fade away."

12. LADY JANE GREY.

"Though unseen by human eye,
My Redeemer's hand is nigh;
He has poured salvation's light
Far within the vale of night."—KLOPSTOCK.

THIS excellent personage was descended from the royal line of England, by both her parents. She was carefully educated in the principles of the Reformation. Besides the solid endowments of piety and virtue, she possessed the most engaging disposition, and the most accomplished parts. Being of an equal age with King Edward VI., she received her education with him, and seemed even to possess a greater facility in acquiring every part of manly and classical literature. She attained a knowledge of the Roman and Greek languages, as well as of several modern tongues, passed most of her time in application to learning, and expressed a great indifference for the occupations and amusements usual with persons of her sex and station. Roger Ascham, tutor to the princess Elizabeth, having at one time paid her a visit, found her employed in reading Plato, while the rest of the family were engaged in a party of hunting in the

park; and upon his admiring the singularity of her choice, she told him, that "she received more pleasure from that author, than others could reap from all their sports and gayety."

This amiable lady fell an innocent victim to the wild ambition of the duke of Northumberland, who having effected a marriage between her and his son, Lord Guildford Dudley, raised her to the throne of England, in defiance of the rights of the princesses Mary and Elizabeth. At the time of her marriage, she was but eighteen years of age, and her husband was also very young.

Her heart, replete with the love of literature and serious studies, and with tenderness towards her husband, who was deserving of her affection, had never opened itself to the flattering allurements of ambition; and the information of her advancement to the throne, was by no means agreeable to her. She even refused to accept the crown, pleaded the superior right of the two princesses, expressed her dread of the consequences attending an enterprise so dangerous, not to say so criminal, and desired to remain in that private station in which she was born. Overcome at last by the entreaties, rather than by the reasons, of her father and father-in-law, and, above all, of her husband, she submitted to their will, and was prevailed on to relinquish her own judgment. But her elevation was of very short continuance. The nation declared for Queen Mary; and Lady Jane Grey, after wearing the vain pageantry of a crown during ten days, returned to a private life, with much more satisfaction than she could have felt when royalty was tendered to her.

Queen Mary, who appears to have been incapable of generosity or clemency, determined to remove every person from whom the least danger could be apprehended. Warning was, therefore, given to Lady Jane to prepare for death; a doom which she had expected,

and which the innocence of her life, as well as the misfortunes to which she had been exposed, rendered no unwelcome news to her.

The queen's bigoted zeal, under colour of tender mercy to the prisoner's soul, induced her to send priests, who molested her with perpetual disputation; and even a reprieve of three days was granted her, in hopes that she would be persuaded, during that time, to pay, by a timely conversion to Popery, some regard to her eternal welfare. Lady Jane had presence of mind, in those melancholy circumstances, not only to defend her religion by solid arguments, but also to write a letter to her sister, in the Greek language, in which she exhorted her to maintain, in every fortune, a like steady perseverance.

On the day of her execution, her husband, Lord Guildford, desired permission to see her; but she refused her consent, and sent him word, that the tenderness of their parting would overcome the fortitude of both, and would too much unbend their minds from that constancy which their approaching end required. Their separation, she said, would be only for a moment; and they would soon rejoin each other in a scene where their affections would be forever united, and where death, disappointments, and misfortunes, could no longer have access to them, or disturb their eternal felicity.

It had been intended to execute the Lady Jane and her husband on the same scaffold, at Tower-hill; but the council dreading the compassion of the people for their youth, beauty, innocence, and noble birth, changed their orders, and gave directions that they should be beheaded within the verge of the Tower. She saw her husband led to execution; and, having given him from the window some token of her remembrance, waited with tranquillity till her own appointed hour should bring her to a like fate. She even saw his headless body carried

back in a cart, and found herself more confirmed by the reports which she heard of the constancy of his end, than shaken by so tender and melancholy a spectacle. Sir John Gage, constable of the Tower, when he led her to execution, desired her to bestow on him some small present, which he might keep as a perpetual memorial of her. She gave him her table-book, on which she had just written three sentences, on seeing her husband's dead body; one in Greek, another in Latin, a third in English. The purport of them was, that human justice was against his body, but that Divine Mercy would be favourable to his soul; that if her fault deserved punishment, her youth, at least, and her imprudence, were worthy of excuse; and that God and posterity, she trusted, would show her favour.

On the scaffold, she made a speech to the bystanders, in which the mildness of her disposition led her to take the blame entirely on herself, without uttering one complaint against the severity with which she had been treated. She said, that her offence was, not that she had laid her hand upon the crown, but that she had not rejected it with sufficient constancy; that she had erred less through ambition, than through reverence to her parents, whom she had been taught to respect and obey; that she willingly received death, as the only satisfaction which she could now make to the injured state; and though her infringement of the laws had been constrained, she would show, by her voluntary submission to their sentence, that she was desirous to atone for that disobedience into which too much filial piety had betrayed her; that she had justly deserved this punishment, for being made the instrument, though the unwilling instrument, of the ambition of others; and that the story of her life, she hoped, might at least be useful, by proving that innocence of intention excuses not actions that any way tend to the destruction of the common-

wealth. After uttering these words, she caused herself to be disrobed by her women, and with a steady, serene countenance, submitted herself to the executioner.

13. JANE, QUEEN OF NAVARRE.

THIS excellent queen was the daughter of Henry II., king of Navarre, and of Margaret of Orleans, sister to Francis I., king of France. She was born in the year 1528.

From her childhood, she was carefully educated in the Protestant religion, to which she steadfastly adhered all her days. Bishop Burnet says of her,—“That she both received the Reformation, and brought her subjects to it; that she not only reformed her court, but the whole principality, to such a degree that the golden age seemed to have returned under her, or, rather, Christianity appeared again with its primitive purity and lustre.”

This illustrious queen, being invited to attend the nuptials of her son and the king of France’s sister, fell a sacrifice to the cruel machinations of the French court against the Protestant religion. The religious fortitude and genuine piety with which she was endued did not, however, desert her in this great conflict and at the approach of death.

To some that were about her, near the conclusion of her time, she said, “I receive all this as from the hand of God, my most merciful Father; nor have I, during my extremity, feared to die, much less murmured against God for inflicting this chastisement upon me—knowing that whatsoever he does with me he so orders it, that, in the end, it shall turn to my everlasting good.”

When she saw her ladies and women weeping about

her bed, she blamed them, saying, "Weep not for me, I pray you. God, by this sickness, calls me hence to enjoy a better life; and now I shall enter into the desired haven, toward which this frail vessel of mine has been a long time steering."

She expressed some concern for her children, as they would be deprived of her in their tender years; but added, "I doubt not that God himself will be their father and protector, as he has ever been mine in my greatest afflictions. I therefore commit them wholly to his government and fatherly care. I believe that Christ is my only Mediator and Saviour; and I look for salvation from no other. O, my God, in thy good time deliver me from the troubles of this present life, that I may attain to the felicity which thou hast promised to bestow upon me."

14. COUNTESS OF HUNTINGDON.

"Why should we dwell on that which lies beneath,
When living light hath touch'd the brow of death?"—HEMANS.

DURING the whole of her illness her pains never made her impatient, but she seemed more concerned about those who attended her than about herself. She said, tenderly, to Lady Ann Erskine and Miss Scutt, whose long, faithful, and tender attachment to her is well known, "I fear I shall be the death of you both, (alluding to their constant watching with her;) it will be but a few days more." She appeared, during the tedious nights and days of pain and sickness, engaged in prayer, and animated with thankfulness for the unutterable peace which she had experienced, saying, "I am encircled in the arms of love and mercy;" and, at another time, "I long to be at home; O, I long to be at home!" A

little before she died she said, repeatedly, "I shall go to my Father this night;" and shortly after, "Can he forget to be gracious? Is there an end of his loving-kindness?" Dr. Lettsom had visited her between four and five; shortly after her strength failed; and she appeared departing. Alarmed, they summoned up a friend, who was waiting anxiously below; he took her hand, it was bedewed with sweat; he applied his fingers to the pulse, it had ceased to beat; and that instant she breathed her last sigh, as he leaned over her, and fell asleep in Jesus.

Dr. Lettsom's letter to Lady Ann Erskine, the day following, speaks 'the worthy sentiments of his own heart, and the satisfaction so noble an example afforded him:—

"I deeply sympathize with thee, and all the family in Christ, in the removal of that evangelic woman, so lately among us, the countess of Huntingdon. Your souls were so united, and your affections so endeared together, that I cannot but feel, in a particular manner, on thy account, lest the mournful state of thy mind may undermine thy constitution, and endanger a life spent in mitigating the painful sufferings of body of our deceased friend, while living. Her advanced age and debilitated frame had long prepared my mind for an event which has, at length, deprived the world of its brightest ornament. How often have we, when sitting by her sick-bed, witnessed the faithful composure with which she has viewed this awful change! Not with the fearful prospect of doubt—not with the dreadful apprehension of the judgment of an offended Creator; hers was all peace within; a tranquillity and cheerfulness which conscious acceptance alone could convey. How often have we seen her, elevated above the earth and earthly things, uttering this language, "My work is done; I have nothing to do but go to my heavenly Father!"

Let us, therefore, under a firm conviction of her felicity, endeavour to follow her as she followed her Redeemer. Let us be thankful that she was preserved to advanced age with the perfect exercise of her mental faculties; and that, under long and painful days and nights of sickness, she never repined, but appeared constantly animated in prayer and thankfulness for unutterable mercies she experienced. .When I look back upon the past years of my attendance, and connect with it the multitudes of others to whom my profession has introduced me, I feel consolation in acknowledging that, of all the daughters of affliction, she exhibited the greatest degree of Christian composure that ever I witnessed, and that submission to Divine allotment, however severe and painful, which nothing but Divine aid could inspire.

“It was on the 12th of this month that our dear friend appeared more particularly indisposed, and afforded me those apprehensions of danger which, on the 17th, finally terminated her bodily sufferings. I had, on former occasions of her illness, observed that when she expressed ‘a hope and desire to go to her heavenly Father,’ for this was often her language, she usually added some solitudes upon her mind respecting her children, as she spoke of her people in religious profession, adding, ‘But I feel for the good of their souls.’ When under the utmost debility of body, she has continued this subject in animated and pious conversation, extending her views to all mankind; she has expressed a firm persuasion in the gradual and universal extension of virtue and religion. Wherever a fellow-creature existed, so far her prayers extended. In her last illness I never heard her utter a desire to remain longer on earth. A little before she died she repeatedly said, in a feeble voice, just to be heard, ‘I shall go to my Father this night;’ adding, ‘Has God forgotten to be gracious? or

is there an end of his loving-kindness?' It was on this day she conversed a little on the subject of sending missionaries to Otaheite, in the South Seas, in the pious hope of introducing Christianity among that mild, but uninformed, race of people. Indeed, her whole life seemed devoted to one great object,—the glory of God and the salvation of his creatures."

The countess died in the eighty-fourth year of her age.

. 15. MRS. LEGARE.

THIS excellent woman resided at Charleston, S. C. When she had nearly closed her eyes in death, her physician came and found the family in tears.

"Well, doctor," said Mr. Legare, "what do you think of the scene in the next room?"

"Indeed, sir," said he, "I know not what to think of it; it is all a mystery to me. I have seen numbers of men in all the vigour of health, and thirsting for martial honour, rush into a field of battle, and in that confused scene put on the appearance of fortitude, not one of whom could face the gradual approaches of death or a sick-bed without visible horror; but here is a poor, emaciated woman, whose whole nervous system is unstrung by long disease, welcoming the grim messenger with the utmost serenity, composure, and joy, though approaching in all the horrors of the most gradual progress imaginable, (for she was three days in the agonies of death.) Indeed, it is a mystery, and I know not how to account for it."

"Do you not, sir?" asked Mr. Legare; "go, then, to Calvary. You see us dissolved in tears; but I do not believe there is a tear in the room extorted by grief: no, sir, they are tears of joy."

The doctor went down stairs, and met a gentleman at the door, who inquired after Mrs. Legare, to whom he replied, "Just gone, sir."

"Well," said he, "Mr. Legare is a philosopher, and I hope he will bear the stroke like one."

"Philosophy!" replied the doctor; "I have thought as much of philosophy as any man, but the scene within beats philosophy."

16. LADY ELIZABETH HASTINGS.

"And O, when I have safely pass'd
Through every conflict but the last,
Still, still unchanging, watch beside
My bed of death, for Thou hast died."—GRANT.

It appears to have been the great aim of this eminent and truly pious woman to promote the glory of God and the welfare of men, keeping her talents, extensive fortune, and other means of doing good, continually employed for the benefit of her fellow-creatures. Of all her cares, a most special one was that of the stranger, the fatherless, and the widow; the needy, and him that had no helper; the lame, the halt, and the blind. These objects excited her most tender compassion. She participated in their sufferings; she often conversed with them, and inquired into their history with great condescension. She studied their particular cases, and put them in the way of improving their condition. She often visited them in sickness, bore the expenses of it, and endeavoured to cheer and encourage them under all the apparent hardships of their allotment.

The following character of this noble-minded woman was drawn by the hand of an eminent writer:—

"Her countenance was the lively picture of her mind, which was the seat of honour, truth, compassion, know-

ledge, and innocence. In the midst of the most ample fortune, and the veneration of all that beheld and knew her, without the least affectation, she devoted herself to retirement, to the contemplation of her own being, and of that supreme Power which bestowed it. Without the learning of schools, or knowledge of a long course of arguments, she went on in an uninterrupted course of piety and virtue; and added to the severity and privacy of the last age, all the freedom and ease of this. The language and mien of a court she was possessed of in a high degree; but the simplicity and humble thoughts of a cottage were her more welcome entertainments. She was a female philosopher, who did not only live up to the resignation of the most retired lives of the ancient sages, but also to the schemes and plans which they thought beautiful, though inimitable. This lady was the most exact economist, without appearing busy; the most strictly virtuous, without tasting the praise of it; and shunned applause with as much industry as others do reproach."

Toward the close of life she experienced great bodily affliction, having a cancer in the breast, for which she underwent an amputation. But in all her sufferings from this cause, and even under the trying operation, her religious fortitude and serenity of mind did not forsake her. The resignation of her spirit to the dispensations of Divine Providence is strongly marked by the following expressions, which dropped from her during the course of this painful distemper:—"I would not wish to be out of my present situation for all the world, nor exchange it for any other at any price."

A short time before her departure, impressed with a strong sense of Divine goodness, she broke out, with a raised accent, in the following manner:—"Lord, what is it that I see? O the greatness of the glory that is revealed in me! that is before me!"

So joyful appears to have been her entrance into the kingdom of her Lord and Saviour. She died in the year 1740.

17. MARGARETTA KLOPSTOCK.

“When life’s close knot, by writ from Destiny,
Disease shall cut, or age untie;
When, after some delays—some dying strife—
The soul stands shiv’ring on the ridge of life;
With what a dreadful curiosity
Doth she launch out into the sea of vast eternity!”
JOHN NORRIS, 1690.

THE gay followers of the present world would deem it impossible for any to contemplate death and eternity with satisfaction, unless, perhaps, they might do so whom affliction had rendered weary of life. The following narrative, however, presents a memorial of one, who, in the midst of youth and comfort, looked forward with delight to the scenes beyond the grave, and who, though blessed with tender friends below, still desired that unseen world, where dearer, better friends are enjoyed.

This lady’s maiden name was Moller. In 1751 she became acquainted with the celebrated German poet, Klopstock, and they were married in 1754. Both of them appear to have been partakers of real religion. Klopstock, in early life, had made the Bible his constant companion, not perusing its sacred pages merely as a duty, but as a pleasure. She is represented to have been a highly amiable and intelligent woman. The following extracts from her correspondence with Klopstock express the pious fervours of her heart:—

“The holiest thoughts harmonize with my idea of you—of you who are more holy than I am—who love our great Creator not less than I do—more I think

you cannot love Him; not more, but in a more exalted manner.

“Before I was beloved by you, I dreaded my greatest happiness; I was uneasy lest it should withdraw me from God. How much was I mistaken! It is true that adversity leads us to God; but such felicity as mine cannot withdraw me from him, or I could not be worthy to enjoy it; on the contrary, it brings me nearer to him. The sensibility, the gratitude, the joy, all the feelings attendant on happiness, make my devotion the more fervent.”

The union between her and her husband was one of the most affectionate possible; alluding to her marriage, in a letter to a friend, she said, “We married, and I am the happiest wife in the world. In some few months it will be four years that I am (have been) so happy; and still I dote upon Klopstock as if he were my bridegroom.” He said of her, “O she was all the happiness of my life.”

Affection thus fervent, and earthly happiness thus exalted and pure, could not bind down her soul to this terrestrial scene. She still looked forward to eternity.

Four short years of connubial happiness with her beloved Klopstock flew swiftly away, and she was not permitted to complete a fifth. In a letter to him, a little more than two months before her death, she said, “God will give us what in his wisdom he sees good; and if anything be wanting to our wishes, he will teach us to bear that want.”

In 1758 she had the prospect of becoming a mother. In September of that year, when, writing to her husband, who for several weeks was absent from her, she expressed some apprehensions of being removed from the present world, he replied:—“God is where you are. God is where I am. We depend entirely on him, much more entirely than is generally supposed. We

depend on him in all those things which least call our thoughts towards him. His presence preserves our breath; he has numbered the hairs of our head. My soul is now in a state of sweet composure, though mixed with some degree of sadness. O, my wife, whom God has given me, be not careful—be not careful for the morrow.”

She replied:—“You must not think anything more than that I am as willing to die as to live; and that I prepare myself for both, for I do not allow myself to look on either with certainty. Were I to judge from circumstances, there is much more probability of life than of death; but I am perfectly resigned to either: God’s will be done. I often wonder at the indifference I feel on the subject, when I am so happy in this world. O what is our religion! What must that eternal state be of which we know so little, while our soul feels so much! More than a life with Klopstock! It does not now appear to me so hard to leave you and our child; and I only fear that I may lose this peace of mind again, though it has already lasted eight months. I well know that all hours are not alike, and particularly the *last*; since death, in my situation, must be far from an easy death; but let the last hour make no impression on you. You know too well how much the body then presses down the soul. Let God give what he will, I shall still be happy. A longer life with you, or an eternal life with him! But can you as easily part from me as I from you? You are to remain in this world—in a world without me. You know I have always wished to be the survivor, because I well know it is the hardest to endure; but perhaps it is the will of God that you should be left, and perhaps you have most strength.

“O think where I am going; and, as far as sinners can judge of each other, you may be certain that I go

there, (the humble hopes of a Christian cannot deceive,) and there you will follow me. There shall we be forever, united by love, which assuredly was not made to cease. So also shall we love our child. At first, perhaps, the sight of the child may add to your distress; but it must afterward be a great comfort to you to have a child of mine. I would wish it to survive me, though I know most people would be of a different opinion. Why should I think otherwise? Do I not intrust it to you and to God? It is with the sweetest composure that I speak of this; yet I will say no more, for perhaps it may affect you too much, though you have given me leave to speak of it. How I thank you for that kind permission! My heart earnestly wished it, but on your account I would not indulge the wish. I have done—I can write of nothing else. I am, perhaps, too serious, but it is a seriousness mixed with tears of joy.”

Not long after she wrote this letter, her beloved husband returned home; but he did not long enjoy her society. The solemn event she had anticipated took place, and she entered eternity, November 28, 1758.

In giving some account of her departure her sister said: “She died as she had lived, with firm courage. She took leave of her husband, I prayed with her, and she departed in the gentlest manner. Her best, her dearest only friend, her guardian angel on earth (as her heart overflowing with the tenderest love, called him even in her last moments) was all she wished for here. He felt it, and made her happy, and the remembrance of her will be his greatest earthly happiness as long as he remains behind. In the midst of those blissful days, she passed into the infinitely superior glory of her Father and Redeemer; and her departure is mourned by many excellent friends who loved her, and who now support themselves with the hope of seeing her again. In the hour of dissolution only she seemed to feel the lot of

mortality; but, praised be the God of mercy, after the sun had a few times run his daily course, the scene of her trials closed, and then those short sufferings must have rendered her entrance into the land of bliss the more enchanting.

“ ‘For when the short repose of death is past,
Then transport follows;—bliss—eternal bliss.’

In like manner the short separation from her friend, will make his reunion with her so much the more delightful.”

A week after her death, Klopstock, in a letter to a friend, gave the following narrative of the affecting scene through which he had passed.

“This is my Meta’s dying day, and yet I am composed. Can I ascribe this to myself, my Cramer? Certainly not. Thanks be to the God of comfort for all the favours he has shown me. Thank our God with me, my Cramer. I will now try to give you a more circumstantial account. Her sufferings continued from Friday till Tuesday afternoon about four o’clock, but they were the most violent from Monday evening about eight. On Sunday morning I supported first myself and then her, by repeating, that without our Father’s will not a hair on her head could fall; and more than once I repeated to her the following lines from my last ode. One time I was so much affected as to be forced to stop at every line. I was to have repeated it all to her, but we were interrupted.

‘ Though unseen by human eye,
My Redeemer’s hand is nigh;
He has pour’d salvation’s light
Far within the vale of night;
There will God my steps control,
There his presence bless my soul.
Lord, whate’er my sorrows be,
Teach me to look up to Thee!’

“When I began to fear for her life, (as I did this sooner than any one else,) I from time to time whispered something in her ear concerning God, but so as not to let her perceive my apprehensions. I know little of what I said, only in general I know that I repeated to her how much I was strengthened by the uncommon fortitude graciously vouchsafed to her; and that I now reminded her of that to which we had so often encouraged each other—perfect resignation. When she had already suffered greatly, I said to her with much emotion: ‘The Most Merciful is with thee.’ I saw how she felt it. Perhaps she now first guessed that I thought she would die. I saw this in her countenance. I afterward told her (as often as I could go into the room and support the sight of her sufferings) how visibly the grace of God was with her. How could I refrain from speaking of the great comfort of my soul?

“I came in just as she had been bled. A light having been brought near on that account, I saw her face clearly for the first time after many hours. Ah, the hue of death was on it! But that God who was so mightily with her supported me too at the sight. She was better after the bleeding, but soon worse again. I was allowed but very little time to take leave of her. I had some hopes that I might return to pray with her. I shall never cease to thank God for the grace he gave me at this parting. I said, ‘I will fulfil my promise, my Meta, and tell you that your life, from extreme weakness, is in danger.’

“You must not expect me to relate everything to you. I cannot recollect the whole. She heard perfectly, and spoke without the smallest difficulty. I pronounced over her the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. ‘Now the will of him who inexpressibly supports thee, his will be done!’

“‘Let Him do according to his will,’ said she; ‘He

will do well.' She said this in a most expressive tone of joy and confidence.

" 'You have endured like an angel. God has been with you. He will be with you. His mighty name be praised. The Most Merciful will support you! Were I so wretched as not to be a Christian, I should now become one.' Something of this sort, and yet more, I said to her in a strong emotion of transport. Eliza (Mrs. K.'s sister) says, we were both full of joy.

" 'Be my guardian angel, if our God permit.'

" 'You have been mine,' said she.

" 'Be my guardian angel,' repeated I, 'if our God permit.'

" 'Who would not be so?' said she.

" I would have hastened away. Eliza said, 'Give her your hand once more.'

" I know not whether I said anything. I hastened away—then went into my own room and prayed. God gave me much strength in prayer; I asked for perfect resignation; but how was it that I did not pray for her, which would have been so natural? Probably because she was already heard above all that I could ask or think!

" When I was gone out, she again asked Eliza whether it was likely she might die, and whether her death was so near? Once she told her that she felt nothing. Afterwards she felt some pain. She said to Eliza that God had much to forgive in her, but she trusted in her Redeemer.

" On another occasion Eliza said to her, that God would help her. She answered, 'Into heaven.' As her head sunk on the pillow, she said with much animation, 'It is over!' She then looked tenderly on Eliza, and with yet unfixed eyes, listened while she thus prayed: 'The blood of Jesus Christ cleanse thee from all sin.' O sweet words of eternal life! After some expressions of

pain in her countenance, it again became perfectly serene,—and thus she died.

“I will not complain, I will be thankful that in so severe a trial God has strengthened me.

“At parting she said to me very sweetly: ‘Thou wilt follow me!’ May my end be like thine! O might I now for one moment weep on her bosom! For I cannot refrain from tears, nor does God require it of me.”

To another friend Klopstock wrote: “I went to Altona the evening after my Meta’s death, after having seen my dead son, but not my wife; I dreaded too much the return of that image.”

On Monday following her death she was buried with her son in her arms.

“After some time I wished to see what I had just before called my Meta. They prevented me—I said to one of our friends: ‘Then I will forbear. She will rise again.’

“The second night came the blessing of her death. Till then I had considered it only a trial. The blessing of such a death in its full power came on me. I passed above an hour in silent rapture. Only once in my life did I ever feel anything similar, when in my youth I thought myself dying; but the moments of my expected departure then were somewhat different. My soul was raised with gratitude and joy, but that sweet silence was not in it. The highest degree of peace with which I am acquainted was in my soul. This state began with my recollecting that thy Accomplisher and my Advocate said, ‘He who loveth father or mother more than me is not worthy of me.’

“It is impossible to describe all the blessings of this hour. I was never before with such certainty convinced of my salvation.

“For this world, forever, my Meta. Yes, it is short, very short, the forever of this world. How soon wast

thou taken from me! But never, never will I complain. Not even that the forever of this world often appears to me far from short. How can I complain! How can I forget the comfort, the gracious refreshment which restored my soul when my path was the roughest, when the wilderness of my pilgrimage most resembled that shadowy vale which thou didst pass!

“Thou who couldst not endure a single day’s absence from me, (O well I know how ill thou couldst endure it,) thou didst contentedly see me leave thee, and didst not send for me to return, though I had promised to pray with thee again. What a change in thee! Thou wast quite detached from this world. It was the beginning of eternal life. Though I know that thou hast never ceased to love me, yet this thought would be painful to me had it not been for the sake of the great object of our worship, that thou didst tear thyself ever from me.”

Klopstock survived his amiable wife many years, and to the end of life cherished the remembrance of her. He died in Christian triumph. In his last and severest conflict, he raised himself on his bed, folded his hands, and with uplifted eyes pronounced the cheering words: “Can a woman forget her child, that she should not have compassion on the fruit of her womb? Yes, she may forget, but I will not forget thee.” He sunk down, fell into a gentle slumber, and awoke in eternity, March 14, 1803.

18. MRS. FLETCHER.

“ 'Tis sweet to die ! The flowers of earthly love
(Fair, frail spring-blossoms) early droop and die ;
But all their fragrance is exhaled above,
Upon our spirits evermore to lie.—FANNY FORRESTER.

MISS BOSANQUET was born in 1739. At the early age of ten she became the subject of renewing grace. As she advanced in years she also increased in the maturity and excellence of her Christian character. She sought intercourse and communion with the most eminently pious persons in her vicinity. The change induced by this in her manners, dress, and whole course of life, was not pleasing to her parents, whose views of the requirements of religion were far less self-denying, and more indulgent of worldly appetites. Although subjected to no painful restraints or persecutions, her residence became so unpleasant to herself and her parents, that at the age of twenty-one, having a small fortune coming to herself, she hired rooms at a friend's and removed thither ; from this time devoting herself and substance entirely to the service of her Redeemer.

About a year after this, a house belonging to her estate becoming vacant in her native town—Laytonstone—she moved thither, and, in the midst of her other duties and charities, collected under her hospitable roof several orphan children, with whose education and well-being she charged herself. Her income was found to be too narrow a limit for her benevolence, but the providence of God never failed her in any of the adventures of faith she undertook. By encouraging and generous friends assisting, from time to time, she was enabled to continue her labours of love towards the homeless and orphaned children that gathered around her hospitable door.

During, however, the fourteen years she struggled with the cares and perplexities of managing so large a family, (sometimes amounting to thirty,) her own property was almost entirely expended, and her health often periled; but her faith and patience never failed her, and the Lord failed not to redeem his promise to his praying children in her behalf.

In 1781, she became the wife of Fletcher, Vicar of Madeley—a name associated with what ever in religion is sublime, or elevated, or intense, or holy. Theirs were congenial spirits. No married couple, perhaps, ever loved each other more tenderly, none have ever been more single in their purposes, more devoted to acts of piety, more wrapt in a Saviour's love.

After the decease of her husband she continued to labour with unwearied assiduity for the benefit of the people who had been blessed by his labours during his life. She survived her lamented husband more than thirty years.

August 14th, 1815, she writes: "Thirty years, this day, I drank the bitter cup, and closed the eyes of my beloved husband; and now I am myself in a dying state. Lord, prepare me! I feel death very near. My soul doth wait, and long to fly to the bosom of my God! Come, my adorable Saviour! I lie at thy feet; I long for all thy fulness!"

The last entry in her journal was made on the 26th of October following: "I have had a bad night; but asking help of the Lord for a closer communion, my precious Lord applied that word, 'I have borne thy sins in my own body on the tree.' I felt his presence. I seem very near death; but I long to fly into the arms of my beloved Lord. I feel his loving-kindness surrounds me."

As the closing scene of life drew on, her sufferings were very great; her breathing was exceedingly difficult;

and a sore in her left breast, supposed to be a cancer, gave her great distress. She, however, continued to speak to the people, saying, "I will speak to them while I have any breath."

At one time, waking out of a doze, she said, "I am drawing near to glory;" and soon after, "There is my house and portion fair;" and again, "Jesus, come, my hope of glory;" and, after a short pause, "He lifts his hands and shows that I am graven there."

The night of her decease, the young woman who attended upon her, with great difficulty, on account of her weakness, could compose her in bed. After she had lain down, she said: "My love, this is the last time I shall get into bed; it has been hard work to get in, but it is work I shall do no more. This oppression upon my breath cannot last long, but all is well. The Lord will shower down ten thousand blessings upon thee, my tender nurse, my kind friend."

About one o'clock in the morning, her spirit entered into rest. The precise moment of her departure was marked only by the cessation of noise made by her breathing. The last words she uttered were addressed to her nurse, "The Lord bless both thee and me." There was at the last, neither sigh, groan, nor struggle. A heavenly sweetness still overspread her countenance, and prompted the expression from the beholder—"asleep in Jesus!" The moment so much longed for had arrived; and the expression left by the departed spirit upon the lifeless form, seemed to say

"My home, henceforth, is in the skies;
Earth, sea, and sun, adieu;
All heaven's unfolded to my eyes,
I have no sight for you."

19. MRS. WOULD.

THE mother of the late Rev. Basil Would, of Bristol, England, lost her husband seven months before the birth of her child. Her afflictions were much sanctified to her, and she delighted to bring up her child in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. In her last illness, when unable to write, she dictated to the venerable clergyman, her pastor, her dying farewell, in which she says :—

“I am dying, and not afraid; I trust I am going to my Father’s house! I never was so happy! I would write to tell you what my soul feels in this blessed prospect, that I might bear my testimony to his grace, that I might refresh your soul who have so often refreshed mine, and tell you what joy I feel in this prospect. I do not doubt of meeting you in heaven, and my dear child too!”

The same evening she dictated the above letter, she said to her son, “O, I am very happy; I am going to my mansion in the skies; I shall soon be there, and, O, I shall be glad to receive you to it! You shall come in, to go out no more! If ever you have a family, tell your children they had a grandmother who feared God, and found the comfort of it on her death-bed; and tell your partner I shall be happy to see her in heaven. Son, I exhort you to preach the Gospel, preach it faithfully and boldly; fear not the face of man; endeavour to put in a word of comfort to the humble believer, to poor weak souls. I heartily wish you success; may you be useful to the souls of many!” Towards the conclusion of that evening she addressed her son in words which he delighted to repeat; when, after speaking of the boundless love of Christ and his salvation, she added, “It is a

glorious salvation—a free, unmerited salvation—a full, complete salvation—a perfect, eternal salvation; it is a deliverance from every enemy; it is a supply of every want; it is all I can now wish for in death, it is all I shall want in eternity.”

Thus did this excellent mother breathe out her soul for a few days more, till she was peacefully translated from her couch of sickness to her eternal rest. Her beloved son’s name was the last on her lips; and truly was her hope respecting him fulfilled—that hope which she expressed by repeating to him the words of a friend, who, adopting the consolation offered to Monica respecting Augustine, had said, “Go home and be at peace; the child of those tears can never perish.”

20. CATHARINE BRETTERG.

“Though to-night the seed be sown in gloom,
Amid darkness, and tears, and sorrow,
It shall spring from the tomb, in immortal bloom,
On the bright and glorious morrow.
The tears that we shed o’er holy dust,
Are the tribute of human sadness;
But the grave holds in trust the remains of the just,
Till the day of eternal gladness.”

THIS excellent woman, in the beginning of her last sickness, was permitted to labour under great exercise and conflict of spirit, but she was mercifully supported under this trial, and the victory was, in due time, graciously given to her.

When she was near her end, her strength and voice being very feeble, she lifted up her eyes, and with a sweet countenance, and still voice, said: “My warfare is accomplished, and my iniquities are pardoned. Lord, whom have I in heaven but thee? and I have none on earth besides thee. My flesh faileth, and my heart also;

but God is the strength of my heart, and my portion forever. He that preserveth Jacob, and defendeth Israel, is my God, and will guide me unto death. Direct me, O Lord my God, and keep my soul in safety."

Soon after she had expressed these words, she yielded up her soul in peace to her Creator.

21. MRS. ELIZABETH JAMES.

"Life is a dream—a bright, but fleeting dream—

I can but love; but then my soul awakes,

And from the mist of earthliness, a gleam

Of heavenly light, of truth immortal, breaks."

FANNY FORRESTER.

HAVING been delivered about four or five days, and as well as could be expected, she then appeared to be somewhat worse, and the symptoms grew more dangerous till her death, which happened a few days after; during which last period of her life these sweet expressions dropped from her lips:—"I shall be ill; but I know all is well. God is love—I am persuaded of that; whatever he does will be best." The next day, when she seemed to be sensible of her danger, she disclaimed all merit in herself, and said, "If God was to enter into judgment with me according to my deserts, I know I should be miserable forever; my only hope is in the merits of Christ: the covenant is sure. As to my children, I shall be no great loss to them—God will be more to them than I could be;" and frequently said that evening, "All is well—all is done." That night she dreamed that there was a beautiful chariot come for her with cherubim: "And they told me," said she, "they were come for me, to carry me to my dear Redeemer." The day following, she sung, in great ecstasy, "Glory, glory, glory, praise; all is well; all is done!

Sweet Jesus, blessed Saviour!" and frequently expressed her confidence that she should meet her babes in glory, that were dead, and some other select friends (mentioning their names) who had died in the Lord. At another time she cried, "Eternity! O eternity! that is the happy portion of the children of God."

"And you are a child of God," said her sister.

She turned her head, and smiled, saying, "Yes, my dear, I know I am;" and added a word of praise to her Redeemer.

Some time afterward she called upon one near her, "Come, will you not go up? I am going up to that number." And often repeated to herself, in a loud voice, "Hosts—angels—camp of Israel," &c. At one time she said to her husband, "My happiness is inexpressible. I shall drink the new wine in the kingdom; I shall sit at the Master's table among his children; and I am one, known and owned long ago—he is my husband." To her sister she said, "I have nothing to distress me—this is death; I shall die, and you will behold me no more; the gate is strait, but the way is short. How astonishing! God dwelleth in me;" and repeated it with peculiar emphasis, "God is dwelling in me. I am saved forever, ever, ever. May we all be washed in the blood of Christ!"

Often she spoke with delight of the promises,—that they were many. "Wonderful love! Jesus," said she to one near her, "shed his blood, and groaned, and died, for such sinful worms as you and I." When a fit was coming, she said, "Now may I retreat, and live forever!" At another time, "Open, Lord; I can stay no longer." To one of her friends she said, "How beautiful will you be when you come thither! you will not know yourself—your clothes will be changed." Frequently she said, "Jesus gave me his salvation." One evening she sung some verses in the most melo-

dious strain, that were suggested to her mind, beginning with these words :—

“Come, sweet Jesus, come away,
Take me to the realms of light!”

And concluded her newly-composed hymn thus :—

“One and all we fly to thee;
Come, sweet Jesus, come away!”

And immediately said to one near her bed-side, “Come, you will be with me very soon.” And though she was at times light-headed before her death, her discourse was of the things of God, and very evangelical; and the night she died, was often heard to say, in a very loud voice, “My dear Redeemer! my dear Redeemer!” Soon after she fell asleep.

22. AGNES MORRIS, A POOR NEGRO WOMAN.

AGNES MORRIS, a poor negro woman, sent a pressing request to Mrs. Thwaites, a lady resident in Antigua, to visit her. She was in the last stage of a dropsy. This poor creature ranked among the lowest class of slaves. Her all consisted of a little wattled hut and a few clothes. Mrs. Thwaites finding her, at the commencement of her illness, in a very destitute condition, mentioned her case to a friend, who gave her a coat. When Mrs. Thwaites paid her last visit, on her entering the door, Agnes exclaimed, “Missis, you come! This tongue can’t tell what Jesus do for me. Me call my Saviour, day and night, and he come.” Laying her hand on her breast, “He comfort me here.” On Mrs. Thwaites asking if she was sure of going to heaven when she died, she answered, “Yes, me sure. Me see de way clear, and shine before me,”—looking, and pointing upwards with

a smiling face. "If da dis minute Jesus will take me home, me ready." Some hymns being sung, she was in a rapture of joy; and, in reference to the words of one of them, exclaimed, "For me—for me—poor sinner!" lifting her swelled hands. "What a glory! what a glory!" Seeing her only daughter weeping, she said, "What you cry for? No cry—follow Jesus—He will take care of you;" and turning to Mrs. Thwaites, she said, "Missis, show um de pa,"—meaning the path to heaven. Many other expressions fell from her of a similar nature, to the astonishment of those who heard her. She continued, it was understood, praying and praising God to her latest breath. This poor creature was destitute of all earthly comforts. Her bed was a board, with a few plantain-leaves over it. How many of these outcasts will be translated from outward wretchedness to realms of glory!

23. A NEGRO SLAVE IN ANTIGUA.

THE following account of the dying hours of a converted native of Africa was given by a lady who witnessed her sufferings and comforts. This aged Christian was a negro slave in Antigua:—

"We often visited her; and always found her cheerful and happy, and her mouth filled with blessings. She enumerated, with all the exaggerations of gratitude, the advantages which she had derived from our coming; blessing and praising God incessantly for it, and invoking, in the most affecting manner, blessings on the very ship which had brought us out. She could not, she said, forget her God, for he did not forget her; she lay down upon that bed, and he came down to her—meaning by this to describe the spiritual communion which she enjoyed with her God and Saviour. She

told us, if it was the will of 'Jesus Massa' to call her to-morrow, she should be satisfied to go; if it was his will to spare her some time longer, she should be satisfied to stay.

"We frequently called to see her, and always found her in the same strain of adoring gratitude and love.

"She often regretted her inability to come to prayers. Indeed, such was her desire to join us in worshipping God, that she once got her son to bring her on his back.

"When I asked her, on another occasion, how she did, she replied she did not know; but He who made the soul and body, knew, and the best time for calling her away. She only hoped it would not be pitch darkness, but that there might be light; and that He would remember his promise to her. She thanked me when I offered her some medicine; said she would have anything which we gave her, and that 'Jesus Massa would pay us for all.'

"'What,' she asked, on another visit, 'can poor massa do more? what can poor missis do more? They cannot take away old age.' She repeated that she was waiting for her summons from above; said God spared her a little, and she thanked him for it. By-and-by, when he saw his time, he would come, and then she would thank him for that.

"She once appeared to have some doubts in her mind; for, when she spoke of her approaching departure, she said she should be glad to go if she was to be happy, and if the way was not dark. On being asked if she did not love 'Jesus Massa,' she exclaimed, in great surprise at the question, 'Ah! Ah!' and then told us how, years ago, she had been in the habit of visiting different plantations to hear the word of eternal life; and that when she came in, fatigued with labour in the field, she did not go to seek for food to nourish

her body, but went in pursuit of that ‘bread which endureth unto everlasting life.’ This evening she said, ‘Jesus Massa come closer and closer to me.’

“The next evening she appeared so faint and low as to be scarcely conscious of our coming in. After a while, however, she exerted herself to speak, and told us she was in pain from head to foot; nobody had beat her; nobody had whipped her; but ‘Jesus Massa’ had sent the pain, and she thanked him for it. Some day, when he saw good, he would come and take it away.

“After lingering thus for some time, still in pain, but prayer and praise ever flowing from her lips, she drew near her end. When in her greatest extremities, she said her Saviour would give her ease when he saw fit; and if he did not give it her now, he would give it her yonder—pointing upwards.

“Thus this aged Christian fell asleep in Jesus.

“Her external condition was by no means enviable. Little, however, as it presented to charm the eye of sense, a mind of spiritual discernment perceived in her humble cottage a heavenly Guest, whose presence shed a Divine splendour around, with which all the pomp of human greatness would vainly attempt to vie.”

24. ANNA MARIA SCHURMAN.

“Death’s subtle seed within,
(Sly, treach’rous miner!) working in the dark,
Smiled at thy well-concerted scheme, and beckon’d
The worm to riot on that rose so red,
Unfaded ere it fell, one moment’s prey.”—YOUNG.

ANNA MARIA SCHURMAN, of a noble Protestant family in Germany, was born at Cologne, in the year 1607. The powers of her mind were very great, and she em-

ployed them in the acquisition of a large stock of literature. She was skilled in many languages; and the Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, were so familiar to her that she not only wrote, but spoke them fluently, to the surprise of the most learned men. She had also a competent knowledge of the liberal arts and sciences; and was held in high reputation by several persons of the greatest learning in her time.

During her last illness she declared her full satisfaction in the religious choice she had made. After suffering much from the disorder, she expressed herself in the following manner:—

“I have proceeded one step further towards eternity, and if the Lord shall please to increase my pains, it will be no cause of sorrow: the will of my God is all to me; I follow him. How good is it to be in the hands of God! But it will be still better for me when I shall enjoy more full communion with him among the children of God, in the abodes of the blessed. I have nothing more to desire in this world.”

In the last night of her life she said to one who watched with her, “I am almost continually impressed with a sentiment of this nature, ‘A Christian must suffer.’ This sentiment comforts me in my pains, and supports me that I faint not. O how good it is to remain in silence and patience before God! My most beneficent Father has not dealt with me as with his servant Job, whose friends were with him seven days in silence, and then addressed him with bitter words. But how sweet and comfortable are the impressions which I feel!”

25. A YOUNG WOMAN.

THE following interesting example of the power of religion on the mind of a person in humble life is extracted from a letter to a nobleman, by the late venerable Mr. Newton:—

“Permit me, my lord, to relate, upon this occasion, some things which exceedingly struck me in a conversation I had with a young woman whom I visited in her last illness about two years ago. She was a sober, prudent person, of plain sense; she could read the Bible, but had read little besides. Her knowledge of the world was nearly confined to the parish; for I suppose she was seldom, if ever, twelve miles from home. She had known the Gospel about seven years before the Lord visited her with a lingering consumption, which, at length, removed her to a better world. A few days previous to her death, in prayer by her bed-side, I thanked the Lord that he gave her now to see that she had not followed cunningly devised fables. When I had finished, she repeated that expression: ‘No,’ said she, ‘not cunningly devised fables; these are realities indeed; I feel their truth; I feel their comfort. O tell my friends, tell my acquaintance, tell inquiring souls, tell poor sinners, tell all the daughters of Jerusalem,’ (alluding to Solomon’s Song,) ‘what Jesus has done for my soul! Tell them, that now, in the time of need, I find Him my beloved, and my friend; and, as such, I commend him to them.’

“She then fixed her eyes steadfastly upon me, and proceeded, to the best of my recollection, as follows:— ‘Sir, you are highly favoured in being called to preach the Gospel. I have often heard you with pleasure; but give me leave to tell you that I now see all you have

said, or that you can say, is comparatively but little. Nor till you come into my situation, and have death and eternity full in your view, will it be possible for you to conceive the vast weight and importance of the truths you declare. O, sir, it is a serious thing to die; no words can express what is needful to support the soul in the solemnity of a dying hour.'

"When I visited her again, she said, 'I feel that my hope is fixed upon the Rock of Ages; I know in whom I have believed. But the approach of death presents a prospect which is, till then, hidden from us, and which cannot be described.' She said much more to the same purpose; and in all she spoke there was dignity, weight, and evidence. We may well say, with Elihu, 'Who teacheth like the Lord?'"

26. ISABELLA GRAHAM.

"Farewell, conflicting hopes and fears,
Where light and shade alternate dwell;
How bright the unchanging morn appears!
Farewell, inconstant world, farewell!"

WHEN the lethargy of death was creeping over this eminently pious woman, observing Mr. Bethune, her son-in-law, looking at her with agitation, she was roused from her heaviness, and, stretching her arms towards him, and embracing him, she said, "My dear, dear son, I am going to leave you; I am going to my Saviour."

"I know," he replied, "that when you do go from us, it will be to the Saviour; but, my dear mother, it may not be the Lord's time now to call you to himself."

"Yes," said she, "now is the time; and, O, I could weep for sin."

Her words were accompanied with her tears.

"Have you any doubts, then, my dear friend?" asked Mrs. Chrystie.

"O, no," replied Mrs. Graham; and looking at Mr. and Mrs. B—— as they wept. "My dear children, I have no more doubt of going to my Saviour than if I were already in his arms; my guilt is all transferred; he has cancelled all I owed. Yet I could weep for sins against so good a God: it seems to me as if there must be weeping even in heaven for sin."

She was now surrounded by many of her dear Christian friends, who watched her dying bed with affection and solicitude. On Tuesday afternoon she slept with little intermission. This, said Dr. Mason, may be truly called "falling asleep in Jesus." It was remarked by those who attended her, that all terror was taken away, and that death seemed here as an entrance into life. Her countenance was placid, and looked younger than before her illness.

At a quarter past twelve o'clock, being the morning of the 27th of July, 1814, her spirit gently winged its flight from a mansion of clay to the realms of glory, while around the precious remnant of earth her family and friends stood weeping, yet elevated by the scene they were witnessing. After a silence of many minutes they kneeled by her bed, adored the goodness and the grace of God toward his departed child, and implored the Divine blessing on both the branches of her family, as well as on all the Israel of God.

Thus she departed in peace, not trusting in her wisdom or virtue, like the philosophers of Greece and Rome; not even like Addison, calling on the profligate to see a good man die; but like Howard, afraid that her good works might have a wrong place in the estimate of her hope,—her chief glory was that of "a sinner saved by grace."

27. MRS. MARY FRANCIS.

"My God, my Father, and my Friend,
Do not forsake me in my end."—ROSCOMMON.

IN the commencement of her illness, this godly woman was exercised with great darkness and distress of mind, and was very earnest, in her inquiries and prayers, for the assurance of salvation. The enemy taking advantage of the weakness of her body, and some trying circumstances in her connexions, brought her into great heaviness. The corruptions of her nature, more fully appeared in their awful extent and malignity; the fountains of this great deep burst forth with such impetuosity, as made her fear she should be engulfed in the vortex of destruction. In this frame of mind she would often exclaim, "O that I knew I were a child of God! O that I knew I were a believer in Jesus!"

Being answered by a pious lady, whose visits were greatly blessed to her soul, "So you are;" she replied, "Satan tells me I am not, that all my religion is a delusion—that I am nothing but a hypocrite, and that he shall have me, after all my profession." Conflicts of this distressing nature oppressed and agitated, frequently her body as well as her soul, in the most alarming manner. At other times the Lord applied the promises with such power and aptitude to her case, as remarkably dispelled her fears, and caused her to rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory. To a friend, who was in the habit of visiting her, she exclaimed, "I know in whom I have believed, and am persuaded he is able to keep that which I have committed to him against that day. God is worthy to be trusted; he is as good as his word, I find him faithful, I feel him near me. God is love—how sweet are these words—God is love!"

Being visited by her minister, he found her under great depression of mind, lamenting the loss of her comfortable views, and complaining of the hardness of her heart. She said she was greatly perplexed by the enemy, who suggested that she was a hypocrite, that all her religion was vain, and that she should go to hell. She fervently joined in prayer, was greatly relieved in it, expressed much thankfulness for the visit, and entreated her pastor to make his visits more frequent, for they were a great blessing to her soul. This happy frame was succeeded by confusion and darkness of mind, but she was enabled to rely on Christ, and trust in his promises: "I will never leave you—I will be with you to the end."

This happy frame was of short duration; in a few days she was overwhelmed with sorrow, but was delivered by the application of that promise, "I will keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed upon me, because he trusteth in me." She said she hoped her mind was stayed upon the Lord. "O!" said she, "I long for the consolations of Christ, I want more of his Holy Spirit;" and added, "I have had great consolations since you visited me last." The day following she was very low in mind, but said she knew that God had made an everlasting covenant with her, ordered in all things and sure."

The next day I called on her, she was very weak, and spoke with much difficulty; but recovering a little, she broke out in expressions of exalted gratitude to Christ, "O, he has broken in upon my soul with such light! he has given me such joys, that all my doubts are removed; he says he will be with me, and stand by me in the trying moment: O how precious is Christ to my soul!

'O glorious hour! O blest abode!
I shall be near, and like my God;
And flesh and sin no more control
The sacred pleasures of my soul.'

A few days before her death, she said to the lady whose visits had been very useful to her, "I have been living on the promises of a gracious God. I find Jesus Christ increasingly precious; I long to depart, I pray for patience while he delays the coming of his chariot wheels."

The day previous to her departure, the glories of the eternal world were so wonderfully displayed to her view, as made her almost insensible where she was. She said: "I am not able to express half of what I feel; I know not scarcely where I am. O that I could but tell you what joy I possess! I am full of rapture; the Lord doth shine with such power upon my soul. Victory! victory! victory!

'Jesus, I know his charming name;
His name is all my trust;
He will not put my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost.' "

Not long before she departed, she said, "Lord, thou hast promised to be with me to the end." And then, with rapture, exclaimed, "He is come! he is come!"

Thus this blessed woman, after a painful and lingering illness of eighteen months, entered triumphantly into the joy of her Lord, March 28, 1801.

SECTION V.

Christian Children and Youth.

1. WILBERFORCE RICHMOND.

“We miss them when the board is spread,
We miss them when the prayer is said;
Upon our dreams their dying eyes
In still and mournful fondness lies.—NEWMAN.

THE interesting narrative recorded by the Rev. E. Bickersteth, of the final hours of Wilberforce Richmond, the second son of the Rev. L. Richmond, late rector of Turvey, will supply an illustration of early piety, and of its power to sustain the mind of the young in the prospect of coming dissolution.

This youth afforded remarkable promise of strong intellectual power, united with a lively and playful temperament, and open and honourable dispositions. He had been early—perhaps too early—intended for the clerical profession; though, conscious himself of its deep responsibilities, he for some time rather shrunk from than sought that office. The evidences, however, of a work of God upon his soul, became increasingly clear and manifest, though, with a reserve which was extremely painful to his father, he shrunk from conversing freely upon subjects of experimental piety.

Pulmonary symptoms became soon apparent, and Wilberforce took a journey to Scotland, for the benefit of medical advice on the state of his health. A small cottage was engaged for him at Rothsay, in the isle of Bute. His residence here, however, seemed to develop rather than to check his unfavourable symptoms, and he returned to Turvey, to die. All reserve was now

banished from him, and he unbosomed himself to his anxious, but delighted parent, with the most affectionate confidence.

"He opened his whole heart to his father, told him minutely of all his past conflicts, spoke of his present comforts, and begged that he might be closely examined. He wished to satisfy his parent and pastor that his faith was Scriptural and sincere. . . . He would sit for hours with his dear father, in the study, supported in an easy chair, telling him of all he had gone through, entreating his pardon for the uneasiness he had occasioned him by his past silence, and expressing his great joy at now being able to converse with freedom, and mingle their souls together in the delightful interchange of confidence. It was now that our beloved father was well comforted, and that he received a full answer to patient prayer." So writes his endeared sister.

In answer to his father's question, "What are your present feelings, my dear boy?"

"I feel, papa," he replied, "more hope than joy. I have read of ecstasies in the view of dying, which others have experienced, and to which I am still a stranger; but I have a hope founded on the word of God, which cheers and supports me. I know in whom I have trusted, and I believe he will neither leave me nor forsake me. I am not afraid of death; but as I think my time will not be long, I wish to put myself into the Lord's hand, and then into yours, that you may search and try me, whether I am in any error."

"I found his mind," writes his father, "clear as to the great principle of his acceptance with God, clearly and unequivocally through the death and righteousness of Christ. In the most simple and satisfactory manner he renounced all dependence upon every word and deed of his own. 'It is,' said he, 'as a guilty sinner before God, that I throw myself upon his mercy; I have no excuse to

offer for myself, no plea to put in why God should not utterly destroy me, but that Jesus died to save, to pardon, and to bless me. It is his free gift, and not my deserving. O, papa! what would become of me if salvation were by works? What have I ever done? and, above all, what, in my present state, could I now do, to *merit* anything at his hands? God forbid that I should rest upon such a flimsy, fallacious system of divinity as that which ascribes merit to man. I have no merit. I can have none. I thank God I have long known this. I fear many trust in themselves, and thus rob Christ of his glory.'

"I referred," says his father, at another time, "to a conversation which I once had with an individual, who objected to an application of that expression, 'the chief of sinners,' to himself, and said it was only intended to describe the peculiar circumstances of St. Paul. 'Then I am sure,' said Wilberforce, 'that person could not have been rightly convinced of guilt in his own conscience. I do not know what the critic may say on such a passage, but I am quite satisfied that when the heart is opened to itself, the expression, "chief of sinners," will not appear too strong to describe its character. I have often heard you say, papa, that the view of religion which most honours God, is that which most debases the sinner, and exalts the Saviour. I never felt this to be so true as at the present moment.' His pallid, but intelligent countenance, as he said this, seemed to express more than he could find words to utter."

Towards the close of his life, when his fever ran high, he awaked from a short doze. "I observed him," again says his father, "rest his eyes on a globe of water, which stood near the window and contained a gold-fish. I inquired what he was looking at so earnestly. He replied, 'I have often watched the mechanical motion of our gold and silver-fish in that globe. There is now only one

left, and that seems to be weak and sickly. I wonder which of us will live the longer, that fish or I.' He paused, and then added, 'That fish, my dear papa, is supported by the water in the vessel, but I hope I am supported by the waters of salvation. The fish will soon die, and live no more; but if I am upheld by the water of salvation, I shall live forever.' Soon after, a gleam of light from the setting sun shone upon the gold-fish, and produced a brilliant reflection from its scales, as it swam in the glass vessel. 'Look,' said he, 'at its beauty now.'

"So, my dear boy, may a bright and more glorious sun shine on you, and gild the evening of your days."

"'I hope,' he replied, 'although I sometimes feel a cloud and a doubt pass across my mind, that in the evening-time there shall be light; and then in His light I shall see light.'"

The conflicts of this young man as death approached, were sometimes unusually severe. "O death, death! what is it? I have still to go through death—the dark valley." Suddenly, with a wild expression of countenance, and in a bitter tone, he exclaimed, "O agony! agony! agony! I shall perish after all! Satan will have me after all! Papa, pray for me; he tells me I shall be lost—he tells me my sins will damn me. O, papa, this is agony! all is dark, dark—all gone, all lost! And has Christ brought me thus far, to leave me at last?"

The father remonstrated, wept, and prayed with his son. But he could not receive the offered consolation.

"O papa, what will become of me? I am going into the dark valley *alone*. Jesus has left me! It is all dark, dark, dark! The 'rod and staff' do not support me. Satan fights hard for me, and he will carry me away at last."

At length the cloud departed, and the sunshine of

salvation beamed again upon the spirit. Here is the blessed exit:—

“‘What is to-morrow?’ he asked.

“‘It is the Sabbath.’

“He seemed pleased, and earnestly begged that the congregation might be requested to pray in the church. On Sunday morning he was much weaker, and his end was evidently fast approaching. To a kind friend, who had nursed him, he said, ‘How do I look now?’

“She saw the approach of death in his languid eye and pallid countenance. ‘You look worse, master Wilberforce; I do not think that you can live much longer.’

“The effect produced by her opinion was truly astonishing. His dim eye lighted up, all his features assumed a new life, and, turning to her, he said: ‘O, thank you, dear Mrs. G——; good news—you tell me good news. Shall I indeed be in heaven to-day?’ His father came into the room. ‘Papa,’ said he, ‘how do I look—am I altered?’

“‘No, my dear boy, I see little difference in you.’

“He was evidently disappointed. ‘Do you see no difference?’ said he, ‘Mrs. G—— does. She has made me happy; she thinks I may die to-day.’

“My father sat with him the whole of the day while we were at church, and Willy asked him to read the service for the visitation of the sick. He listened with devout attention, and when it was ended, he said, ‘O, my dear papa, what beautiful prayers! what an affecting service! It expresses my whole heart.’

“He then said to his mother, ‘I love to look at you, mamma. I love to smile at you, but I want to smile at Jesus.’

“He had been accustomed to teach a class in a Sunday school, and begged that his dying message might be written down and sent to the children that evening. He had not been able to lie in bed for a week, owing to the

pain in his side; but on Sunday evening, he expressed a wish to be undressed and put to bed, being inclined to sleep. He was accordingly put to bed, and lay very tranquil and comfortable. His father stood watching beside him, till he thought him asleep. He then went to his study, as he afterwards told us, to pray, that if it were God's will his child might have quiet and ease in his last moments; for he much dreaded the severity of a dying agony, which, from the past, he thought probable. As he was going away, he blessed him, and, looking at him as he lay, serene and beautiful in his repose, he said: 'So He giveth his beloved sleep.'

"Willy opened his eyes on hearing these words, and replied, 'Yes, dear papa; and the rest which Christ gives is sweet.' These were his last words. He immediately sank into a long and peaceful slumber. We were sitting near him. Mrs. G——, his faithful nurse, stood and watched beside him. We could hear distinctly every breath he drew, and the least change in the sound was perceptible. One or two breathings were slower and longer, which made us get up and look at him. He appeared as if slumbering very sweetly. There was no alteration in his countenance, and we were going to sit down again, when Mrs. G—— said: 'Call your papa immediately.' We did so, and he came just in time to hear his last sigh."

2. ELIZA M——.

“These birds of paradise but long to flee
Back to their native mansion.”—PROPHECY OF DANTE.

THE young lady whose departure is here narrated, was placed in that rank of life, in which an opportunity is possessed for following the gayeties of the world.

“Before it pleased God to engage her attention to the great concerns of a future state, she was in some danger of being too much captivated with the fascinating splendour of gay and polite life. The death of a relation was the means, in the hand of the Almighty, of leading her to see, in a just light, the vanity of the world. This event produced such sensations and reflections in her mind, as had the most salutary tendency. She began to be apprehensive, from the precarious state of her health, that she had no reason to expect a long continuance here. Death, at that time, appeared to her with a most dreadful aspect, because she knew herself to be a sinner, and not in a state of reconciliation and friendship with God.

“The pardon of sin, the sanctification of her nature, and a disposition suited to the heavenly world, she was fully convinced, were necessary to future happiness. For many childish and youthful follies she stood self-condemned; and though she did not make known her inward disquietudes to any one, she had, for some time, sore conflicts in her own breast. She sought relief from God only, pouring out her requests before his throne for that mercy which is never denied to those who sincerely ask it in the name of Jesus. He who hath said, ‘I love them that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me,’ was pleased to manifest himself to her, in

so gracious a manner as at once to remove her disquieting fears, and establish her mind in hope and tranquillity. She was enabled to say, with humble confidence, 'I am weak indeed, but Christ is strong; I am poor, but he is rich; I am sick, but he is the Physician; I am a sinner, but he is the Saviour of sinners. I find in him everything answerable to my needs.' His atoning sacrifice gave relief to her wounded conscience, and joy to her desponding heart. Renouncing all confidence in the flesh, she, from this period, looked for all her salvation from the Redeemer's cross.

"When the disorder of which she died began to prevail, she earnestly requested Mr. Fawcett, a neighbouring minister, to visit her as often as his other concerns would permit. He soon found her intelligent and conversable upon Divine subjects, far beyond what he expected. Her conceptions of the way of salvation were clear, her faith in the Redeemer steady, and her hope lively. Flattering expectations were sometimes raised respecting her recovery. The ablest physicians attended her, and every method was adopted in order to restore her debilitated frame; but though she was often relieved, and the threatening symptoms checked for a season, yet, to the great distress of her affectionate parents, she visibly declined in strength, and wasted away by slow degrees.

"When a minister is called to visit the afflicted, he often finds himself under great embarrassment. To discourse with them concerning death, and the necessity of being prepared for that awful event, is thought harsh and severe. He that would deal faithfully with them, and admonish them of their danger, need not expect to be often invited. But this was far, very far from being the case with our young friend. She knew herself to be in dying circumstances, and had no wish to be told that there was hope of recovery. Though her expectations

of a temporal kind were considerable, she freely relinquished them all, and became not only indifferent to all earthly things, but actually dead to them. She might well say,

‘ ’Tis finish’d now, the great deciding part ;
The world’s subdued, and heaven has all my heart.’

“When she saw her affectionate mother weeping by her, she always endeavoured to comfort her by such words as these : ‘Mamma, do not weep for me, I am quite happy ; I have no wish to live ; if I might have life by wishing for it, I should rather choose to die and go to my Redeemer.’ Such entire victory over the world, in one of her years, and circumstanced as she was, is very uncommon, and can only be the effect of that faith which overcometh the world, as it ‘is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen.’

“When select portions of the Divine word were read to her, she listened with the most ardent attention, and often signified how comforting and supporting it was to her mind. Though her weakness and pain increased from week to week, she never seemed to be weary of religious exercises. Her request, when Mr. Fawcett left her, generally was, ‘Come again soon,’ or, ‘When will you favour me with another visit?’ When prevented by other engagements from attending her at the time she expected him, he sometimes transmitted to her a few hasty lines, which he knew to be expressive of the sentiments of her mind. These she presently committed to memory, and adopted as her own.

“Though she was much endeared to her friends, yet they could not but desire to see the time of her release. Her sufferings were great and long-continued ; but she was a pattern of sweet resignation, of dignified patience, of noble fortitude, and of entire deadness to everything below. Her heart and her hopes were above. Death

was not to her the object of dread, but of desire. She settled every little circumstance of a temporal nature, in the prospect of her end, with the utmost composure, and talked of dying as of going some pleasant journey. 'What, my dear Miss,' said one of her attendants, 'are you not afraid of the pains of death?' She assured her, that she felt no terror in that respect, for her merciful Saviour was able to support her. She often said under her sharpest pains, 'I am very happy; I would not change situations with anyone living.' The little stock of money she had in her possession, she divided into small sums, and sent them to the most needy and deserving objects she could remember."

The following is Mr. Fawcett's account of his last visit to her:—

"My last visit to her was on Sunday evening, September 22. I found her extremely ill, but supported amidst her agonies by a lively hope of celestial felicity, and full of heavenly comfort. A deadly coldness had already begun to seize her emaciated hand. I told her her warfare was nearly accomplished. She replied with the sweetest composure, 'I hope it is.' She wished me once more to assist her devotions, and particularly to pray for her release; I endeavoured to do so, in a few short petitions, commending her soul to the hands of her Redeemer, whom having not seen she loved; in which she appeared to join in the most fervent manner. After having suggested a few consolatory hints, with a view to confirm her faith in the last conflict, I took my leave, not expecting to see her again till we should meet in the world of spirits. Her cough was incessantly troublesome, her pain in every part very great, and her weakness not to be described.

"Soon after I left her she desired to be moved, and feeling the springs of life begin to fail, she said to her attendants: 'It is now over,' or words to that purpose.

She appeared to be perfectly sensible, calm, and composed to the last, often saying, as long as she could be heard to speak, ‘Come, Lord Jesus!’ At half-past nine she breathed out her happy spirit into the bosom of him who had long marked her for his own.

‘She in a sacred calm resign’d her breath,
And as her eyelids closed, she smiled in death.’

“At the early age of fifteen she thus joyfully entered that rest which remains for the people of God.”

3. ELIZA CUNNINGHAM.

“Flowers that once have loved to linger
In the world of human love,
Touch’d by death’s decaying finger
For better life above!
O! ye stars! ye rays of glory!
Gem-lights in the glittering dome!
Could ye not relate a story
Of the spirits gather’d home?”

RELIGION in no situation appears more lovely than in its youngest votaries, and never are its triumphs more brilliant, than when it gilds, with beams of heavenly light, the dying scenes of those who are summoned in the prime of youth, to pass through the dark valley of the shadow of death.

Eliza Cunningham was born February, 6, 1771, and soon after she had completed her twelfth year, she was committed to the care of her uncle, the Rev. John Newton.

“I soon perceived,” says Mr. Newton, “that the Lord had sent me a treasure indeed. Eliza’s person was agreeable. There was an ease and elegance in her whole address, and a gracefulness in her movements, till long illness and great weakness bowed her down. Her

disposition was lively, her genius quick and inventive, and if she had enjoyed health, she probably would have excelled in everything she attempted, that required ingenuity. Her understanding, particularly her judgment, and her sense of propriety, was far above her years. But her principal endearing qualities, were the sweetness of her temper, and a heart formed for the exercise of affection, gratitude, and friendship. I know not that either her aunt or I ever saw a cloud upon her countenance during the time she was with us. It is true we did not, we could not, unnecessarily cross her; but if we thought it expedient to overrule any proposal she made, she acquiesced with a sweet smile, and we were certain that we should never hear of that proposal again.

“Eliza had had a hectic fever which was subdued; but still there was a worm preying upon the root of this pretty gourd. She had seldom any severe pain till within the last fortnight of her life, and usually slept well, but when awake she was always ill. I believe she knew not a single hour of perfect ease, and they who intimately knew her state, could not but wonder to see her so placid, cheerful, and attentive, when in company, as she generally was.

“Her excellent parents had conscientiously endeavoured to bring her up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, and the principles of religion had been instilled into her from her infancy. Their labours were thus far attended with success, that no child could be more obedient and obliging, or more remote from evil habits or evil tempers; but I could not perceive, when she first came to us, that she had any heart-affecting sense of Divine things. When I attempted to talk with her upon the concerns of her soul, she could give me no answer but with tears. But I soon had great encouragement to hope that the Lord had both enlightened her understanding and had drawn the desires of her heart to himself.

“Eliza could seldom be prevailed on to speak of herself, but as her illness gained strength it now became very desirable to hear from herself a more explicit account of the hope that was in her. Saturday, the 1st of October, 1783, presented to her aunt a convenient opportunity for intimating to her that the time of her departure was probably at hand. She appeared remarkably better, her pains were almost gone, her spirits revived, the favourable change was visible in her countenance. Her aunt began to break the subject to her, by saying, ‘My dear, were you not extremely ill last night?’

“She said, ‘Indeed I was.’

“‘Had you not been relieved I think you could not have continued long.’

“‘I believe I could not.’

“‘My dear, I have been very anxiously concerned for your life.’

“‘But I hope, my dear aunt, you are not so now.’

“She then opened her mind and spoke freely. The substance was to this effect: ‘My views of things have been for some time very different from what they were when I came to you. I have seen and felt the vanity of childhood and youth.’

“Her aunt said, ‘I believe you have long made a conscience of secret prayer.’

“She answered, ‘Yes, I have long and earnestly sought the Lord with reference to the change which is now approaching. I have not yet the full assurance which is so desirable, but I have a hope, I trust, a good hope, and I believe the Lord will give me whatever he sees necessary for me before he takes me from hence. I have prayed to him to fit me for himself, and then, whether sooner or later, it signifies but little.’

“Her apparent revival was of short duration. In the evening of the same day, she began to complain of a sore

throat, which became worse, and before Sunday noon threatened an absolute suffocation. When Dr. Benamor, who the day before had almost entertained hopes of her recovery, found her so suddenly and so greatly altered, he could not at the moment prevent some signs of his concern from appearing in his countenance. She quickly perceived it, and desired he would plainly tell her his sentiments. When he had recovered himself, he said, 'You are not so well as when I saw you on Saturday.' She answered, 'that she trusted all would be well soon.' He replied, that whether she lived or died it would be well, and to the glory of God.

"On Tuesday the 4th, about nine o'clock in the morning, we all thought her dying and waited near two hours by her bed-side for her last breath. She was much convulsed, and in great agonies. I said, 'My dear, you are going to heaven, and I hope, by the grace of God, we in due time shall follow you.'

"She could not speak, but let us know that she attended to what I said by a gentle nod of her head, and a sweet smile. I repeated to her many passages of Scripture, and verses of hymns, to each of which she made the same kind of answer. Though silent, her looks were more expressive than words. Towards eleven o'clock, a great quantity of coagulated phlegm, which she had not strength to bring up, made her rattle violently in the throat, which we considered as a sign that death was at hand; and as she seemed unwilling to take something that was offered her, we were loth to disturb her in her last moments (as we supposed) by pressing her. I think she must have died in a quarter of an hour, had not Dr. Benamor just then come into the room. He felt her pulse, and observed, that she was not near death by her pulse, and desired something might be given her. She was perfectly sensible though still unable to speak, but expressed her unwillingness to take anything, by

very strong efforts. However, she yielded to entreaty, and a tea-spoonful or two of some liquid soon cleared the passage, and she revived. Her pain, however, was extreme, and her disappointment great. I never saw her so near impatience as upon this occasion; as soon as she could speak, she cried, ‘O, cruel, cruel, to recall me when I was so happy, and so near gone! I wish you had not come; I long to go home.’ But in a few minutes she grew composed, assented to what the doctor said, of her duty to wait the Lord’s time; and from that hour, though her desires to depart and to be with her Saviour were stronger and stronger, she cheerfully took whatever was offered her, and frequently asked for something of her own accord.

“How often, if we were to have our choice, should we counteract our own prayers! I had entreated the Lord to prolong her life, till she could leave an indisputable testimony behind her for our comfort. Yet when I saw her agony, and heard her say, O, how cruel to stop me! I was for a moment almost of her mind, and could hardly help wishing that the doctor had delayed his visit a little longer. But if she had died then, we should have been deprived of what we saw and heard the two following days, the remembrance of which is now much more precious to me than silver or gold.

“When the doctor came on Wednesday, she entreated him to tell her how long he thought she might live. He said, ‘Are you in earnest, my dear?’ She answered, ‘Indeed I am.’ At that time there were great appearances that a mortification was actually begun. He therefore told her, he thought it possible she might hold out till eight in the evening, but did not suspect she could survive midnight at furthest. On hearing him say so, low as she was, her eyes seemed to sparkle with their former vivacity, and fixing them on him with an air of ineffable satisfaction, she said, ‘O, that is good

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8. "I HAVE A GREAT HIGH PRIEST."

A LITTLE boy, who was educated in one of the London Hibernian schools in the county of Roscommon, was seized by sickness, and confined to his bed. In a few days his dissolution seemed to be near. The parents of the boy being Roman Catholics, sent immediately for the priest, to have the rites of their Church administered, which, in their estimation, was the needful preparation for heaven. On the arrival of the priest, the boy seemed much confused, and astonished at his coming. "Your visit," said the boy, "was altogether unnecessary; I have no need of your help or assistance: I have a great High Priest at the right hand of the Majesty in the heavens, able to save to the uttermost all that come unto God by him. He lives forevermore, to make intercession; and He is such a Priest as I require." The priest, perceiving it to be in vain to reason at such a time, and knowing the boy to have been made acquainted with the Bible, went away. The child requested his parents to send for his schoolmaster, who stated that he never witnessed such a scene; it was altogether unexpected. The boy was always silent; though he was attentive to the instructions given at school, he never once hinted a change in his sentiments. In the course of conversation he was asked if he was afraid to die. "No," replied the boy; "my Redeemer is Lord of the dead and living; I love him for his love to me, and soon I hope to be with him to see his glory."

9. SON OF THE DUKE OF HAMILTON.

A CONSUMPTIVE disease seized the eldest son and heir of the duke of Hamilton, which ended in his death. A little before his departure from the world, he lay ill at the family seat near Glasgow. Two ministers had come to see him; the duchess, fearful of fatiguing him, said to one of them, "Mr. —, if my son, when you go in, asks you to pray with him, I wish you to decline it."

He bowed, and entered the room where the youth lay. After a conversation on subjects relating to the soul and eternity, they rose to depart.

"You will pray with me, Mr. —," said the lovely youth, "before you go."

The minister bowed, and begged to decline it.

"Why?" said the young duke.

"Her grace rather wished me not to do so."

"And pray, sir," said he to the other minister, "did her grace lay any such injunction upon you?"

He replied, "No."

"O, well, then," said he, "you may do it without disobeying her."

After the minister had prayed, the dying youth put his hand back, and took his Bible from under his pillow, and opened it at the passage, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day—and not to me only, but unto all them that love his appearing." "This, sirs," said he, "is all my comfort."

As he was lying on the sofa, his tutor was conversing with him on some astronomical subject, and about the

nature of the fixed stars. "Ah," said he, "in a little while I shall know more of this than all of you together."

When his death approached, he called his brother to his bed-side, and, addressing him with the greatest affection and seriousness, he closed with these remarkable words:—"And now, Douglas, in a little time you will be a duke, but I shall be a king."

10. THE DYING MINER BOY.

THIS story relates to a poor boy, who worked in a coal-mine in the north of England. The love of God dwelt in his heart, and made him diligent and obedient. Every night, after his toil was over, he read the Bible to his mother.

At length a terrible accident happened. By a sudden rush of water into the mine all communication with the outer world was cut off for a time, and seventy-five persons, who were at work in the interior of the pit, perished for want of fresh air. The boy we have mentioned, and his father, were among the number; though another child of the family, named *Johnny*, who was nearer the mouth of the pit when the water came in, escaped. When the bodies of the dead were brought out, a box which the boy had with him in the mine, was carried to his mother. What must have been her feelings, when she discovered on the top of the box these words:—"Fret not, dear mother, for we were singing while we had time, and praising God!" The thoughtful and kind boy, amid the darkness of the pit, had written this with a bit of sharp iron, to console his mother. On the other side of the box he had also written for his father, who could not write himself, this message:—"If Johnny is saved, be a good lad to God and thy mother."

11. THE MOUNTAIN BOY.

A CLERGYMAN in the county of Tyrone had, for some weeks, observed a little ragged boy come every Sunday and place himself in the centre of the aisle, directly opposite the pulpit, where he seemed exceedingly attentive to the service. He was desirous of knowing who the child was, and for this purpose hastened out, after the sermon, several times, but never could see him, as he vanished the moment service was over, and no one knew whence he came, or anything about him. At length the boy was missed from his usual situation in the church for some weeks. At this time a man called on the minister, and told him a person very ill was desirous of seeing him; but added, "I am really ashamed to ask you to go so far; but it is a child of mine, and he refuses to have any one but you: he is altogether an extraordinary boy, and talks a great deal about things that I do not understand." The clergyman promised to go, and went, though the rain poured down in torrents, and he had six miles of rugged mountain country to pass. On arriving where he was directed, he saw a most wretched cabin indeed, and the man he had seen in the morning was waiting at the door. He was shown in, and found the inside of the hovel as miserable as the outside. In a corner, on a little straw, he beheld a person stretched out, whom he recognised as the little boy who had so regularly attended his church. As he approached the wretched bed, the child raised himself up, and stretching forth his arms, said, "His own right hand hath gotten him the victory," (Psa. xcvi, 1,) and immediately expired.

12. SPIRITUAL RECOGNITIONS.

THE following sketch, touchingly beautiful, cannot be read without interest. It was communicated by an eye-witness to the *National Era* :—

“A little girl, in a family of my acquaintance, a lovely and precocious child, lost her mother at an age too early to fix the loved features in her remembrance. She was as frail as beautiful; and as the bud of her heart unfolded, it seemed as if won by that mother’s prayers to turn instinctively heavenward. The sweet, conscientious, and prayer-loving child, was the idol of the bereaved family. But she faded away early. She would lie upon the lap of the friend who took a mother’s kind care of her, and, winding one wasted arm about her neck, would say, ‘Now tell me about my mamma!’ And when the oft-told tale had been repeated, she would ask, softly, ‘Take me into the parlour; I want to see my mamma.’ The request was never refused; and the affectionate child would lie for hours, contentedly gazing on her mother’s portrait. But

‘Pale and wan she grew, and weakly—
Bearing all her pain so meekly,
That to them she still grew dearer,
As the trial-hour drew nearer.’

“That hour came at last, and the weeping neighbours assembled to see the little child die. The dew of death was already on the flower, as its life-sun was going down. The little chest heaved faintly—spasmodically.

“‘Do you know me, darling?’ sobbed, close in her ear, the voice that was dearest; but it awoke no answer.

“All at once a brightness, as if from the upper world,

burst over the child's colourless countenance. The eyelids flashed open, the lips parted, the wan, cuddling hands flew up, in the little one's last impulsive effort, as she looked piercingly into the far above.

" 'Mother!' she cried, with surprise and transport in her tone—and passed with that breath to her mother's bosom."

13. "FRANKY."

THE subjoined affecting tale, taken from Mrs. Whittlesey's Magazine, is appropriate to our present purpose:—

"In one of our Western towns, a minister of Jesus Christ was one morning told by his wife that a little boy, the son of a near neighbour, was very sick, near to death, and asked if he would not go in and see him.

" 'I hardly know what to do,' said the good man; 'his parents, you know, do not belong to my congregation; and are, besides, greatly opposed to the doctrines which I preach. I fear my visit would not be well received.'

" 'But,' rejoined the wife, 'when you were sick, a short time since, the mother of the little boy sent in kindly every day to inquire how you were, and I think they will expect you to come and see their son.'

"This was a sufficient inducement, and he was soon on his way to the dwelling of sorrow. The mother was hanging in anguish over her precious and beautiful child, who was tossing from side to side in the delirium of a brain fever.

"The minister, after watching him a few moments, turned to the lady, and said, 'This poor little fellow should be kept perfectly quiet, madam; he should not be excited in any manner.'

“ ‘Sir,’ said she, ‘will you offer a prayer?’

“At first he hesitated, fearing the effect upon the child; but, on second thought, knelt at the bed-side, and uttered a few petitions in His name who said, ‘Suffer little children to come unto me.’ The moment he commenced speaking, the little sufferer, who till now seemed unconscious of his presence, ceased his moans, lay still upon the bed, and fixing his large dark eyes upon him, listened intently to every word. The minister rose from his knees, said a few words to the mother, and went home, leaving the child in a perfectly tranquil state. The next morning the first intelligence which greeted him was, that little Frank had died during the night.

“He had become extremely interested, and the apparent effect of the voice of prayer upon the dying boy had surprised him. He went again to visit the family, attended the funeral, and at length learned from the mother the following facts:—

“She had two children. Frank was the oldest, and the second was a daughter of five years. A few months before, little Alice had gone to spend the night with some companions in the neighbourhood, whose parents were Christians, and were training their children to follow their steps. As they were about retiring to rest, these little ones said to their visitor, ‘Come, Alice, kneel down with us, and say, “Our Father,” before we go to bed.’

“The child, bewildered by their words and kneeling attitude, answered, ‘But I do not know what “our Father” is.’

“ ‘Well, don’t you want to learn it?’ said one.

“ ‘O yes,’ said Alice; and, being a bright little girl, she soon committed to memory the precious form of prayer which has gone up from so many lips since the Saviour first uttered it.

“The next morning, full of animation, and delighted with her new acquisition, she returned home; and the moment her brother Frank appeared from school, she began to tell him all about her visit, and beg him to learn ‘Our Father,’ and say it with her. From that time, the mother said, kneeling together, they had daily repeated the Lord’s Prayer with great earnestness and delight, and had also learned other prayers, in which they seemed much interested. A few days before he was taken sick, Frank had come to her with a book in his hand, and said, ‘O, mother, here is a beautiful prayer; will you let me read it to you?’ It was the remembrance of this which induced her to make the request that the minister would pray by the bed of her suffering boy, and this was the secret of the calming influence which that prayer exerted. He continued thus tranquil a long time; but at length his distress returned, and the hour of death drew near. About midnight, suffering and agonized, he begged of his mother to send for the good minister to pray again. He must have somebody to pray. The parents disliked to call him at that hour of the night, and knew not what to do. At last the mother went up stairs, and taking the little sleeping Alice from her bed, brought her to her brother’s bed-side, and told her what Frank wanted. Immediately she knelt down, and slowly and solemnly repeated the prayer which they both so much loved, and then, unasked, said,—

“ ‘Now Franky lays him down to sleep,
I pray the Lord his soul to keep;
If he should die before he wake,
I pray the Lord his soul to take.’ ”

The first words soothed the sufferer, and with the last his spirit fled.

“Witnessed earth ever a sublimer spectacle? At

the dead hour of night, in the chamber where waits the king of terrors, surrounded by weeping friends, the infant of five summers, roused hastily from the sweet slumbers of childhood, kneels in her simple night-dress, and, undisturbed, unterrified, lisps in childish accents the prayer which Heaven accepts, and on whose breath missioned angels bear upward the ransomed soul."

Surely they labour not in vain who sow precious seed in the fresh soil of youthful hearts.

SECTION VI.

Dying Regrets of Worldly-Minded Professors.

1. CARDINAL RICHELIEU.

“Man, fool man! here buries all his thoughts,
Inters celestial hopes without one sigh.”—YOUNG.

RICHELIEU, an eminent cardinal and minister of state in France, was born of a noble family at the castle of Richelieu, in the year 1585. Being a man of prodigious capacity, and of a restless and insatiable ambition, he formed vast designs, which made his life a series of agitations and perplexities. He found himself frequently under the necessity of opposing the *grande*es of the kingdom, the royal family, the whole house of Austria, and even Louis XIII. himself. Amidst his greatest and most arduous concerns, he did not neglect to cultivate literature, and to show himself a patron of men of letters. He manifested a particular regard for persons of the religious orders; and advanced those who were most remarkable for their abilities and virtues. He made many friends, and many enemies, but his consummate policy enabled him to triumph over all the machinations of his opponents.

When this great statesman approached the conclusion of his time, he became very serious, and acknowledged to Peter du Moulin, the celebrated French Protestant, that he had often been hurried into measures which his conscience disapproved. “That he had been urged into many irregularities, by what is called state policy; that as he could not tell how to satisfy his conscience for these deviations from rectitude, he had many temptations to disbelieve the existence of a God, a future state,

and the immortality of the soul—and, by these means, to quiet the upbraidings of his mind. But in vain. So strong was the idea of God in his soul, so clear the impression of him upon the frame of the world, so unanimous the consent of mankind, and so powerful the convictions of his own conscience, that he could not avoid feeling the necessity of admitting a Supreme Being, and a future state; and he wished to live as one that must die, and to die as one that must live forever.”

The serious state of his mind increased as he drew near his last hour. A person who came to see him, inquired, “why he was so sad?” The cardinal replied: “The soul is a serious thing; it must either be sad here for a moment, or be sad forever.”

He died in 1642, amidst storms and perils, before he had completed his designs, leaving behind him a name, splendid indeed, but by no means dear and venerable.

2. CARDINAL WOLSEY.

“Had I but served my God with half the zeal
I served my king, he would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies.”—WOLSEY.

THOMAS WOLSEY, a distinguished person in the reign of Henry VIII., was born in the year 1471, and it is said he was the son of a butcher at Ipswich. Being made chaplain to the king, he had great opportunities of gaining his favour, to obtain which he practised all the arts of obsequiousness. Having gradually acquired an entire ascendancy over the mind of Henry, he successively obtained several bishoprics; and, at length, was made archbishop of York, lord high chancellor of England, and prime minister, and was, for several years, the arbiter of Europe. The emperor Charles the fifth, and the French king Francis the first, courted his interest,

and loaded him with favours. As his revenues were immense, and his influence unbounded, his pride and ostentation were carried to the greatest height. He had eight hundred servants, among whom were nine or ten lords, fifteen knights, and forty esquires.

From this great height of power and splendour he was suddenly precipitated into ruin. His ambition to be pope, his pride, his exactions, and his opposition to Henry's divorce, occasioned his disgrace. This sad reverse so affected his mind, as to bring on a severe illness, which soon put a period to his days. A short time before he left the world, the review of his life, and a consciousness of the misapplication of his time and talents, drew from him this sorrowful declaration: "Had I but served God as diligently as I have served the king, he would not have given me over in my gray hairs. But this is the just reward that I must receive for my indulgent pains and study, not regarding my service to God, but only to my prince."

With these painful reflections this famous cardinal finished his course. He affords a memorable instance of the variety and inconstancy of human things, both in his rise and fall, and a striking admonition to those who are abusing the talents and opportunities which God has given them to promote his honour and the happiness of men.

3. CÆSAR BORGIA.

“Hast thou by statute shoved from its design
The Saviour’s feast, his own blest bread and wine;
And made the symbols of atoning grace
An office key, a pick-lock to the place,
That infidels may prove their title good
By an oath dipp’d in sacramental blood?—
A blot that will be still a blot, in spite
Of all that grave apologists may write;
And though a bishop toil to cleanse the stain,
He wipes and scours the silver cup in vain.”

CÆSAR BORGIA, a natural son of Pope Alexander VI., was a man of such conduct and character, that Machiavel has thought fit to propose him, in his famous book called “The Prince,” as an original and pattern to all princes, who would act the part of wise and politic tyrants. He was made a cardinal; but as this office imposed some restraints upon him, he soon determined to resign it.

The reflections he made a short time before his death, (which happened in the year 1507,) show, however, that his policy was confined to the concerns of this life, and that he had not acted upon that wise and enlarged view of things, which becomes a being destined for immortality. “I had provided,” said he, “in the course of my life, for everything except death; and now, alas! I am to die, although entirely unprepared.”

4. HUGO GROTIUS.

HUGO GROTIUS was born in Holland, in the year 1583. He possessed the most happy disposition, a profound genius, a solid judgment, and a wonderful memory. These extraordinary natural endowments had all the

advantages that education could give them ; and he was so happy as to find, in his own father, a pious and an able instructor, who formed his mind and his morals. Before he was fifteen, he maintained public theses in mathematics, philosophy, and law, with the highest applause ; and he ventured to form plans that required very great learning, but which he executed in so finished a manner, that the republic of letters were struck with astonishment.

Yet after all his attainments, reputation, and labour, in the cause of learning, he was constrained at last to cry out : “ Ah ! I have consumed my life in a laborious doing of nothing ! I would give all my learning and honour for the plain integrity of John Urick ! ”

This John Urick was a religious poor man, who spent eight hours of the day in prayer, eight in labour, and but eight in meals, sleep, and other necessities.

Grotius had devoted too much of his time to worldly company, secular business, and learned trifles—too little to the exercises of the closet. This is forsaking the fountain of living waters, and hewing out to ourselves broken cisterns that can hold no water.

5. SIR JOHN MASON.

A STRONG testimony to the importance of religion, is given by Sir John Mason, who, though but sixty-three years old at his death, had flourished in the reign of four sovereigns, (Henry VIII., Edward VI., Mary, and Elizabeth,) had been privy-counsellor to them all, and an attentive observer of the various revolutions and vicissitudes of those times. Towards his latter end, being on his death-bed, he spoke thus to those about him :—

“ I have lived to see five sovereigns, and have been

privy-counsellor to four of them. I have seen the most remarkable things in foreign parts, and have been present at most state transactions for the last thirty years ; and I have learned, from the experience of so many years, that seriousness is the greatest wisdom, temperance the best physic, and a good conscience the best estate. And were I to live again, I would change the court for a cloister, my privy-counsellor's bustle for a hermit's retirement, and the whole life I have lived in the palace, for an hour's enjoyment of God in the chapel. All things now forsake me, except my God, my duty, and my prayers."

From the regret expressed by Sir John Mason, it appears that his error consisted, not in having served his king and country, in the eminent stations in which he had been placed, but in having suffered his mind to be so much occupied with business, as to make him neglect, in some degree, the proper seasons of religious retirement, and the prime duties which he owed to his Creator.

6. SALMASIUS.

SALMASIUS, of an ancient and noble family in France, was born in the year 1596. He was a man of very extraordinary abilities, and profound erudition. He was knowing in almost everything—in school divinity, in law, in philosophy, in criticism ; and he was so consummate a linguist, that there was scarcely a language in which he had not attained a considerable proficiency. He was perfect in Greek and Latin, he understood the Hebrew, Arabic, Persic, Egyptian, Chinese, &c., and he was well acquainted with all the European languages.

His works are very numerous, and on various subjects. They gained him as much fame as strong powers

and vast erudition can procure. His name was sounded throughout Europe, and he had great offers from foreign princes and universities. The Venetians thought his residence among them would be such an honour, that they offered him a prodigious stipend; the university of Oxford made some attempts to get him into England; and the pope invited him to settle at Rome. Cardinal Richelieu used all possible means to detain him in France, even desiring him to make his own terms; and Christina, queen of Sweden, showed him extraordinary marks of esteem and regard.

When this celebrated man arrived at the evening of life, and found leisure to reflect seriously on the great end of his being, he acknowledged that he had too much, and too earnestly, engaged in literary pursuits, and had greatly overlooked those objects in which true and solid happiness consists. "O!" said he, "I have lost an immense portion of time—time, that most precious thing in the world! Had I but one year more, it should be spent in studying David's psalms and Paul's epistles."

"O! sirs," said he to those about him, "mind the world less, and God more. 'The fear of the Lord, that is wisdom; and to depart from evil, that is understanding.'"

7. POPE EUGENIUS.

"O how self-fetter'd was my grovelling soul!
Till darken'd reason lay quite clouded o'er,
With soft conceit of endless comfort here,
Nor yet put forth her wings to reach the skies."—YOUNG.

GABRIEL CONDELMERIUS was raised to the Papal throne in the year 1431, and took the name of Eugenius IV. From a low condition of life, and through various gradations of office, he ascended to this dignity. Being much

averse to a reformation of doctrine and manners, he met with great opposition from some of the clergy; but being of a determined spirit, he encountered every danger, rather than yield to his opponents. He was often reduced to painful and mortifying situations, and experienced so many vicissitudes of life, that he had ample proof of the vanity and instability of human greatness.

The reflection he is said to have made on his death-bed is remarkable, and shows that, in his greatest elevation, he did not find that peace and true enjoyment of mind which he had possessed in an humble and retired situation. Being attended by a company of monks, he turned his face towards them, and said, with a voice interrupted by sighs: "O Gabriel! how much better would it have been for thee, and how much more would it have promoted thy soul's welfare, if thou hadst never been raised to the pontificate, but been content to lead a quiet and religious life in thy monastery?"

8. CARDINAL BEAUFORT.

CARDINAL BEAUFORT was of royal extraction, the son of John of Gaunt, duke of Lancaster; and was commonly called the rich cardinal of Winchester. It is generally believed that he concerted the death of Humphrey, duke of Gloucester, which was attributed to poison. History informs us, that he prevailed with the king, to grant him letters of pardon for all offences contrary to the statutes then enacted in England.

The wise son of Sirach exclaims, "O death, how bitter is the remembrance of thee, to a man who is at ease in his possessions!" Of the truth of this sentiment, we have a remarkable proof in the last moments of this ambitious cardinal. When he was arrested in the midst of his career, and the terrors of death were marshalled in

horrid array before him, he thus complained, and vented his afflicted soul to his weeping friends around him:—

“And must I then die? Will not all my riches save me? I could purchase the kingdom, if that would prolong my life. Alas! there is no bribing death. When my nephew, the duke of Bedford, died, I thought my happiness and my authority greatly increased; but the duke of Gloucester’s death raised me in fancy to a level with kings, and I thought of nothing but accumulating still greater wealth, to enable me, at length, to purchase the triple crown. Alas! how are my hopes disappointed! Wherefore, O my friends! let me earnestly beseech you to pray for me, and recommend my departing soul to God.”

Thus died this unhappy cardinal, in the year 1447.

9. DR. JOHNSON.

DR JOHNSON was a serious believer in Jesus Christ for many years. Mixing, however, too much with men of no religion, his mind was kept barren of spiritual consolation, and he was grievously haunted with the fear of death through his whole life. “The approach of death,” said he to a friend, “is very dreadful. I am afraid to think on that which I know I cannot avoid. It is vain to look round and round for that help which cannot be had. Yet we hope and hope, and fancy that he who has lived to-day may live to-morrow.”

To another friend he said, “he never had a moment in which death was not terrible to him.” On another occasion he declared in company at Oxford, “I am afraid I shall be one of those who shall be damned—sent to hell, and punished everlastingly.”

When he, however, actually approached dissolution, “all his fears were calmed and absorbed by the prevalence

of his faith, and his trust in the merits and propitiation of Jesus Christ." He was full of resignation, strong in faith, joyful in hope of his own salvation, and anxious for the salvation of his friends. He particularly exhorted Sir Joshua Reynolds, on his dying bed, "to read the Bible, and to keep holy the Sabbath-day."

10. A DYING NOBLEMAN.

"On my grassy grave
The men of future times will careless tread,
And read my name on sculptured stone;
Nor will the sound, familiar to their ears,
Recall my vanish'd memory. I did hope
For better things!—I hoped I should not leave
The earth without a vestige;—Fate decrees
It shall be otherwise."—KIRKE WHITE.

THE following letter, written by a nobleman upon his death-bed to an intimate companion, is a deeply affecting and mournful commentary upon the consequences of the neglect of religion and a prevailing spirit of worldliness. In this letter, he says:—

"Before you receive this, my final state will be determined by the Judge of all the earth. In a few days at most, perhaps in a few hours, the inevitable sentence will be passed that shall raise me to the heights of happiness, or sink me to the depths of misery. While you read these lines, I shall be either groaning under the agonies of absolute despair, or triumphing in fulness of joy.

"It is impossible for me to express the present disposition of my soul—the vast uncertainty I am struggling with! No words can paint the force and vivacity of my apprehensions. Every doubt wears the face of horror, and would perfectly overwhelm me, but for some faint beams of hope, which dart across the tremendous

gloom! What tongue can utter the anguish of a soul suspended between the extremes of infinite joy and eternal misery? I am throwing my last stake for eternity, and tremble and shudder for the important event.

“Good God! how have I employed myself! What enchantment hath held me? In what delirium hath my life been passed? What have I been doing, while the sun in its race, and the stars in their courses, have lent their beams, perhaps, only to light me to perdition.

“I never awakened till now. I have but just commenced the dignity of a rational being. Till this instant I had a wrong apprehension of everything in nature. I have pursued shadows, and entertained myself with dreams. I have been treasuring up dust, and sporting myself with the wind. I look back on my past life, and but for some memorials of guilt and infamy, it is all a blank—a perfect vacancy! I might have grazed with the beasts of the field, or sung with the winged inhabitants in the woods to much better purpose, than any for which I have lived. And O! but for some faint hope, a thousand times more blessed had I been to have slept with the clods of the valley, and never heard the Almighty’s fiat, nor waked into life at his command!

“I never had a just apprehension of the solemnity of the part I am to act till now. I have often met death insulting on the hostile plain, and, with a stupid boast, defied his terrors; with a courage, as brutal as that of the warlike horse, I have rushed into the battle, laughed at the glittering spear, and rejoiced at the sound of the trumpet, nor had a thought of any state beyond the grave, nor the great tribunal to which I must have been summoned;

“Where all my secret guilt had been reveal’d,
Nor the minutest circumstance conceal’d.

“It is this which arms death with all its terrors; else

I could still mock at fear, and smile in the face of the gloomy monarch. It is not giving up my breath; it is not being forever insensible, is the thought at which I shrink; it is the terrible hereafter, the something beyond the grave, at which I recoil. Those great realities, which, in the hours of mirth and vanity, I have treated as phantoms, as the idle dreams of superstitious beings; these start forth, and dare me now in their most terrible demonstrations. My awakened conscience feels something of that eternal vengeance I have often defied.

“To what heights of madness is it possible for human nature to reach? What extravagance is it to jest with death! to laugh at damnation! to sport with eternal chains, and recreate a jovial fancy with the scenes of infernal misery!

“Were there no impiety in this kind of mirth, it would be as ill-bred as to entertain a dying friend with the sight of a harlequin, or the rehearsal of a farce. Every thing in nature seems to reproach this levity in human creatures. The whole creation, man excepted, is serious—man, who has the highest reason to be so, while he has affairs of infinite consequence depending on this short uncertain duration. A condemned wretch may, with as good a grace, go dancing to his execution, as the greatest part of mankind go on with such a thoughtless gayety to their graves.

“O! my friend, with what horror do I recall those hours of vanity we have wasted together! Return, ye lost neglected moments! How should I prize you above the eastern treasures! Let me dwell with hermits, let me rest on the cold earth, let me converse in cottages, may I but once more stand a candidate for an immortal crown, and have my probation for celestial happiness.

“Ye vain grandeurs of a court! Ye sounding titles, and perishing riches! what do ye now signify? What consolation, what relief can ye give me? I have a

splendid passage to the grave; I die in state, and languish under a gilded canopy; I am expiring on soft and downy pillows, and am respectfully attended by my servants and physicians; my dependents sigh, my sisters weep; my father bends beneath a load of years and grief; my lovely wife, pale and silent, conceals her inward anguish; my friend, who was as my own soul, suppresses his sighs, and leaves me to hide his secret grief. But, O! which of these will answer my summons at the high tribunal? Which of them will bail me from the arrest of death? Who will descend into the dark prison of the grave for me?

“Here they all leave me, after having paid a few idle ceremonies to the breathless clay, which perhaps may lie reposed in state, while my soul, my only conscious part, may stand trembling before my Judge.

“My afflicted friends, it is very probable, with great solemnity will lay the senseless corpse in a stately monument, inscribed with,

Here lies the great——

But could the pale carcass speak, it would soon reply,

——False marble, where?

Nothing but poor and sordid dust lies here.

While some flattering panegyric is pronounced at my interment, I may perhaps be hearing my just condemnation at a superior tribunal, where an unerring verdict may sentence me to everlasting infamy. But I cast myself on his absolute mercy, through the infinite merits of the Redeemer of lost mankind. Adieu, till we meet in the world of spirits.”

Part Second.

DYING WITHOUT RELIGION.



DYING WITHOUT RELIGION.

SECTION I.

The Dying Sinner.

1. LOUIS XV., OF FRANCE.

“Tell what lesson may be read
Beside a sinner’s restless bed.”

THE closing scenes of the life of Louis XV., altogether one of the most depraved and sensual of the monarchs who ever occupied the throne of France, were full of horror. Vice, in all the forms which it could assume, had entered into the systematic depravity of his unlicensed pleasures. His disgusting depravity exposed him to the small-pox, then the dread of all society. Though flattered for a time into the belief that there was no danger, he was at length undeceived; but owing to the prevalence of court-intrigue, it was at the latest possible moment. Surrounded by all the guilty minions of his corrupted court, he, who had not forgotten the lessons of virtue and religion taught by Massillon in his early career, felt himself unprepared to die. He caused his guilty companions to be sent away, telling them that he would recall them should he recover from his disorder. Just before dismissing one of the most degraded among them, he said, “May God grant that my disorder may not be dangerous; however, it may become so if it is as yet harmless, and I would fain die as a believer, and not as an infidel. I have been a great sinner, doubtless; but I have ever observed Lent with a most scrupulous

exactitude; I have caused more than a hundred thousand masses to be said for the repose of unhappy souls; I have respected the clergy, and punished the authors of all impious works, so that I flatter myself I have not been a very bad Christian."

This effort at self-deception did not however succeed; and when the disorder advanced a little further, the dying king ordered a public proclamation to be made before the court of his repentance for his past scandals, and his desire, if spared, to amend his life. Even yet conscience was not satisfied. His agony and anguish were extreme; and amidst the utmost virulence of his fatal disorder—deserted by most of his courtiers, who fled in terror from the dread infection—with none to soothe his dying pillow, and no hope in which to die—occupied, when reason was awake, by uttering, in broken sentences, the religious horror of which he was the subject,—this licentious and most unhappy king expired.

2. A DYING FOLLOWER OF THE WORLD.

"In that dread moment, how the frantic soul
Raves round the walls of her clay tenement,
Runs to each avenue, and shrieks for help.
How wishfully she looks on all she's leaving,
Now no longer hers. A little longer!
Yet a little longer!—O might she stay,
To wash away her crimes, and fit her
For the passage! Her very eyes weep blood;
And every groan she heaves, is big with horror;
But the foe, like a staunch murderer, steady to his purpose,
Pursues her close, through every lane of life;
Nor misses once the track, but presses on,
Till forced, at last, to the tremendous verge,
At once she sinks to everlasting ruin."—BLAIR.

THE following affecting account of the dying hours of a man of gayety and pleasure, was given by Mr. Hervey, in a letter to that son of dissipation, sin, and folly, the

late Beau Nash, of Bath. It was designed as a friendly warning to him, to prepare to meet his God, though it is to be apprehended the warning was in vain.

“I was, not long since, called to visit a poor gentleman, erewhile of the most robust body and the gayest temper I ever knew. But when I visited him, O! how was the glory departed from him! I found him no more that sprightly and vivacious son of joy which he used to be; but languishing, pining away, and withering under the chastening hand of God. His limbs feeble and trembling, his countenance forlorn and ghastly, and the little breath he had left, sobbed out in sorrowful sighs! His body hastening apace to the dust to lodge in the silent grave, the land of darkness and desolation. His soul just going to God who gave it; preparing to wing itself away unto its long home, to enter upon an unchangeable and eternal state. When I was come up into his chamber, and had seated myself on his bed, he first cast a most wishful look upon me, and then began, as well as he was able, to speak. “O that I had been wise, that I had known this, that I had considered my latter end! Ah! Mr. ———, death is knocking at my doors; in a few hours more I shall draw my last gasp, and then judgment, the tremendous judgment! How shall I appear, unprepared as I am, before the all-knowing and omnipotent God? How shall I endure the day of his coming?” When I mentioned, among many other things, that strict holiness which he had formerly so slightly esteemed, he replied with a hasty eagerness: ‘O! that holiness is the only thing I now long for. I have not words to tell you how highly I value it. I would gladly part with all my estate, large as it is, or a world, to obtain it. Now my benighted eyes are enlightened, I clearly discern the things that are excellent. What is there in the place whither I am going but God? Or what is there to be desired on earth but religion?’

“ ‘But if this God should restore you to health,’ said I, ‘think you that you should alter your former course?’

“ ‘I call heaven and earth to witness,’ said he, ‘I would labour for holiness, as I shall soon labour for life. As for riches and pleasures, and the applauses of men, I account them as dross and dung, no more to my happiness than the feathers that lie on the floor. O ! if the righteous Judge would try me once more ; if he would but relieve, and spare me a little longer, in what a spirit would I spend the remainder of my days ! I would know no other business, aim at no other end, than perfecting myself in holiness. Whatever contributed to that—every means of grace, every opportunity of spiritual improvement—should be dearer to me than thousands of gold and silver. But alas ! why do I amuse myself with fond imaginations ? The best resolutions are now insignificant, because they are too late. The day in which I should have worked is over and gone, and I see a sad, horrible night approaching, bringing with it the blackness of darkness forever. *Heretofore,—wo is me !—when God called I refused ; when he invited, I was one of them that made excuse. Now, therefore, I receive the reward of my deeds ; fearfulness and trembling are come upon me, I smart, and am in sore anguish already ; and yet this is but the beginning of sorrows ! It doth not yet appear what I shall be ; but surely I shall be ruined, undone, and destroyed with an everlasting destruction !’

“ ‘This sad scene I saw with mine eyes ; these words, and many more equally affecting, I heard with mine ears ; and soon after attended the unhappy gentleman to his tomb.’”

3. LORD CHESTERFIELD.

“ One arrow more,
The sharpest of the Almighty's store,
Trembles upon the string—a sinner's death !”—KEBLE.

OF all the accounts which are left us, of the latter end of those who are gone before into the eternal state, several are more horrible, but few so affecting as that which is given us by his own pen, of the late Lord Chesterfield. It shows us incontestably, what a poor creature man is, notwithstanding the highest polish which he is capable of receiving, without the knowledge and experience of those satisfactions which true religion yields; and what egregious fools all those persons are, who squander away their precious time, in what the world, by a strange perversion of language, calls pleasure.

“ I have enjoyed all the pleasures of this world, and consequently know their futility, and do not regret their loss. I appraise them at their real value, which, in truth, is very low; whereas those who have not experienced always overrate them. They only see their gay outside, and are dazzled with their glare; but I have been behind the scenes. It is a common notion, and like many common ones, a very false one, that those who have led a life of pleasure and business can never be easy in retirement; whereas I am persuaded that they are the only people who can, if they have any sense and reflection. They can look back without an evil eye upon what they from knowledge despise; others have always a hankering after what they are not acquainted with. I look upon all that has passed, as one of those romantic dreams that opium commonly occasions; and I do by no means desire to repeat the nauseous dose, for the sake

of the fugitive dream. When I say that I have no regret, I do not mean that I have no remorse; for a life either of business, or still more of pleasure, never was and never will be a state of innocence. But God, who knows the strength of human passions and the weakness of human reason, will, it is to be hoped, rather mercifully pardon, than justly punish acknowledged errors. I have been as wicked and as vain, though not as wise as Solomon, but am now at last wise enough to feel and attest the truth of his reflection, that all is vanity and vexation of spirit. This truth is never sufficiently discovered or felt by mere speculation; experience in this case is necessary for conviction, though perhaps at the expense of some morality.

“My health is always bad, though sometimes better and sometimes worse; and my deafness deprives me of the comforts of society, which other people have in their illnesses. This, you must allow, is an unfortunate latter end of life, and consequently a tiresome one; but I must own, too, that it is a sort of balance to the tumultuous and imaginary pleasures of the former part of it. I consider my present wretched old age as a just compensation for the follies, not to say sins, of my youth. At the same time I am thankful that I feel none of those torturing ills, which frequently attend the last stage of life, and I flatter myself that I shall go off quietly, and with resignation. My stay in this world cannot be long; God, who placed me here, only knows when he will order me out of it; but whenever he does, I shall willingly obey his command. I wait for it, imploring the mercy of my Creator, and deprecating his justice. The best of us must trust to the former and dread the latter. I think I am not afraid of my journey's end, but will not answer for myself when the object draws very near, and is very sure. For when one does see death near, let the best or the worst people say what they please, it

is a serious consideration. The Divine attribute of mercy, which gives us comfort, cannot make us forget the attribute of justice, which must blend some fears with our hope. Life is neither a burden nor a pleasure to me; but a certain degree of ennui necessarily attends that neutral state, which makes me very willing to part with it, when He who placed me here thinks fit to call me away. When I reflect, however, upon the poor remainder of my life, I look upon it as a burden that must every day grow heavier, from the natural progression of physical ills, the usual companions of increasing years, and my reason tells me that I should wish for the end of it; but instinct, often stronger than reason, and perhaps oftener in the right, makes me take all proper methods to put it off. This innate sentiment alone makes me bear life with patience; for I assure you I have no further hopes, but, on the contrary, many fears from it. None of the primitive Anchorets in the Thebais could be more detached from life than I am. I consider it as one who is wholly unconcerned in it; and even when I reflect upon what I have seen, what I have heard, and what I have done myself, I can hardly persuade myself that all the frivolous hurry and bustle, and pleasures of the world, had any reality, but they seem to have been the dreams of restless nights. This philosophy, however, I thank God, neither makes me sour nor melancholic; I see the folly and absurdity of mankind without indignation or peevishness. I wish them wiser, and, consequently, better than they are."

This is the life, these are the mortifying acknowledgments, and this is the poor sneaking end of the best bred man of the age! Not one word about a Mediator! He acknowledges, indeed, his frailties, but yet in such a way as to extenuate his offences. One would suppose him to have been an old heathen philoso-

pher, that had never heard of the name of Jesus, rather than a penitent Christian, whose life had abounded with a variety of vices.

4. PHILIP III., KING OF SPAIN.

“Now naught of firmness, naught of rest remains,
Since death to fear unfolds eternal pains.”

PHILIP THE THIRD was born in the year 1577, and succeeded to the crown of Spain in the twenty-first year of his age. Of an inactive disposition, and averse to the trouble of governing a great kingdom, he committed the whole administration of affairs to his minister and favourite; and this was the source of many calamities to his subjects, and of perplexity and distress to himself.

When this king drew near the end of his days, he desired, as the last action of his life, to see and to bless his children. He told the prince, his successor, he had sent for him, “that he might behold the vanity of crowns and tiaras, and learn to prepare for eternity.” He kindly addressed all his children, gave them his blessing, and dismissed them with fervent prayers for their happiness, both here and hereafter.

During the progress of his disorder, he appeared to be greatly disturbed in mind. He made repeated confessions of his sins, and implored Divine mercy. He said to those around him, that he had often been guilty of dissimulation in matters of government. He deeply regretted his indolence, and blamed himself much for having devolved the cares of the state on his ministers. When he reflected, that he had not in all things made the will of God the rule of his government, he trembled, crying out, at different times: “O! if it should please Heaven to prolong my life, how different from the past should be my future conduct!” The affecting expres-

sions of his repentance and devotion, drew tears from the eyes of those who surrounded him. The priest who attended him, unwilling to bruise a broken reed, endeavoured to cheer and compose his troubled mind, by consolatory views of the Divine mercy, and the assurances which the Gospel affords, of assistance to the weak, and of pardon to the penitent. At length, the alternate tumult of hope and fear, which had so greatly agitated his mind, subsided into a gentle calm, and he died peacefully, in the 43d year of his life, and the twenty-third of his reign.

5. TERRORS OF DEATH.

“Regions of sorrow, doleful shades, where peace
And rest can never dwell, hope never comes
That comes to all.”—MILTON.

THE subject of this narrative was born of poor but honest parents, and was taught the first principles of religion in a Sabbath school. At the age of sixteen she engaged in service in her native village. At her first place she continued two years. In her eighteenth year she removed into a religious family: till then she had lived ignorant of the Gospel, and careless about her eternal state; but during her continuance in this situation she appeared deeply impressed with a sense of her sinfulness, and made an open profession of religion. In her nineteenth year she removed to a place much superior to the former, as it respects this world; but alas! the master of the house was a lover of pleasure more than a lover of God. Here religious duties were not only neglected, but even ridiculed. She met with no little persecution from her fellow-servants; this induced her to neglect private prayer and other means of grace.

At length she was seldom seen at public worship. A Christian friend perceived her declension, by her backwardness to discourse on religious subjects. She had previously been very forward to converse on the best things, but at this time was quite the reverse; yet she did not return back to the world without considerable checks of conscience. She knew that she was doing wrong, but became hardened by the deceitfulness of sin.

About the twentieth year of her age, she broke a blood vessel. An apothecary was sent for immediately, but no relief could be afforded; her appointed time was now arrived. On the day after the circumstance took place, she was visited by the person who had observed her departure from the way of life, and who states the following particulars of different interviews with her:—

“On asking her how she was, she said, ‘Very bad, very bad.’ I then told her I understood there was no hope of her recovery, and proceeded to inquire how it was with her in regard to her eternal welfare. She exclaimed, ‘That is what I want; my life I care not for, if my sins were pardoned.’ I then spoke of the power and willingness of Christ to save lost sinners; but she answered, ‘there was no pardon for her, she had been such a great sinner.’ I then enlarged on the precious promises of the Gospel, and its invitations to miserable sinners; but all seemed to aggravate the feelings of her guilty conscience. She burst into tears, and said, ‘O that I had repented when the Spirit of God was striving with me!—but now I am undone!’ I then offered up a prayer for her; and finding that talking to her was only sharpening the stings of her wounded conscience, I left her. I again visited her late in the evening of the same day. She was much weaker from the loss of blood, and her countenance bespoke the dreadful horror of her mind, which no doubt hastened her speedy dissolution. On asking her how she felt, she answered: ‘Miserable!’

miserable !' I then repeated some encouraging passages of Scripture to backsliders, but alas ! all in vain ; her soul laboured under the greatest agonies. She exclaimed, ' O ! how I have been deceived ! When I was in health I delayed repentance from time to time ; O that I had my time to live over again ! O that I had obeyed the Gospel !—but now I must burn in hell forever. O ! I cannot bear it, I cannot bear it.'

"In this manner she continued breathing out most horrible expressions.

"I reminded her, that Jesus Christ would in no wise cast out those sinners who come to him, and that his blood cleanseth from all sin. She said, 'The blood of Christ will be the greatest torment I shall have in hell ; tell me no more about it.' I then left her with feelings not to be described. She died next morning at six o'clock. I inquired of the woman who attended her, if she continued in the same state to the last ? She said she was much worse after I left her, and that they durst not stay in the room with her. She was heard to exclaim several times, about an hour before her end, 'Eternity ! Eternity ! O ! to burn throughout eternity !' Thus died, at the age of twenty, this miserable mortal."

In her mournful departure she adds another to the many solemn proofs which we have, that eternity demands all the care of an immortal being ; and that the hours passed on a death-bed, are not the time for repentance.

6. SIR THOMAS SMITH.

"O pleasures past, what are ye now
But thorns about my bleeding brow!—
Spectres that hover round my brain,
And aggravate and mock my pain."—KIRKE WHITE.

SIR THOMAS SMITH was born in the year 1514, and received a liberal and polished education. In 1542, he was made king's professor of civil law, in the university of Cambridge, and chancellor of the diocese of Ely. He was several times employed by Queen Elizabeth, as her ambassador to the court of France, and executed the high office of secretary of state to that princess. His abilities were excellent, and his attainments uncommonly great. He was a philosopher, a physician, a chemist, a mathematician, a linguist, an historian, and an architect.

This distinguished person, a short time before his decease, was much affected by the prospect of his dissolution, and of a future state. He sent to his friends, the bishops of Winchester and Worcester, and entreated them to state to him, from the Holy Scriptures, the plainest and surest way of making his peace with God; adding, "It is lamentable, that men consider not for what end they are born into the world, till they are ready to go out of it."

7. DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

“In the worst inn’s worst room, with mat half hung,
With floor of plaster, and with walls of dung—
Great Villiers lies. Alas! how changed from him,
That life of pleasure, and that soul of whim!—
No wit to flatter left of all his store!
No fool to laugh at, which he valued more!
There, victor of his health, of fortune, friends,
And fame, this lord of useless thousands ends.”—POPE.

GEORGE VILLIERS, Duke of Buckingham, was a pretended atheist, and one of the most distinguished persons at the court of Charles the Second. Pleasure was his idol, and he pursued the paths of sin and folly till poverty and ruin overtook him. Not long before his death, he wrote the following letter to Dr. Barrow, whom he appears to have highly esteemed:—

“I always looked upon you as a man of true virtue, and know you to be a person of sound judgment. For, however I may act in opposition to the principles of religion or the dictates of reason, I can honestly assure you I had always the highest veneration for both. The world and I may shake hands, for I dare affirm we are heartily weary of each other. O doctor, what a prodigal have I been of the most valuable of all possessions—time! I have squandered it away with a persuasion it was lasting; and now, when a few days would be worth a hecatomb of worlds, I cannot flatter myself with a prospect of half a dozen hours.

“How despicable is that man who never prays to his God but in the time of his distress! In what manner can he supplicate that omnipotent Being in his affliction, with reverence, whom, in the tide of his prosperity, he never remembered with dread? Do not brand me with infidelity, when I tell you I am almost ashamed to offer

up my petitions to the throne of grace; or of imploring that Divine mercy in the next world, which I have so scandalously abused in this. Shall ingratitude to man be looked on as the blackest of crimes, and not ingratitude to God? Shall an insult offered to the king be looked on in the most offensive light, and yet no notice taken when the King of kings is treated with indignity and disrespect?

“The companions of my former libertinism would scarce believe their eyes were you to show them this epistle. They would laugh at me as a dreaming enthusiast, or pity me as a timorous wretch, who was shocked at the appearance of futurity. They are more entitled to my pity than my resentment. A future state may very well strike terror into any man who has not acted well in this life; and he must have an uncommon share of courage indeed who does not shrink at the presence of his God.

“You see, my dear doctor, the apprehensions of death will soon bring the most profligate to a proper use of their understanding. I am haunted by remorse, despised by my acquaintance, and, I fear, forsaken by my God. There is nothing so dangerous, my dear doctor, as extraordinary abilities. I cannot be accused of vanity now, by being sensible that I was once possessed of uncommon qualifications, as I sincerely regret that I was ever blessed with any at all. My rank in life made these accomplishments more conspicuous, and, fascinated with the general applause which they procured, I never considered about the proper means by which they should be displayed. Hence, to purchase a smile from a blockhead, whom I despised, I have frequently treated the virtuous with disrespect, and sported with the holy name of Heaven, to obtain a laugh from a parcel of fools, who were entitled to nothing but my contempt.

“Your men of wit, my dear doctor, look on themselves

as discharged from the duties of religion, and confine the doctrines of the Gospel to people of meaner understandings, and look on that man to be of a narrow genius who studies to be good. What a pity that the holy writings are not made the criterion of true judgment! Favour me, my dear doctor, with a visit, as soon as possible. Writing to you gives me some ease. I am of opinion this is the last visit I shall ever solicit from you. My distemper is powerful. Come and pray for the departing spirit of the unhappy—Buckingham.”

8. A SCEPTICAL PHYSICIAN.

“How richly were my noon-tide trances hung
With gorgeous tapestries of pictured joys,
Till at death’s toll, whose restless iron tongue
Calls for his millions at a meal,
Starting, I woke, and found myself undone.”—YOUNG.

THERE is a very affecting narrative in the confession of a deist at the gates of death. The gentleman in question was a very respectable person of the medical profession in Maidenhead. He was a man of pleasure, as far as business would permit; but his favourite amusement was the card table, at which he spent much time, and would frequently say to Mr. Cooke, a dissenting minister, “I am prodigiously fond of cards.” While he was visiting one of his patients he was suddenly taken ill. His conscience was alarmed. His deistical principles, of which he had long made his boast while in health, gave way. He lamented his sad condition in most affecting and pitiable accents. Among other things he acknowledged, with unutterable distress, his neglect of the Lord’s day, and the public worship of God. When he was well he could say, “he was easy without the Bible, he had no fears for his soul—he believed it would

die with his body, and he was never disturbed about these things—he could read profane history with as much pleasure as another reads his Bible.” But when he was ill, and apprehended himself to be on the brink of the grave, he was thrown into such unutterable agony as to be bereft of his reason. In the most bitter terms he bewailed his past folly—mourned over his lost opportunities—declared his full purpose, if restored, of attending to the great concerns of his soul—and solemnly warned his companions not to follow his example—and cried unto God for mercy. At length, after having lain for some time in a senseless state, he breathed out his soul with a dismal groan.

9. A YOUNG LADY.

“The groans of nature in this nether world,
Which heaven has heard for ages, have an end.”—COWPER.

THE late Rev. Dr. Henry, of Charleston, S. C., states, that an accomplished and amiable young woman, in the town of —, had been deeply affected by a sense of her spiritual danger. She was the only child of a fond and affectionate parent. The deep depression which accompanied her discovery of her state as a sinner awakened all the jealousies of the father. He dreaded the loss of that sprightliness and vivacity which constituted the life of his domestic circle. He was startled by the answers which his questions elicited, while he foresaw, or thought he foresaw, an encroachment on the hitherto unbroken tranquillity of a deceived heart. Efforts were made to remove the cause of disquietude, but they were such efforts as unsanctified wisdom directed. The Bible, at last—O, how little may a parent know the far-reaching of the deed when he snatches the word of life from the hand of a child!—the Bible and other books of

religion were removed from her possession, and their place was supplied with works of fiction. An excursion of pleasure was proposed and declined. An offer of gayer amusement was likewise refused. Promises, remonstrances, and threatenings followed. But the father's infatuated perseverance at last brought compliance. Alas! how little may a parent be aware that he is decking his offspring with the fillets of death, and leading them to the sacrifice like a follower of Moloch!

The end was accomplished. All thoughts of piety, and all concern for the immortal future vanished together. But, alas! in less than a year was the gaudy deception exploded. The fascinating and gay L——M—— was prostrated by a fever that bade defiance to medical skill. The approach of death was unequivocal, and the countenance of every attendant fell, as if they had heard the flight of his arrow. The glazing eye was dim in hopelessness, and yet there seemed a something in its expiring rays that told reproof, and tenderness, and terror in the same glance. And that voice—its tone was still decided, but sepulchral—"My father! last year I would have sought the Redeemer. Fa—ther,—your child is—"

Eternity heard the remainder of the sentence, for it was not uttered in time. The wretched survivor now saw before him the fruit of a disorder whose seeds had been sown when his delighted look followed the steps of his idol in the maze of a dance. O, how often, when I have witnessed the earthly wisdom of a parent banishing the thoughts of eternity, have I dwelt on that expression which seemed the last reflection from a season of departed hope,—“Last year I would have sought the Redeemer!”

10. "I WON'T DIE."

"Ay, I had plann'd full many a sanguine scheme
Of earthly happiness—romantic schemes,
And fraught with loveliness ; and it is hard
To feel the hand of death arrest one's steps,
Throw a chill blight o'er one's budding hopes,
And hurl one's soul untimely to the shades,
Lost in the gaping gulf of blank oblivion."—KIRKE WHITE.

THE following affecting account was written in 1775, by a Christian minister of London, to the late Rev. Dr. Ryland, who then resided at Northampton:—

A young lady who was educated at an academy at Bedford, but who afterwards resided in town, became dangerously ill. Her father, a true Christian, procured for her a lodging in the neighbourhood, to try the effect of a change of air. Finding her disorder prevail, he thought it high time for her to be concerned about her soul, and asked her what she thought of eternity. She replied, "Do not talk to me about eternity. You want me out of the way ; but I shall live long enough to enjoy all that you have in the world."

He left her. Next evening the mistress of the house where she was, said, "Ma'am, I think you look a good deal worse."

"Worse ! I am much better. Why do you talk to me about death ?"

"You certainly are worse ; do let the servant sit up with you to-night."

"No, I am not about to die."

They went to bed ; at four in the morning she awoke her servant, who asked, "What is amiss, ma'am ?"

"Amiss ! I'm dying, I'm dying !"

The family was called up ; the mistress coming in to see her, was thus addressed : "I won't die now ; I am

determined I won't die, I will live." Getting worse and worse, she said, "I feel I must die," and in agony screamed out, "Lord, what must I do?" Her servant replied, "You must turn to the Saviour." She fell back on the bed and in a moment expired.

11. TALLEYRAND.

"O, beat away the busy, meddling fiend
That lays strong siege unto this wretch's soul."—SHAKESPEARE.

TALLEYRAND was a courtier, with all his eminent talents. When in the last moments of his existence, this remarkable man received a visit from Louis Philippe, King of the French; though he had but a few moments to live, he introduced his medical attendants, nurses, and friends, to the king, with a formality and etiquette belonging to the *ancien regime*.

"How do you feel?" said the king.

"I am suffering, sire, the pangs of the damned!"

12. JOHN NISBET.

"Yet do I feel my soul recoil within me
As I contemplate the dim gulf of death,
The shuddering void, the awful blank—futility."

KIRKE WHITE.

JOHN NISBET, a lawyer of Glasgow, was a mocker of piety, and a drunkard. In 1681, when the martyr, the Rev. Donald Cargill, was on the way to the scene of his sufferings for Christ's cause and crown, this man cruelly insulted him in public. As the martyr stood in chains, he said to him, "Mr. Donald,"—Mr. Cargill, whom he thus addressed, was an aged man, his hair as white as snow; he had been long the eloquent minister of the

High Church of Glasgow, loved and revered by all good men,—“Mr. Donald, will you give us one word more?” alluding, in mockery, to a familiar phrase which this eminent man of God frequently used when summing up his discourses.

The martyr turned his eyes in tears of sorrow and regret on him, and said to him, in that deep and solemn tone so peculiar to him, “Mock not, lest your bands be made strong.” He added, after a solemn pause, “That day is coming when you shall not have one word to say, though you would !”

The historian Wodrow adds: “Not many days after this, the Lord was pleased to lay his hands on that bad man. At Glasgow, where he lived, he fell suddenly ill, and for three days his tongue swelled, and though he seemed very earnest to speak, yet he could not command one word, and he died in great torment and seeming terror.” This faithful historian, who published his great work in folio, “The History of the Sufferings of the Church,” etc., in the year 1722, has added these words: “Some yet alive know the truth of this passage.”

13. SIR THOMAS SCOTT.

“My hopes and fears

Start up alarm'd and o'er life's narrow verge

Look down—on what? A fathomless abyss—

A dread eternity! how surely mine !”

THOMAS SCOTT, a privy councillor of James V. of Scotland, was a noted persecutor of the reformers. Being taken suddenly ill, and finding himself dying, he cried out to the Roman priests who sought to comfort him, “Begone, you and your trumpery; until this moment I believed that there was neither a God nor a hell. Now I know and I feel that there are both, and I am doomed to perdition by the just judgment of the Almighty.”

14. WILLIAM EMMERSON.

“Ay, but to die, and go we know not where;
To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot;
This sensible warm motion to become
A kneaded clod; and the delighted spirit
To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
In thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice;
To be imprison’d in the viewless winds,
And blown with restless violence round about
The pendent world; or to be worse than worst
Of these, that lawless and incertain thoughts
Imagine howling! ’Tis too horrible!”—SHAKESPEARE.

WILLIAM EMMERSON was, in his day, an eminent mathematician and scholar; but being an infidel, the fruits of it were profaneness, vice, and drunkenness. In his last days he exhibited a painful spectacle. In his paroxysms of the stone, he would crawl on his hands and knees, uttering at times broken sentences of prayer, intermingled with blasphemies and profane swearing. What a contrast between his death and that of Sir Isaac Newton, who died of the same painful disease. In the severest paroxysms, which even forced large drops of sweat that ran down his face, Sir Isaac never uttered a complaint, or showed the least impatience.

15. DYING WITHOUT HOPE.

“E’en at the parting hour, the soul will wake,
Nor like a senseless brute its unknown journey take.”—PERCIVAL.

THE unhappy subject of this sketch, by her ill temper rendered the life of her first husband so wretched that he became intemperate and finally drowned himself. She then married a second husband, with whom she also

lived very unhappily. Her second husband died suddenly, and she was charged with having given him poison in a bowl of coffee. Of that, however, there was no positive testimony, and the subject was never legally investigated.

"Not long after the death of her last husband," says the narrator, "her own health began to decline; and then it was that I became personally acquainted with her. She was very unpopular in her own neighbourhood, and her health had been sinking some time before she received much attention from those around her. Her mother-in-law, who took care of her, represented her case as being very distressing; stating, that she was extremely sick, and without the necessaries of life.

"Hearing that, I ventured to call at her house to ascertain what was her real situation. That was the first time I recollect having seen her. She was propped up in bed, suffering severe pain, attended by cough and emaciation. Her abode was truly cheerless. She had but few comforts, and was without the means of procuring them. Her situation was made known to an influential gentleman, who was the means of procuring a pension for her, in consideration of her husband's having been a soldier in the American revolution. Before I left her I made some inquiries into her state of mind with regard to the subject of death, and whether she thought she would be happy or miserable after death. She frankly told me she was sinking rapidly, and that she had no right to believe her heart had ever been changed, that she was without hope of happiness beyond the grave, and also stated that her bodily afflictions were light compared with the uneasiness of mind she suffered about her soul. I advised her to seek earnestly for the renewing and sanctifying operations of the Holy Spirit, and to cast herself entirely upon the Lord Jesus Christ, assuring her he never casts away any who sincerely flee

to him for refuge. She asked me to entreat the Lord for her—a request which she made of several other persons.

“When her state of mind was made known, many pious persons visited her, and conversed with her upon the subject of religion. Some read the Scriptures to her, and prayed with her; others selected tracts suited to her case, and sent them to be read during her intervals from pain. Gentlemen, as well as ladies, called to see her, and prayed with her. She wept much and prayed herself, and appeared earnestly engaged. I saw her frequently while in that distress, and thought her deeply exercised. The promises of the Gospel were repeated to her, but she constantly insisted that ‘they could not reach her case;’ that ‘her sins were too great to be forgiven.’ She had probably been guilty of some aggravated sin, which she never confessed.

“The sympathies of the community were all now exercised in her favour, and those who had once avoided her took pleasure in contributing to her comfort. She had been in that state of distress for many weeks, perhaps two months, when she ceased praying, and became a blasphemer. This was about three weeks before her death. She had been using profane language several days before I ventured to see her. I had read of ‘Altamont’ and ‘Newport,’ but had never seen such a case, and I now determined to go, and see what human nature is when left to itself. Now, instead of expressing satisfaction at seeing me, she began to use the most profane language, calling for curses, not only upon me, but upon the Almighty himself! While I was there her mother offered her some coffee, but she threw it from her, and cried out, ‘Give me some cold water, for I am going to hell, and I shall get none there!’ Then she exclaimed, ‘I feel hell within me—I am suffering the torments of hell!’ She then stretched out her arm, which was nothing but skin and bone, and asked if that was not a poor

arm to burn in hell-fire! She appeared entirely sensible of the sovereignty and justice of God, fully sensible of a future state of rewards and punishments, and that she was sinking down to endless woe. When reminded that God was willing to save all who came to him, sincerely desiring to be forgiven, she cursed God in the most profane manner, saying, 'he might have saved her if he would;' and wished that her Maker was suffering the torments which were awaiting her! Some persons wished to pray with her, but she would not allow them. A lady attempted to read the Bible to her, but she cursed the Bible, and ordered her to desist! The lady asked her if she was angry with her. She said, 'No, not with her in particular; but she was angry with everybody, and angry with the Almighty!' She told the lady she not only hated everybody, but everybody hated her, and she expected when she died to be thrown out into the street, no one caring enough for her to have her interred. The lady told her such a circumstance should not occur where she had power to prevent it, and promised her that she would see her decently interred. She then requested that she might be buried in the Episcopal church-yard. After her death the lady complied with her promise, and attended the funeral. The man who made the coffin, our black man, the mother-in-law, and a little daughter of the deceased, and the lady alluded to, composed the funeral procession. I called to see the corpse; it was the most dreadfully distorted object I ever witnessed. The countenance had the same haggard expression it had before the soul left the body. I never made her but one visit after she began to use profane language, excepting the visit paid to her lifeless remains. My feelings were too much agitated to bear a repetition of the scene. But there were at least one hundred persons who visited her, and they can testify to the truth of this statement."

16. DYING REGRETS.

“Bliss! sublunary bliss!—proud words, and vain!
Implicit treason to Divine decree!
A bold invasion of the rights of Heaven!
I clasp’d the phantoms, and I found them air.
O had I weigh’d it ere my fond embrace,
What darts of agony had miss’d my heart!”—YOUNG.

I WAS called upon one morning, now many years ago, says a minister of the Gospel, to visit a gentleman, one of my congregation, who was apparently in a dying state. Not having heard of his illness before, but knowing his previous history, I felt startled and greatly distressed; for he was one who had trifled with religious convictions, and had so far stifled them as greatly to abandon his religious connexions, satisfying his conscience by attending one service on the Sabbath, frequently absenting himself altogether, and seeking, in worldly associations and amusements, to silence the voice within, and bury in oblivion the remembrance of past religious impressions. On entering his dying chamber, with a look of unutterable anguish he exclaimed, “O, sir! I am lost! Your very presence condemns me! The sermons you have preached, your faithful warnings from the pulpit, your private exhortations, all condemn me! O, sir! what is to become of my soul—my poor neglected soul? I have just been told that I cannot live! My hours are numbered! I have no pain now, but that is the precursor of death,” (he was dying of inflammation in the bowels,) “and I shall soon be in eternity! O, stifled convictions—neglected Bible—misimproved Sabbaths—how will you rise up in judgment to condemn me! O, sir, what will become of me!” I endeavoured to calm his mind, and told him he must not add unbelief to the catalogue of his sins; that the Gospel was a revelation

of mercy; that the blood of Christ cleanseth from all sin; that whosoever cometh unto him, he will in no wise cast out; that he is able to save to the uttermost all that come unto him.

“Uttermost!” the dying man exclaimed, “uttermost! Then there is a gleam of hope, even for me, if I had time! but, even now, I feel that stage approaching which will absorb my faculties, and terminate my sad life. O what would I give for one week!—one day! O, precious time! how have I wasted it! O, my dear pastor, pity me! pray for me! My thoughts grow confused, I cannot pray myself.” I then knelt down and prayed with him, in which he most fervently joined, summoning all his strength to keep awake. I shall never forget the grasp of his hand, when I alluded to the fulness and sufficiency of Divine grace. I left him with feelings which it is impossible to describe, and returned, according to my promise, in a few hours. I found him still sensible, but evidently sinking under the power of slumber from which he would never awake.

17. A RICH MAN.

“Where now my frenzy’s pompous furniture?
The cobweb’d cottage, with its rugged wall
Of mouldering mud, is royalty to me!
The spider’s most attenuated thread
Is cord, is cable, to man’s tender tie
On earthly bliss: it breaks at every breeze.”—YOUNG.

A RICH man was dying, and when the physician had exhausted his skill in fruitless attempts to arrest the violence of his disease, the sufferer asked, “Shall I never recover?”

“You are quite sick,” answered the doctor, “and should prepare for the worst.”

“Cannot I live for a week?”

“No; you will probably continue but a little while.”

“Say not so,” said the dying man, “I will give you a hundred thousand dollars if you will prolong my life three days.”

“I could not do it, my dear sir, for three hours,” said the doctor, and the man was dead in less than an hour.

18. LOUISA.

“Resolves, and re-resolves; then dies the same.”—YOUNG.

“SHORTLY after my settlement in the ministry,” says Rev. Jacob Abbott, “I observed in the congregation a young lady, whose blooming countenance and cheerful air showed perfect health and high elation of spirits. Her appearance satisfied me that she was amiable and thoughtless. To her eye the world seemed bright, and she often said she wished to enjoy more of it before she became a Christian. Louisa (for by that name I shall call her) manifested no particular hostility to religion, but wished to live a gay and merry life till just before her death, and then to become pious, and die happy. She was a constant attendant at church; but while others seemed moved by an exhibition of the Saviour’s love, she appeared entirely unaffected. The same easy smile played upon her features, whether sin or death, or heaven or hell, was the theme of discourse.

“One evening I invited a few of the young ladies of my society to meet at my house. She came with her companions. I had sought the interview, that I might more directly urge upon them the importance of religion. All in the room were affected, and she, though evidently moved, endeavoured to conceal her feelings.

“I informed them I would meet in a week from that time any who wished for personal conversation; and at

the appointed time was delighted to see Louisa, with two or three others, enter my house. 'Louisa,' said I, 'I am happy to see you here this evening; particularly so, as you have come interested in the subject of religion.' She made no reply. 'Have you been long thinking upon this subject, Louisa?'

" 'I always thought the subject important, sir; but have not attended to it as I suppose I ought.'

" 'Do you *now* feel the subject more important than you have previously?'

" 'I don't know, sir. I want to be a Christian.'

" 'Do you feel that you are a sinner, Louisa?'

" 'I know I am a sinner, for the Bible says so; but I suppose I do not feel it enough.'

" 'What would you think, Louisa, of a child whose kind and affectionate parents had done everything in their power to make her happy, and who, though every day disobeying her parents, and never manifesting any gratitude, should yet not feel that she had done anything wrong? You, Louisa, would abhor such a child; and yet this is the way you have been treating your heavenly Father. And he has heard you say this evening, that you do not feel that you have done wrong. You must repent of your sin, and humbly and earnestly ask forgiveness. And why will you not? You know Christ has died to atone for sin, and that God will forgive, for his Son's sake, if you are penitent.' To this she made no reply. She did not appear displeased, neither did her feelings appear subdued.

" At our interview on the succeeding week, Louisa appeared much more deeply impressed.

" 'Well,' said I, as in turn I came to her, 'I was afraid I should not see you here this evening.'

" 'I feel, sir,' said she, 'that it is time for me to attend to my immortal soul. I have neglected it too long.'

“ ‘Do you feel that you are a sinner, Louisa?’

“ ‘Yes, sir, I do.’

“ ‘Do you think, Louisa, you have any claim upon God to forgive you?’

“ ‘No sir; it would be just in God to leave me to perish, I think. I want to repent, but I cannot. I want to love God, but do not know how I can.’

“ ‘Well, Louisa, now count the cost. Are you ready to give up all for Christ? Are you ready to turn from your gay companions, and lay aside your frivolous pleasures, and acknowledge the Saviour publicly, and be derided, as perhaps you will be, by your former friends, and live a life of prayer and of effort to do good?’

“ ‘She hesitated a moment, and then replied, ‘I am afraid not.’

“ ‘Well, Louisa, the terms of acceptance with God are plain, and there is no altering them. If you will be a Christian, you must renounce all sin, and with a broken heart surrender yourself to the Saviour.’

“ ‘The interview closed with prayer, and a similar appointment was made for the next week. Some of the young ladies present, I had reason to believe, had accepted the terms of salvation. The next week a slight cold detained Louisa from the meeting, but the week following she again appeared. To my great disappointment, I found her interest diminishing. She seemed far less anxious than at our last interview; the Spirit was grieved. This was the last time she called to see me.

“ ‘Two or three months passed away, when one day, as I was making parochial visits, I was informed that Louisa was quite unwell, and desired to see me. In a few moments I was in her sick-chamber. She had taken a violent cold, and it had settled into a fever. She seemed agitated when I entered the room; and when I inquired how she did, she covered her face with both hands, and

burst into tears. Her sister turned to me and said: 'Sir, she is in great distress of mind; mental agony has kept her awake nearly all night. She has wanted very much to see you, that you might converse with her.'

"I feared her agitation might seriously injure her health, and did all I consistently could to soothe and quiet her. 'But,' said Louisa, 'I am sick, and may die. I know I am not a Christian; and, O! if I die in this state of mind, what will become of me?' And again she burst into tears.

"What could I say? Every word she said was true. Her eyes were opened to her danger. There was cause for alarm. Delirium might soon ensue. Death might be near, and she was unprepared to appear before God. She saw it all, she felt it all. Fever was burning in her veins; but she forgot her pains in view of the terrors of approaching judgment.

"I told her God was good; that he was more ready to forgive than we to ask forgiveness. 'But, sir,' said she, 'I have known my duty long, and have not done it. I have been ashamed of the Saviour, and grieved away the Spirit, and now I am upon a sick-bed, and perhaps must die. O, if I were but a Christian, I should be willing to die!'

"I told her of the Saviour's love. I pointed to many of God's precious promises to the penitent. I endeavoured to induce her to resign her soul calmly to the Saviour. But all seemed in vain. Trembling and agitated, she was looking forward to the dark future. The Spirit of the Lord had opened her eyes. I knelt by her bed-side, and fervently prayed that the Holy Spirit would guide her, and that the Saviour would speak peace to her troubled soul. O, could they who are postponing repentance to a sick-bed, have witnessed the sufferings of this once merry girl, they would shudder at the thought of trusting to a dying hour!

"The next day I called again. Her fever was still raging, and its fires were fanned by mental suffering.

" 'And can you not, Louisa,' said I, 'trust your soul with the Saviour who died for you? He has said, "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." ' "

" 'O, sir, I know the Saviour is merciful; but somehow I cannot go to him; I know not why. O, I am miserable indeed! ' "

"I opened the Bible, and read the parable of the Prodigal Son. I particularly directed her attention to the twentieth verse: 'When he was a great way off, his father saw him, and had compassion on him, and ran, and fell upon his neck, and kissed him.' 'O sir,' said she, 'none of these promises are for me. I find no peace to my troubled spirit. I have long been sinning against God, and now he is summoning me to render up my account. O, what an account have I to render! Even if I were perfectly well, I could hardly endure the view God has given me of my sins. If they were forgiven, how happy I should be! but now, O—' Her voice was stopped by a fit of shuddering, which agitated those around her with the fear she might be dying. Soon, however, her nerves were more quiet, and I kneeled to commend her spirit to the Lord.

"I rode home; and as I kneeled with my family at evening prayer, I bore Louisa upon my heart to the throne of grace. Another morning came. As I knocked at the door I felt a painful solicitude as to the answer I might receive. 'How is Louisa this morning? ' "

" 'Failing fast, sir; the doctor thinks she cannot recover.' "

" 'Is her mind more composed? ' "

" 'O no, sir; she has had a dreadful night. She says she is lost, and that there is no hope for her.' "

"I went to her chamber. Despair was pictured more

deeply than ever upon her countenance. A few young friends were standing by her bedside. She warned them, in the most affecting terms, to prepare for death while in health. She told them of the mental agony she was enduring, and of the heavier woes which were thickly scattered through that endless career on which she was about to enter. She said she knew God was ready to forgive the sincerely penitent; but that her sorrow was not sorrow for sin, but dread of its awful penalty.

"I had already said all I could say to lead her to the Saviour. Nothing more could be said.

‘By many a death-bed I had been,
And many a sinner’s parting scene;
But never aught like this.’

"Late in the afternoon I called again. Every eye in the room was filled with tears, but poor Louisa saw not, and heeded not their weeping. Her reason was gone. For some time I lingered round the solemn scene. At the present moment that chamber of death is as vividly present to my mind as it was when I looked upon it through irrepressible tears. I can now see the restless form, the swollen veins, the hectic, burning cheek, the eyes rolling wildly around the room, and the weeping friends. In silence I had entered the room, and in silence and sadness I turned away.

"Early next morning I called at the door to inquire for Louisa.

"‘She is dead, sir.’

"‘Was her reason restored before her death?’

"‘It appeared partially to return a few moments before she breathed her last, but she was almost gone, and we could hardly understand what she said.’

"‘Did she seem more peaceful in her mind?’

"‘Her friends thought that she did express a willingness to depart; but she was so weak, and so far gone,

that it was impossible for her to express her feelings with any clearness.'

"This is all that can be said of one who 'wished to live a gay and merry life till just before death, and then become pious, and die happy.' Reader,

'Be wise to-day, 'tis madness to defer.'"

19. MADAME DE POMPADOUR.

"Ah! fleeting spirit! wand'ring fire,
That long hast warm'd my tender breast,
Must thou no more this frame inspire—
'No more a pleasing cheerful guest?
Whither, ah! whither art thou flying?
To what dark undiscover'd shore?
Thou seem'st all trembling, shiv'ring, dying;
And wit and humour are no more."

MADAME DE POMPADOUR before her death became a victim of ennui and disgust at the world. The objects for which she had sacrificed honour and virtue in the court of Louis XV., had lost their charms, and one of her last letters describes, in most affecting terms, her abject wretchedness.

"What a situation," she writes, "is that of the great! They only live in the future, and are only happy in hope; there is no peace in ambition! I am always gloomy, and often so unreasonably. The kindness of the king, the regards of courtiers, the attachment of my domestics, and the fidelity of a large number of friends—motives like these, which ought to make me happy, affect me no longer. . . . I have no longer an inclination for all which once pleased me. I have caused my house at Paris to be magnificently furnished; well, that pleased me for two days. My residence at Bellevue is charming; and I alone cannot endure it. Benevolent people

relate to me all the news and adventures of Paris ; they think I listen, but, when they have done, I ask them what they said. In a word, I do not live, I am dead before my time. I have no interest in the world. Everything conspires to embitter my life. I have imputed to me the public misery, the misfortunes of war, and the triumphs of my enemies. I am accused of selling everything, of disposing of everything, of governing everything. . . . This hatred and this general exasperation of the nation grieve me exceedingly ; my life is a continued death."

Oppressed by such sentiments, she died, probably of a broken heart, occasioned by the sense of deserved public hatred. She but reaped the fruit of what she had sown ; affording a melancholy example of the retribution her conduct had merited. As a proof of the heartlessness which habits of vice engender, it is related that, on the day of her funeral, the king, walking on the terrace at Versailles, and thinking, as he took out his watch, that it was the moment for the interment of her whom he had professed to love so well, said, with great unconcern, "The countess will have a fine day!"

SECTION II.

The Dying Backslider.

1. WILLIAM POPE.

“ Laugh, ye profane, and swell, and burst
With bold impiety ;
Yet shall ye live forever curst,
And seek in vain to die.
Soon you ’ll confess the frightful names
Of plagues you scorn’d before,
No more shall look like idle dreams,
Like foolish names no more.”—WATTS.

THE awful and affecting cases of Newport, Altamont, and Spira, have long confirmed the weighty truth, that “ it is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God.” The following narrative, though less known, is not less awful nor less impressive. Its truth is confirmed by the joint testimony of various respectable witnesses. One of these is Mr. Simpson, the well-known author of “ A Plea for Religion.” He saw the unhappy subject of this narrative once, but declared he never desired to see him again. The melancholy affair happened in the year 1797, and excited considerable attention in the town and neighbourhood of Bolton. The deistical brethren of the unhappy man, whose miseries this account describes, wished to persuade the public that he was out of his mind, which was by no means the case. He was in the possession of his reason; but evidently given over, by God, to a hardened heart.

William Pope, an inhabitant of Bolton, in Lancashire, was a member of the Methodist society; and appeared to have been formerly a partaker of genuine repentance, and of such faith in the adorable Saviour, as

became the source of sacred peace and joy. He had a wife, who enjoyed much of the Divine comforts of religion, and who, after adorning her profession upon earth in the full assurance of faith and hope, triumphantly fell asleep in Jesus.

After her death, his zeal for religion declined, and by associating with some backsliding professors, he entered the path to eternal ruin. His new companions ridiculed the eternity of future misery, and professed to believe even in the redemption of devils. William became an admirer of their scheme; a frequenter with them of the public house; and in time, a common drunkard. On one occasion of this kind, being upbraided as a Methodist, he replied: "I am not a Methodist now; it would be better for me were that the case—for while I was a Methodist I was as happy as an angel, but now I am as miserable as a devil."

Religion being neglected, his mind turned to politics, and these became his favourite study. Proceeding onward from bad to worse, he became the disciple of Thomas Paine, and associated himself with a number of deistical persons at Bolton, who assembled together on Sundays, to confirm each other in their infidelity. The oaths and imprecations which were here uttered, are too horrible to relate; while they amused themselves with throwing the word of God on the floor, kicking it round the room, and treading it under their feet. Here he plunged deep into the whirlpool of infidelity, and dared to speak contemptuously of that adorable Redeemer whom he had formerly called his Saviour. The mercy he had long abused was now withdrawn; the judgments of the Most High overtook him, and a lingering consumption became the harbinger of death.

"April 17, 1797, I was desired," says Mr. Rhodes, the narrator of the following account, "to visit William Pope. For some months he had been afflicted with a

consumptive complaint. At the same time the state of his mind was deplorably wretched. When I first saw him, he said, 'Last night I believe I was in hell, and felt the horrors and torments of the damned! But God has brought me back again, and given me a little longer respite. My mind is also alleviated a little. The gloom of guilty terror does not sit so heavy upon me as it did; and I have something like a faint hope, that, after all I have done, God may yet save me.' After exhorting him to repentance, and confidence in the Almighty Saviour, I prayed with him, and left him.

"In the evening he sent for me again. I found him in the utmost distress, overwhelmed with bitter anguish and despair. I endeavoured to encourage him, and mentioned the hope which he had spoken of in the morning. He answered, 'I believe it was merely nature; that finding a little ease from the horrors I had felt in the night, I was a little lifted up on that account.' I spoke to him of the infinite merit of the great Redeemer; of his sufficiency, willingness, and promises, to save the chief of sinners, who penitently turn to him. I mentioned several cases in which God had saved the greatest of sinners; but he answered, 'No case of any that have been mentioned, is comparable to mine. I have no contrition; I cannot repent; God will damn me! I know the day of grace is past. God has said of such as are in my case, I will laugh at your calamity, and mock when your fear cometh!'

"I said, 'Have you ever known anything of the mercy and love of God?'

"'O yes,' he replied; 'many years ago, I truly repented, and sought the Lord. At one time in particular, in my distress and penitential sorrow, I cried to the Lord with all my heart, and he heard me, and delivered me from all my trouble, and filled me with peace and heavenly consolation. This happiness continued for

some time. I was then truly devoted to God. But in the end I began to keep company which was hurtful to me, and also gave way to unprofitable conversation, till I lost all the comfortable sense of God, and the things of God. Thus I fell from one thing to another, till I plunged into open wickedness.' Indeed he several times complained to me, that the company he associated with had been of irreparable injury to him. I prayed with him, and had great hopes of his salvation; he appeared much affected, and begged I would represent his case in our society, and pray for him. I did as he desired that night in our congregation; the people were much affected at the account, and many hearty petitions were put up for him."

Mr. Rhodes being obliged to go into the country for a few days, his fellow-labourer, Mr. Barraclough, visited William Pope, and gave the following account of what he witnessed:—

"April 18, I went to see William Pope: he had all the appearance of horror and guilt, which a soul feels when under a sense of the wrath of God. As soon as he saw me, he exclaimed, 'You are come to see one who is damned forever.' I answered, 'I hope not, Christ came to save the chief of sinners.' He replied, 'I have rejected him, I have denied him; therefore hath he cast me off forever!—I know the day of grace is past—gone—gone—never more to return!' I entreated him not to draw hasty conclusions respecting the will of God; and I asked him if he could pray, or felt a desire that God would give him a broken and contrite heart? He answered, 'I cannot pray; my heart is quite hardened; I have no desire to receive any blessing at the hands of God,' and then immediately cried out, 'O the hell!—the torment!—the fire that I feel within me! O eternity, eternity! To dwell forever with devils and damned spirits in the burning lake, must be my portion!—and that justly—yea, very justly!'

"I endeavoured to set before him the all-sufficient merits of Christ, and the virtue of his atoning blood; assuring him, that through faith in the Redeemer he might be forgiven. He fixed his eyes on me, and said, 'O that I had the smallest beam of hope! But I have not, nor can I ever have it again.' I requested him to join with me and another friend in prayer. To which he replied, 'It is all in vain.' However, we prayed, and had some degree of access to the throne of grace for him. When I was about to depart, he looked at me with inexpressible anguish, and said: 'Do you remember preaching from these words in Jeremiah, "Be instructed, O Jerusalem, lest my soul depart from thee?"' I replied that I recollected the time very well, and asked, 'Did God's Spirit depart from you at that time?' He replied, 'No, not at that time, for I again felt him strive with me; but O, soon after I grieved, yea, I quenched him; and now it is all over with me forever!'

"On Thursday, I found him groaning under the weight of the displeasure of God. His eyes rolled to and fro; he lifted up his hands, and with vehemence cried out, 'O the burning flame!—the hell!—the pain I feel! Rocks, yea, burning mountains! fall upon me, and cover me! Ah no! they cannot hide me from his presence who fills the universe!' I spoke a little of the justice and power of Jehovah; to which he made this pertinent reply: 'He is *just*, and is now punishing, and will continue to punish me, for my sins. He is powerful, and will make me strong to bear the torments of hell to all eternity!' I answered, 'God is just to forgive us, and powerful to rescue us from the dominion of sin and Satan. Jesus came to destroy the works of the devil, and I trust he will soon manifest his salvation to you.' He replied, 'You do not know what I have done. My crimes are not of an ordinary nature. I have done—done the deed—the horrible, damnable deed!' I

wanted him to explain himself; but he sunk down into a stupid sullenness. I prayed with him, and found more freedom than I expected. While I was on my knees, he appeared to be in an agony. At length he broke out, to the astonishment of all present, 'Glory be to God, I am out of hell yet! Glory be to God, I am out of hell yet!' We said, 'There is mercy for you.' He answered, 'Do you think so? O that I could feel a desire for it!' We entreated him to pray, but he answered, 'I cannot pray! God will not have anything to do with me. O the fire I feel within me.' He then sunk down again into a state of sullen reserve. I prayed with him once more; and while I was thus employed, he said with inexpressible rage, 'I will not have salvation at the hands of God! No, no! I will not ask it of him!' After a short pause, he cried out, 'O how I long to be in the bottomless pit—in the lake which burns with fire and brimstone!' He then lay quiet for some time, and we took our leave for that day.

"The day following I saw him again. This was a painful visit. His language and visage were most dreadful. Some of his expressions were so diabolical that I dare not repeat them. I said to him, 'William, your pain is inexpressible.' He groaned, and then with a loud voice cried out, 'Eternity will explain my torments; I tell you again, I am damned; I will not have salvation.' We desired he would pray for mercy; but he exclaimed, 'Nothing for *me* but *hell*! Come, eternal torments! You will soon see I shall drop into the flames of the pit.' I said, 'Do you ask the Lord to be merciful unto you.' Upon which he called me to him, as if to speak to me; but as soon as I came within his reach, he struck me on the head with all his might, and gnashing his teeth, cried out, 'God will not hear your prayer.'

"While we were on our knees praying for him, he shouted aloud, 'God will confound you, that you cannot

pray. O God, hear them not, for I will not be saved.' His words were accompanied with the strongest marks of rage and inveterate malice, and he cried out, 'I hate everything that God has made; only I have no hatred to the devil; I wish to be with him.' He seemed to be in his element while speaking of the devil as a sovereign lord, that might shortly reign supreme! These things greatly distressed us, and we were afraid that he was given up to a reprobate mind."

On the 21st, Mr. Rhodes, having returned from the country, went again to see William Pope, and gives the following account of his visit:—

"I found him in the most deplorable condition. He charged me with telling him a lie, in my last visit, by saying that I believed there was salvation for him. I replied that I had not told a lie, but verily believed there was salvation if he would accept of it. He was now in a tempest of rage and despair: his looks, his agonies, and dreadful words, are not to be expressed. Speaking to him of mercy or a Saviour, seemed to increase the horrors of his mind. When I mentioned the power of the Almighty to save; 'God,' said he, 'is almighty to damn me! He hath already sealed my damnation, and I long to be in hell!' While two or three of us were praying for him, he threw at us anything on which he could lay his hands. His state appeared an awful confirmation of the truth, justice, and being of God; of an immortal soul in man; and of the evil of sin. Who but a righteous God could inflict such punishments? What but sin could deserve them? What but an intelligent immortal soul could bear them?"

Next day, Mr. Rhodes called again to see William Pope. The dreadful tempest of rage and defiance seemed to have ceased. He now appeared full of timidity and fear; in perpetual dread of the powers of darkness, and apprehensive of their coming to drag him away to the

regions of misery. But no marks of penitent contrition appeared about him. He said he was full of blasphemy; he often laid his hand upon his mouth lest it should force its way forth. He complained that it had done so, and that more would force its way.

In the afternoon of the 24th, Mr. Barraclough again called upon him. For some time he would not speak; but after being repeatedly asked how he felt his mind, he replied, "Bad, bad." Mr. Barraclough said, "God can make it better."

"What, make me better! I tell you, no; I have done the horrible deed, and it cannot be undone again. I feel I must declare to you what it is for which I am suffering. The Holy and Just One! I have crucified the Son of God afresh, and counted the blood of the covenant an unholy thing! O that wicked and horrible deed of blasphemy against the Holy Ghost which I know I have committed! It is for this I am suffering the torture and horrors of guilt, and a sense of the wrath of God."

He then suddenly looked upwards towards the chamber floor, and started back; he trembled, gnashed his teeth, and cried out, "Do you not see? Do you not see him? He is coming for me! The devil will fetch me, I know he will! Come, O devil, and take me." At this time Mr. Eskrick came into the room, to whom William said, "George, I am lost." Mr. Eskrick replied, "Do not say so, but pray earnestly to God to give you true repentance; and who can tell but the Lord may deliver you this day from the power of sin and Satan." He answered, "I cannot pray, no! no! I will not pray. Do not I tell you there is no salvation for me? I want nothing but hell." Some time after he said, "Undone forever! Doomed to eternal pain! to the burning flame!" Afterward on a sudden he sprung up from his seat, and cried out, "Your prayers will avail nothing. God will not hear you." A friend prayed; but during prayer,

when any petition was offered for him, he sullenly said, "I will not have any favour at his hands," uttering also other expressions too dreadful to be repeated.

"On the 25th," says Mr. Rhodes, "I called to see William Pope, and asked him how he was : he answered, 'Very bad in body and soul, there is nothing good about me.' I said to him, 'William, if God were willing to save you for Christ's sake, and if you knew that he were so, would you not be willing to be saved?'"

"'No,' he answered, 'I have no willingness nor any desire to be saved. You will not believe me when I tell you it is all over. If I had a million of worlds I would give them all to undo what I have done.'"

"I told him I was glad to hear that confession from him, and hoped, that through the violence of his terrors he had mistaken his case, and imagined against himself what was not true. 'I tell you,' he replied, 'I know hell burns within me now ; and the moment my soul quits the body, I shall be in such torments as none can conceive! I have denied the Saviour! I have blasphemed the Most High! and have said, O that I were stronger than God.' He was quite unwilling that I should attempt to pray for him. I visited him the next morning, when he appeared to be hardened beyond all feeling of remorse or fear. His violent agitations, dread, and horror, had ceased their rage. His infidel principles returned upon him, and he gave full place to them, and gloried in them.

"On my next visit, after a little conversation, he spoke with the greatest contempt of the Lord Jesus Christ; and derided his merits and the virtue of his atoning blood. The words he used were too detestable to be repeated. The day following he appeared much in the same state of mind, full of a diabolical spirit. Hell and perdition were his principal theme, and apparently without terror."

At a visit which a pious young man made him on the first of May, he said, "I have denied the Lord Jesus Christ, and the word of God; this is my hell." After some other shocking expressions, he added, "My pain is all within—if this were removed I should be better! O what a terrible thing it is! Once I might, and would not; now I would, and must not." He sat a little while and then (says the narrator) cast his eyes upon me with the most affecting look I ever saw, and shook his head. At this sight I could not refrain from tears. At another time he said, "I attempted to pray, but when I had said a word or two, I was so confounded I could say no more." At this time one of his old companions in sin coming to see him, William said to him, "I desire you will go away; for I have ruined myself by being too much in such company as yours." The man was unwilling to depart, but he insisted on his going.

Sometime after, the same young man, and some other friends, sat up with him again, and would have prayed with him, but he would not suffer them; he said it did him hurt, and added, "I am best content when I am cursing; I curse frequently to myself, and it gives me ease. God has made a public example of me, for a warning to others; and if they will not take it, everlasting misery will be their portion."

Mr. Rhodes made him several other visits; and in all his visits, found him perfectly averse to prayer, and to everything that is good. Not the least mark of contrition; not the most distant desire for salvation. "When," says he, "on one occasion I attempted to pray, he said, 'Do not pray to Jesus Christ for me, he can do me no good; nor is there any being that can.' When I began to pray, he blasphemed in a most horrible manner, and dared the Almighty to do his worst, and to send him to hell!"

"On the 24th, his state was not to be described. His

eyes darted hate and distraction. He grinned at me, and told me how he despised and hated my prayers ; at the same time he exclaimed, ‘Curse on you all.’

“On the 26th, I visited him for the last time. I saw his dissolution was at hand. My soul pitied him. My painful feelings on his account cannot be expressed. I spoke to him with tenderness and plainness about the state of his soul, and of another world ; but he answered me with a high degree of displeasure ; his countenance at the same time was horrible beyond expression ; and with great vehemence he commanded me to cease speaking to him. I then told him, it would be the last time that ever I should see him in this world ; and asked if he were willing for me to put up another prayer for him ? He then with great strength, considering his weakness, cried out, ‘No.’ This was the last word which I heard him speak. I left him, and he died in the evening.”

2. THE MOTHER OF DAVID HUME.

“Insidious Death ! should his strong hand arrest,
No composition sets the prisoner free ;
Eternity’s inexorable chain
Fast binds, and vengeance claims the full arrear.”—YOUNG.

HUME, the historian, received a religious education from his mother, and early in life was the subject of strong and hopeful religious impressions ; but as he approached manhood they were effaced, and confirmed infidelity succeeded.

Maternal partiality, however alarmed at first, came at length to look with less and less pain on this delusion, and filial love and reverence seemed to have been absorbed in the pride of philosophical scepticism ; for Hume applied himself with unwearied, and, unhappily, with successful, efforts to sap the foundation of his

mother's faith. Having succeeded in this dreadful work, he went abroad, and as he was returning, an express met him in London with a letter from his mother, informing him that she was in a deep decline and could not long survive: she said she found herself without any support in her distress; that he had taken away that only source of comfort upon which, in all cases of affliction, she used to rely, and that now she found her mind sinking into despair; she did not doubt that her son would afford her some substitute for her religion; and she conjured him to hasten to her, or at least to send her a letter containing such consolations as philosophy could afford to a dying mortal.

Hume was overwhelmed with anguish on receiving this letter, and hastened to Scotland, travelling day and night; but before he arrived his mother expired.

No permanent impression seems, however, to have been made on his mind by this trying event; and whatever remorse he might have felt at the moment, he soon relapsed into his previous hardness of heart. Thus it is that false philosophy restores the sting to death, and gives again the victory to the grave.

3. DEATH OF AN AGED BACKSLIDER.

"Time destroy'd

Is suicide, where more than blood is spilt."—YOUNG.

ON a bleak winter's night, in the year 1844, after having retired to rest, I was suddenly aroused by the repeated mention of my name. On hastening to discover the cause, I found that two Christian persons had come, earnestly to request me to visit an aged but dying apostate. The distance from the house of the sufferer, and a slight indisposition of body, at first induced me to

refuse. "O come, do come! she is dying, and says that she is eternally lost!"

Overpowered by their solicitations, and the sense of duty, and indulging the thought that perhaps God designed me to be the messenger of peace to the poor creature, I felt compelled to accompany them. The night was cheerless, dark, and dreary; the sky was starless; and everything around us seemed but as the image of the sad scene to which we were hastening. The wind whistled wildly, and appeared as if it conveyed with its "doubled-tongued voice" the groans of the dying sinner. This, added to the death-like stillness of all besides, predisposed my mind for the chamber of sickness. As we approached the house, her cries of despair were distinctly heard; and with these ringing in my ears, I was ushered into her room. From the snows of time, which were scattered thickly over her head, and the numerous wrinkles on her brow, it was evident that she had long since passed the boundary of "threescore years and ten." As soon as she saw me, with a wild, fitful light shooting into her sunken eyes, which were rolling fiercely in their deep sockets, and in a tone expressive of the awful agony of her soul, she exclaimed, in the language of the Gadarene demoniac, "Art thou come hither to torment me before the time?"

"No," I replied, "but rather to assist you in obtaining the mercy you need."

"*Mercy? There is none for me! I tell you I am forsaken by God! I loved him once; but now—*" and an involuntary shudder shook her frame.

"The same blessing you then enjoyed is held out to you now, upon the exercise of a similar faith," I replied.

"I cannot, I dare not, I will not, believe again; *I have been deceived!*"

The peculiar emphasis laid on the latter part of this sentence, induced me to make inquiries as to her

previous history. It appears that in early life she became seriously awakened, under the ministry of a devoted servant of Christ, and soon after obtained peace with God, and joined herself to the Independent Church in the town in which she then lived. For many years she adorned the Christian profession by her most exemplary character. Her evidence of acceptance with God was undoubted, and fear seldom disturbed her peace; she emphatically walked

“High in salvation, and the climes of bliss!”

At length, from the peculiar tenets to which she weekly listened, she imbibed, in a carnally presumptuous way, the doctrine of final perseverance. The influence this had upon her mind was soon perceptible: others have held this doctrine in connexion with much prayerful jealousy over themselves, and thus have neutralized the possible effects of a statement which we think unsupported by Scripture—but she became indifferent as to her present experience; the power of religion was lost; reality declined into dead formality; and yet, when spoken to on the subject, she regarded herself as *perfectly safe, and unable finally to fall!* She eventually became careless in her attendance on the means of grace and the discharge of religious duties, and left the society. Being now free from the salutary restraint which union with a Christian Church imposes, she sinned with greediness. When warned of her danger, and referred to her preceding life, she seemed devoid of all religious feeling; and, in extenuation of her sin, would boastingly urge that she *could not be lost, for she was once a child of God!* Her increasing years only increased her guilt, and hardened her once tender heart. She continually abused the goodness of God, and presumptuously sinned, that grace might abound, till old age, with its attendant infirmities and afflictions, laid her upon the sick-bed.

Now, when death's chilling grasp was felt, and the dreadful realities of an eternal world were disclosing themselves, she saw and felt the rottenness of that foundation on which she had built her hopes of salvation. Trembling under a fearful apprehension of that which awaited her, and with a full consciousness of her past folly, she uttered the words above, "*I have been deceived!*"

The beams of the morning sun now began to scatter themselves upon the earth, and daybreak gradually to dawn; but no ray of light to shine upon the poor sufferer's soul: night, the night of life,—the night of death,—the fearful presage of the "blackness of darkness forever," thickly enveloped her spirit! I returned to her room, resolving to make another, perhaps the last, effort to snatch this brand from the burning, over whose lake she was suspended by the attenuated and breaking thread of life. She appeared to be grappling with her conquering foe; her bosom heaved heavily, and her fearful sighs echoed through the room. I opened upon the fifty-first Psalm, and endeavoured to read the portions most appropriate to her melancholy case. Unexpectedly she stretched forth her trembling and almost nerveless arm, seized the book, and tore the leaf from the sacred volume! I knelt down to pray; as soon as I commenced, she mocked me in the most terrific manner, repeatedly exclaiming, "Don't pray for me! Don't pray for me! it increases my misery! I am lost! I am lost!" From urgent necessity, and being completely wearied, I soon after left her. During the day, I was informed that she remained much in the same state, frequently blaspheming the God of heaven, and invoking his wrath. The next morning I called, and found the taper of life nearly extinguished. Her tongue had ceased to lend its aid to increase her guilt; but alas! although unable to speak, her horrid glances, her awful groans, her significant signs, and her continual restlessness, betokened the

agony of her mind. I engaged in prayer with her, but under the same depressed feelings as above mentioned. Circumstances afterwards prevented my seeing her. A few days subsequent to my last visit the deep-toned bell announced the fearful fact of the poor creature's death. Her remains were committed to the melancholy grave by the officiating minister, as in "sure and certain hope of a joyful resurrection."

My hand seems palsied as I write, and my blood chills in my veins when I think that she died as I had seen her,—peaceless and hopeless! Whatever, therefore, be the language of man, the decree of God is irreversible: "They that have done evil shall come forth to the resurrection of damnation!"

Reader! "Be not deceived; God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap. For he that soweth to his flesh, shall of the flesh reap corruption; but he that soweth to the Spirit, shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting."

4. THE APOSTATE.

"O treacherous conscience! while she seems to sleep
On rose and myrtle, lull'd with syren song;
While she seems, nodding o'er her charge, to drop
On headlong appetite the slacken'd rein,
And gives us up to license unrecall'd,
Unmark'd,—see from behind her secret stand,
The sly informer minutes every fault,
And her dread diary with horror fills."—YOUNG.

THE writer, who communicated these sad facts, was well acquainted with R—— A——, late of Maryland, whose brief history is here given. At the age of about twenty he became anxious for his soul, and convinced that the course he had hitherto pursued, if persisted in, would lead to endless misery. With this conviction he resolved

to seek the Lord while he might be found ; and it was not long before he thought he had obtained an interest in him, and joined the Church. For some time his life was apparently consistent with his profession. At length he formed an acquaintance with a gay young lady, of great personal attractions, but an entire stranger to religion ; and although she was not pleased with his religious profession, yet his family and personal appearance were such, that she consented to marriage, thinking that in due time she would be able to cure him of his religious frenzy.

She soon commenced the attempt. At first she urged that, if they wished to be thought well of by their friends, they ought not to refuse to join them at places of diversion and amusement ; that he must know how persons of his inclination were despised by people of respectability ; and that he had so much reading and praying in his house, the neighbours laughed at him. In fine, said she, "I married you to be happy ; but I utterly despair of happiness, unless you give up your religion and be like other people."

He told her that happiness was what he wanted, but he had never found it in the way she proposed ; that the happiness which sprung from the customs and pleasures of this world was not substantial ; though for the present it might be sweet, in the end it would be bitter as death.

Having found these efforts unavailing to obtain her purpose, she refused to attend family devotion. He wept, grieved, and in secret often prayed for her. She continued to employ every stratagem which her wicked imagination could invent. At length, wearied by her constant opposition and persecution, he resolved he would try to get to heaven alone, as she would not go with him ; and determined to attend to his private devotions, and omit those of the family. His wife, however,

pursued him to his closet; and succeeded in driving him to the relinquishment of every religious duty. And now that he forsook God, God forsook him; the native corruptions of a wicked heart began to stir within him, and raged, till they broke out in greater excesses than he had ever been guilty of before.

Some time after this he heard a sermon, in which his sins were brought fully to his remembrance. He then renewedly promised to serve the Lord, let him meet with ever so much opposition. But the obstacles were greater than he supposed. He found himself in the hands of the enemy with less ability to resist temptation than he had before. He was like a man, who, bound while asleep, struggles, but cannot free himself; groans under his bondage and strives for liberty, but strives in vain. At this juncture his wife redoubled her efforts, and gained her point a second time. He continued sinning with little remorse, till, having lost all desire for the means of grace, and entirely forsaking the company of the people of God, he gave himself up to the customs and maxims of the world, having not the least regard to external morality; when at length he was laid on a bed of affliction, and his life was despaired of.

Now his fears were alarmed; his sins appeared in dreadful colours before him; and such was the sense of his guilt, that he dared not look to God for mercy. "How can I," said he, "expect that God will pardon me, when I have run contrary to his will, grieved his Spirit, sinned away all the peace I once enjoyed, and have gone farther since my apostasy than I ever did before I named his name? O that I had my time to live over again! O that I had never been born!"

His disorder increased, and his fears were wrought up to terror. "If," said he, "God would give me another trial, I would amend my ways. If God will not hear me, perhaps he will hear the prayers of his people on my

behalf. O, send for them, that they may pray for me ; for how can I stand before the avenger of sin in this my lamentable condition !”

His Christian friends visited him ; God appeared to answer their prayers, and, contrary to expectation, he recovered. But as his bodily strength increased, his convictions subsided ; and by the time he was fully restored to health, he forgot his danger, and actually returned to all his former vices.

Some years after his recovery, I fell in company with him, and we entered into close conversation on the state of his soul. I asked him what he thought would be his destiny if he died in his present state ?

“ Why,” said he, “ as sure as God is in heaven I should be damned.”

“ Well,” said I, “ do you mean to die in this state ? Do you never think of changing your course of life ?”

“ My friend,” said he, “ I have no desire to serve God ; I have no desire for anything that is good : to tell you the truth, I as much believe that my damnation is sealed as that I am now conversing with you. I remember the very time when the Spirit of God departed from me ; and what may surprise you more than all, I am no more troubled about it than if there were no God to punish sin and no hell to punish sinners in.”

I was struck speechless at his narration ; it is not in my power to describe my feelings. The bold indifference which marked his features, and the hardness of heart displayed by him, were truly shocking. After I parted with him, my meditations were engaged upon the awful subject. “ Lord,” thought I, “ with whom have I been conversing ? An immortal spirit, clothed with flesh and blood, who appears to be sealed over to eternal damnation ! A man who once had a day of grace and the offer of mercy, but now appears to be lost, forever lost ! To him the door of heaven is shut, never more to be

opened. He once had it in his power to accept salvation, and because he did not improve his time and talents, God has judicially taken them all away, and given him over to blindness of mind. He is neither moved by mercy nor terrified by judgment."

About two years after this he was laid upon the bed of death. His conscience roared like thunder against him, and his every sense appeared to be awake to torment him. His sickness was short, and his end was awful. His Christian friends visited him, and desired to administer comfort, but he was comfortless. They told him that perhaps he was mistaken—it was not so bad with him as he imagined.

"Ah," said he, "would to God I was mistaken; happy would it be for me. But can I be mistaken about my sickness? Is it imagination which confines me here? Are my pains imaginary? No, no! they are a reality; and I am as certain of my damnation as of my pains."

Some persons offered to pray with him. But he forbade it, and charged them not to attempt it. "For," said he, "that moment that you attempt to lift up your hearts to God on my behalf, I feel the flames of hell kindle in my soul: you might as well pray for Satan as for me; you would have as much success. Do you think to force God? Do you think to force the gates of heaven, which are barred by justice against me? Never. Your prayers shall return upon your own head; I want none of them."

The distress of his mind seemed to make him forget the pains of his body, and he continued in nearly the same situation till the day of his death. All that Christians or Christian ministers could say to him, made no impression. He never asked one to pity or pray for him.

Just before his departure, after he had been rolling from side to side for some time, with horror depicted in

every feature, he called to his wife to bring him a cup of cold water; "for," said he, "in one hour I shall be where I shall never get another drop." She brought him the water, he drank it with greediness, and reached back the cup with a trembling hand; then staring her in the face, his eyes flashing with terror, he cried out, "Rebecca, Rebecca, you are the cause of my eternal damnation." He turned over, and with an awful groan left the world, to enter upon the untried realities of a dread eternity.

Beloved reader, meditate on this narrative. Be not conformed to this world. Yield not to the temptations of the adversary of souls. Fear much, lest, a promise being left you of entering into the rest of the people of God, you come short, and, a hardened, impenitent sinner, or a self-ruined backslider, finally inherit the portion of the hypocrite and unbeliever, "where the worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched," and where "the backslider shall be filled with his own ways."

5. PETER DEAN.

"O the dark days of vanity! while here
How tasteless! and how terrible when gone!
Gone? they never go; when past, they haunt us still;
The spirit walks on every day deceased."—YOUNG.

PETER DEAN, after having been a preacher for a year on the Norwich circuit, in connexion with Mr. Wesley, where he married a rich wife, was taken ill, and died. When on the verge of eternity, he confessed that, in his profession of religion, he had been influenced by no other motive than the desire to obtain riches. "The Lord," said he, "has given me my desire, and his curse with it; and now I am ruined forever."

"From that time," proceeds the account, "he refused to be comforted, would take neither food nor medicine,

abandoned himself to black despair, and seemed resolved to die. For some time before his death, his countenance would suddenly change, and be very horrid to look upon; he himself was conscious of it, and would go to the glass, and would then turn and say to his wife, ‘Now, look at me—now will you believe?’ In a short time, he was confined to his bed, and was visited by several ministers and others, (and among the rest by the gentleman to whom the writer is indebted for this awful memoir;) but their admonitions and prayers seemed to be fruitless. After this, he one day feigned himself asleep, and Mrs. Dean and her companion, that he might not be disturbed, left the room. Perceiving that they were gone, he put forth all his strength, and rolled himself on the floor; on hearing the noise, they instantly returned, and, fearful to relate, found him dead.”

6. FRANCIS SPIRA.

“Will toys amuse when medicine cannot cure?
When spirits ebb, when life’s enchanting scenes
Fade in the view, and vanish from the sight—
Will toys amuse? No! thrones will then be toys,
And earth and skies seem dust upon the scale!”

FRANCIS SPIRA was a man of wealth and considerable mental acquisitions—at once intelligent and eloquent. Attracted by the fame of Luther, and of the principles of the reformed religion, he laboured during six years as a preacher of evangelical doctrine. This course subjected him to persecution; but Spira was not sufficiently well-grounded in the truth to contemplate without emotion such consequences of the opinions he had adopted. He shrank from the test to which his position exposed him; he renounced his heresy, condemned his new tenets, and once more acknowledged the doctrines of the

Church of Rome. By a public act, at which two thousand persons were present, he made his recantation; but his internal agony was fearful. He fainted away immediately after the performance of the ceremony, and thenceforth became a stranger to peace.

Matthew Gribaldo, a civilian of Padua, Spira's native city, and Henry Scrimger, a professor at Genoa, have given descriptions of Spira's mental tortures. He was seized with sickness, declared his disease to be incurable, and burst forth into such exclamations as these: "Who can succour a soul oppressed by a sense of sin, and by the wrath of God? It is Jesus Christ alone who must be the Physician, and the Gospel is the only antidote."

Spira was continually calling for water to quench his burning thirst, and imploring some one to shorten his days. He eloquently described his misery; exhibited to the bystanders the crime he had committed against the Gospel of Christ, still refusing all comfort, and saying, "My sin is greater than the mercy of God. I have denied Christ voluntarily and against my convictions. I feel that he hardens me, and will allow me no hope." Sometimes he declared himself a castaway, "like Judas," and sometimes he wished that his days could be shortened, and he be suffered to depart to the dwelling of the unbelieving, which he said he deserved. He avowed, that there was no room within him for anything besides torment; and shouted out, "It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God," adding at another time, "I feel the weight of his wrath burning like the pains of hell within me, and pressing on my conscience with an anguish which cannot be described." Verily, despair is in itself a hell.

"I know not what else to say," was his language, "than that I am one of those whom God has threatened to tear asunder. O, the cursed day! O, the cursed day! Would

I had never been at Venice!" The priest endeavoured to cast out the devil which was, he said, within him, but the effort was vain. Equally vain were all attempts to lead him to receive the sacrament at the hands of his confessor. He continually desired to die, and referred to himself as an illustration of the Scripture, "They shall desire to die, yet death shall flee from them." He warned those around him of the danger of denying Christ: exhorting them to seek continually the glory of God, and not to be afraid of legates, inquisitions, prisons, or any kind of death; often urging upon them the passage, "Whosoever loveth father or mother more than me, is not worthy of me." His anxiety was to demonstrate to his friends, that all these convictions were not the hallucinations of frenzy, but the workings of a clear-sighted though most agonized mind. In vain did some of his companions urge upon him that his language was not that of a hardened heart. "I am only," said he, "like the rich man, who, though he was in hell, was anxious that his brethren should escape torment. Judas, after betraying his Master, was compelled to own his sin, and to declare the innocence of Christ, and it is neither new nor singular that I do the same. The mercy of Christ is a strong rampart against the wrath of God; but I have demolished that bulwark with my own hands."

When his friends began to say farewell to him, he avowed to one of them, that he felt his heart full of cursing, hatred, and blasphemy against God. The next day he attempted suicide. Refusing food, which he spat out when offered to him, he at length died miserably, amidst all the terrors of one forsaken of God. A spectator of this scene was Vergerio, who afterwards became an eminent bishop in the cause of the reformation, and who traced his most lasting impressions to this awful scene.

The remarks of Calvin upon this occurrence are worthy

of transcription: "May the Lord Jesus confirm our hearts in the full and sincere belief of his own Gospel, and keep our tongues in the uniform confession of him, that as we now join in one song with angels, we may at length enjoy together with them the blessed delights of the heavenly kingdom."

7. A YOUNG WOMAN.

"Youth is not rich in time; it may be poor;
Part with it as with money, sparing; pay
No moment, but in purchase of its worth;
And what its worth? Ask death-beds; they can tell.
Part with it as with life, reluctant; big
With holy hope of nobler time to come;
Time higher aimed, still nearer the great mark
Of men and angels—virtue more Divine."—YOUNG.

SEVERAL of the preceding narratives show how awful is the hour of death to those who deny the Lord who bought them. But it is not those only who advance thus far in iniquity, that feel the bitterness of death. To many who have borne the sacred name of Christian, the hour of dissolution is an hour of dismay, and would be so to every one who has reached that solemn period, negligent of the great salvation, if the soul were sensible of its own state, and awake to the contemplation of eternal realities. Let the young and careless seriously read the impressive account that follows, and while they read it, think of their latter end.

"Bathed in tears, a girl came, about three months ago, to tell me that her sister was dying, and wished much to see me. The poor woman, who was 'arrived at life's tremendous verge,' was about thirty years of age; her circumstances were lowly, but her mind was better informed than that of most in her rank. She had been educated at a Sunday school, and having a remarkably

good voice, had attended the chapel with the singers till her marriage. At this period, she not only knew much of her Bible, but also gave some pleasing symptoms of a change of mind. But alas! she gave her hand to a young man who was destitute of the fear of God, and who became a snare to her. How many that in youth promise fair to be the followers of Jesus, are ruined by improper marriages! Oppressed with domestic cares, poor Mary now neglected even an occasional attendance on the means of grace. She had run well, but sin deceived her. Daily misery however preyed on a constitution at all times delicate. A dropsy threatened her with death. No sooner was she confined to the bed of affliction, than she recollected the truths which once she took delight in learning. 'She remembered God and was troubled;' and her neglect of those things which, she well knew, belonged to her eternal peace, filled her mind with anguish.

"I had been with her the day before; how bitterly did she then lament her conduct! How hard she found the way of the transgressor! I reminded her of what St. John says—'If any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father.' She seemed a little encouraged to expect mercy; we engaged in prayer, and parted. But now she was evidently dying. As I entered the room, I beheld a face distorted with pain, and heard an exclamation, distressing enough to pierce any heart, '*O! I cannot die:—I want to see his face!*' Never did I enter so fully into the importance of Balaam's prayer, 'Let me die the death of the righteous; and let my last end be like his.' I asked her whose face she wished to see. Her reply was, 'The reconciled face of Jesus.'

"'Have you no hope of an interest in Christ?' I inquired.

"'No, I have no hope; I am lost; I cannot die!'

"How I longed for some careless people whom I knew,

to witness the end of one who had neglected—and that against the dictates of her own conscience—the great salvation!”

The writer of this account then endeavoured to point her to the blood of Jesus. “O,” she exclaimed, “that I had an interest in that blood!” He soon after left the room with feelings not to be described, and in a few minutes she expired.

O let those who have enjoyed religious instruction in youth, and afterward neglected the Saviour and salvation, consider what miseries they are preparing for themselves hereafter! And let them remember her whose last words, almost, were, “O, I cannot die! I cannot die!”

SECTION III.

The Dying Persecutor.

1. SOME OF THE EARLY PERSECUTORS.

It is remarkable that few of the emperors, distinguished for their cruelty and their persecutions of Christians during the first three centuries, escaped some miserable end or other. Tiberius and the other "three Neros" after him, suffered violent deaths. After Nero, Domitius Galba within seven months was slain by Otho; and Otho afterwards killed himself, being overcome by Vitellius. Vitellius shortly after was drawn through the city of Rome, and after he was tormented, was thrown into the Tiber. Domitian, after having poisoned his brother, Titus, and proved himself a cruel and vindictive persecutor of Christians, was murdered in his chamber—his wife knowing and consenting to the deed. Commodus likewise was murdered by Narcissus. Pertinax and Julianus experienced a like end. Severus was slain in England, and his son Geta was killed by his brother Bassianus, who was in turn murdered by Macrinus. Heliogabalus, a glutton in habit, a monster in cruelty, was killed by his own people, drawn through the city and cast into the Tiber. Maximinus, having slain the emperor, his benefactor, three years after was slain by his own soldiers. Maximus, Balbinus, and Gordian, were all three slain. The wicked Decius was drowned, and his son slain in battle at the same time. Gallus and Volusianus his sons, emperors after Decius, were both slain by a conspiracy of Emilianus, who within three months after was also slain himself. Valerian was taken prisoner by the Persians, and was there made the butt

of ridicule by Saporess the Persian king, who also used him for a stool to leap upon his horse. Galienus was killed by Aurelian. Aurelian, also a persecutor, was slain by his secretary. Tacitus reigned six months and was then slain at Pontus; Florinus, his brother, reigned two months, and was murdered at Tarsis. Diocletian and Maximian both deposed themselves from the empire. The miserable end of Galerius is described in another place. Maximinus died a miserable death; and Maxentius, after being vanquished by Constantine, was drowned in the Tiber. Licinius also, after being deposed from his empire, was slain by his soldiers.

Thus did the just vengeance of God fall upon the wicked and cruel emperors who arrayed themselves against the cause of Christ. The punishment of God, though long delayed, is certain to fall upon the wicked.

2. DEATH OF SEVERAL PERSECUTORS IN THE REIGN OF MARY.

THE miserable end of many of the principal actors in the persecutions carried on during the short but infamous reign of "bloody Mary," is not less striking, and is even more strongly marked by the judgments of God, than that of the earlier persecutors. Bonner is mentioned elsewhere. Gardiner, transferred from the Tower, where he had been confined by Edward VI., to be lord chancellor by Queen Mary, was not inferior to Bonner in unrelenting cruelty, and certainly exceeded him in duplicity and faithlessness. His death took place in 1555, while yet the bloody work of persecution was going on; and his last moments were embittered by the compunctions of a guilty conscience for his cruelties, when, upon his death-bed, he was reminded by a bishop present, of Peter denying his Master. "Ah!" said he, "I have

denied, but never repented with Peter." . . . Morgan, who succeeded Farrar as bishop of St. David's, was stricken by the visitation of God soon after being installed in his bishopric. His food passed through his throat, but rose again with great violence. In this manner, almost literally starved to death, he terminated his existence.

Bishop Thornton, suffragan of Dover, was an indefatigable persecutor. One day, after he had exercised his cruel tyranny upon a number of pious persons at Canterbury, he came from the chapter-house to Borne, where, as he stood on a Sunday looking at his men playing at bowls, he fell down in a fit of the palsy, and did not long survive.

The successor of Thornton, soon after he had been ordained by Gardiner, fell down a pair of stairs in the cardinal's chamber at Greenwich, and broke his neck. He had just received the cardinal's blessing—he could receive nothing worse.

Grimwood, one of the perjured villains employed to secure the conviction of Protestants, died while at work stacking up corn in the field, from having his bowels suddenly burst out.

Sheriff Woodruffe, was one of those who rejoiced at the death of the saints, and whose offices were never wanting to effect it. He treated with unfeeling cruelty the martyr, John Bradford; and at the execution of Mr. Rogers, he broke the carman's head, because he stopped the cart to let the martyr's children take a last farewell of him. He was struck with a paralytic affection, and reduced to a most pitiable and helpless condition; and the misery of his last hours presented a striking contrast to his former activity in the cause of blood.

Ralph Lardin, who betrayed the martyr, George Eagles, was afterward arraigned and hanged. At the bar, he exclaimed, "This has most justly fallen upon me,

for betraying the innocent blood of that just and good man, George Eagles, who was here condemned in the time of Queen Mary by my procurement, when I sold his blood for a little money."

Froling, a priest of much celebrity, fell down in the street, and died on the spot.

Dale, an indefatigable informer, was consumed by vermin, and died a miserable spectacle.

Sir Ralph Ellerker was eagerly desirous to see the heart taken out of Adam Damlip, who was wrongfully put to death. Shortly after, Sir Ralph was slain by the French, who mangled him dreadfully, cut off his limbs, and tore his heart out.

Alexander, the severe keeper of Newgate, died miserably, swelling to a prodigious size, and became so inwardly putrid, that none could come near him. This cruel minister of the law would go to Bonner, Story, and others, requesting them to rid his prison, he was so much pestered with heretics! The son of this keeper, in three years after his father's death, dissipated his great property, and died suddenly in Newgate-market. "The sins of the father," says the decalogue, "shall be visited on the children."

John Peter, son-in-law of Alexander, a horrid blasphemer and persecutor, died wretchedly. When he affirmed anything, he would say, "If it be not true, I pray I may rot ere I die." This awful state visited him in all its loathsomeness.

Henry Smith, a student in the law, had a pious Protestant father, of Camden, in Gloucestershire, by whom he was virtuously educated. While studying law in the Middle Temple, he was induced to profess Catholicism. He afterwards became an open reviler and persecutor of the religion in which he had been brought up; but conscience one night reproached him so dreadfully, that in a fit of despair he hung himself in his garters. He

was buried in a lane, without the Christian service being read over him.

Dr. Story was cut off by public execution, a practice in which he had taken great delight when in power. He is supposed to have had a hand in most of the conflagrations in Mary's time, and was even ingenious in his invention of new modes of inflicting torture. When Elizabeth came to the throne, he was committed to prison, but unaccountably effected his escape to the continent, to carry fire and sword there among the Protestant brethren. From the duke of Alva, at Antwerp, he received a special commission to search all ships for contraband goods, and particularly for English heretical books. He gloried in a commission that was ordered by Providence to be his ruin, and to preserve the faithful from his sanguinary cruelty. It was contrived that one Parker, a merchant, should sail to Antwerp, and information should be given to Dr. Story that he had a quantity of heretical books on board. The latter no sooner heard this, than he hastened to the vessel, sought everywhere above, and then went under the hatches, which were fastened down upon him. A prosperous gale brought the ship to England. After being condemned he was laid upon a hurdle, and drawn from the Tower to Tyburn, where, after being suspended about half an hour, he was cut down, stripped, and the executioner displayed the heart of a traitor. Thus ended the existence of this Nimrod of England.

3. MAXIMIN.

MAXIMIN, emperor of the east, in the beginning of the fourth century, was one of the most savage and relentless persecutors of the early Christians. He directed what is termed the sixth general persecution, inventing

and executing the most horrid punishments on the followers of Jesus. Engaged in war with Licinius, he vowed to Jupiter, that, if successful, he would annihilate the very name of Christianity. But he was conquered, and was soon after smitten with a dreadful plague, beneath the influence of which his flesh wasted from his bones; he suffered the pangs of hunger in the midst of plenty; his eyes started from their sockets; and according to the account of Eusebius, he believed himself condemned by the righteous judgment of God. In his agonies, he shrieked, "It was not I; it was others who did it!" Writhing under his disease, he made the most abject confessions of his guilt, and besought *that* Christ whom he had persecuted, to have pity on him, avowing himself conquered by a superior power. Thus miserably died this wretched man.

4. GALERIUS.

GALERIUS was the adopted son of Diocletian, and succeeded to the government of the eastern part of the Roman Empire on the resignation of that monarch. He was naturally of a tyrannical and cruel disposition, and bore an implacable hatred to the Christian religion and all professing it. At his instigation, Diocletian commenced the tenth general persecution in the year of our Lord 303. Fitted by nature and possessing the power, he became one of the most terrible scourges of the Christian Church. He not only condemned Christians to torture, but often burned them to death in slow fires and with the most horrible torments. He would have them chained to a post, then a gentle fire put to the soles of their feet, which contracted the callous till it fell off from the bone; then flambeaux just extinguished were put to all parts of their bodies, so that they might be

tortured all over. At the same time, care was taken to keep them alive by throwing cold water in their faces and giving them some to wash their mouths, lest their throats should be dried up with thirst and choke them. Thus their miseries were lengthened out whole days, till at last, their skins being consumed, they were just ready to expire, when they were thrown into a great fire, and their bodies burned to ashes, which were afterwards carefully scraped up and thrown into the river.

Galerius was visited by an incurable and intolerable disease, which began with an ulcer in his secret parts and a fistula in ano, that spread progressively to his inmost bowels, and baffled all the skill of physicians and surgeons. Untried medicines of some daring professors drove the evil through his bones to the very marrow, and worms began to breed in his entrails; and the stench was so preponderant as to be perceived in the city, all the passages separating the passages of the urine, and excrements being corroded and destroyed. The whole mass of his body was turned into universal rottenness; and, though living creatures, and boiled animals, were applied with the design of drawing out the vermin by the heat, by which a vast hive was opened, a second imposthume discovered a more prodigious swarm, as if his whole body was resolved into worms. By a dropsy also his body was grossly disfigured; for although his upper parts were exhausted, and dried to a skeleton, covered only with dead skin, the lower parts were swelled up like bladders, and the shape of his feet could scarcely be perceived. Torments and pains insupportable, greater than those he had inflicted upon the Christians, accompanied these visitations, and he bellowed out like a wounded bull, often endeavouring to kill himself, and destroying several physicians for the inefficacy of their medicines. These torments kept him in a languishing state a full year; and his conscience was awakened, at length, so

that he was compelled to acknowledge the God of the Christians, and to promise in the intervals of his paroxysms, that he would rebuild the churches, and repair the mischiefs done to them. An edict, in his last agonies, was published in his name, and the joint names of Constantine and Licinius, to permit the Christians to have the free use of their religion, and to supplicate their God for his health and the good of the empire; on which many prisoners in Nicomedia were liberated, and amongst others Donatus.

5. JULIAN THE APOSTATE.

JULIAN THE APOSTATE sought to destroy the Christian religion, and its ministry, by depriving them of their schools and the means of education. He avowed it as his object to show the falsity of the Scripture predictions respecting the temple; and for this purpose he gave orders that it should be rebuilt, and the Jews' worship set up again. But, as historians relate, he was utterly defeated; balls of fire issuing out of the foundation, scattering the materials and overwhelming the workmen with terror. He fell in battle, fighting against the Persians. Finding himself mortally wounded, he received a handful of his gushing blood, and threw it up towards heaven, "in spite," says one historian, "against the sun, the idol of the Persians, which fought against him;" but more probably, as other respectable historians state, "in malignant hatred against Christ;" who also add, that "as he hurled the blood upward, he cried, '*Thou hast conquered, O Galilean!*'"

6. GARDINER, BISHOP OF WINCHESTER.

“Is there not some chosen curse,
Some hidden thunder in the stores of heaven,
Red with uncommon wrath, to blast the man
Who gains his fortune from the blood of souls?”

GARDINER, bishop of Winchester, and chancellor of England, was one of the most virulent opponents of the cause of the Reformation in that country. We cannot, in our brief space, give the reader any true notion of the enormous horrors and cruelties perpetrated by his orders under the sanguinary reign of Mary, truly designated “the bloody.” When he came to die, November 12th, 1555, he exhibited great remorse at the remembrance of his various cruelties. “He often,” says Bishop Burnet, “repeated those words, ‘*Erravi cum Petro, sed non flevi cum Petro,*’” (I have erred with Peter, but have not repented with him.)

7. GEORGE JOHN JEFFREYS.

THE death-bed of George John Jeffreys, chief justice, and afterwards lord chancellor in the reign of James II., was an appropriate close to a life of monstrous debauchery and brutal cruelties, to which the powers of his high station gave a dreadful force. He was imprisoned on the flight of his master in the Tower, where he lingered out a wretched and unpitied life, amidst the utmost remorse of conscience. He was suspected to have died by his own hand.

8. ANTIOCHUS IV.

ANTIOCHUS IV. was an unrelenting enemy of the Church of God. In a furious passion he vowed the utter ruin of Jerusalem and the people of God. He took an oath that he would make it a national sepulchre for the Jews, and extirpate them to a man. But even while the words were in his mouth the wrath of God fell on him, and smote him with a horrible disease. In spite of all the arts of his physicians, his body became a mass of putrefaction, whence there issued an incredible number of worms; and the torture of his mind was infinitely superior to that of his body. And before he sunk into a delirium he acknowledged that it was the hand of the Almighty that had crushed him.

9. PHILIP II., OF SPAIN.

PHILIP II., of Spain, was a persecutor of Christians, more bigoted and more bloody than even Antiochus. He was smitten by the same disease. His flesh consumed away on his bones, by incurable ulcers, which sent forth innumerable swarms of worms, so that nobody could approach him without fainting. His shrieks and groans were heard all over the palace.

10. ALEXANDER CAMPBELL.

ALEXANDER CAMPBELL was a Dominican friar, who stood by and assailed the Scottish martyr, Patrick Hamilton. After the martyr was in the flames, and the powder, having exploded, had severely scorched his hand

and face, this impious man cried out incessantly to him, "Repent, heretic. Call on our lady, and say, Hail, Mary!" The martyr meekly replied, "Depart from me, thou messenger of Satan, and trouble not my last moments." But, as he still uttered with great vehemence, "Pray to our lady; say, Hail, Mary," the martyr turned his eyes on him and said, "O thou vilest of men, thou knowest in thy conscience that these doctrines which thou condemnest are true, and this thou didst confess to me in secret. I cite thee to answer for this at the judgment-seat of Christ." Buchanan and Knox add, that the friar in a short time became distracted, and died in the ragings of despair.

11. CHARLES IX., OF FRANCE.

CHARLES IX., of France, was a modern Nero, as the memorable St. Bartholomew's massacre, conducted under his auspices, can testify. He plotted the horrid massacre of the Protestants in his kingdom. Within a few days thirty thousand, others say fifty thousand, another writer, one hundred thousand Protestants were butchered in cold blood. The day after the butchery he observed several fugitives about his palace, and taking a fowling piece, fired upon them repeatedly.

He died in the midst of these disorders, overcome by vague and sombre terrors, believing that he heard groans in the air, starting from his sleep at night, and struck by a strange malady, which made him bleed from every pore.

"Two days before his death, he had near him," says L'Estoile, "his nurse, whom he ardently loved, *although she was a Huguenot*. As she was sitting upon a chest, and commenced nodding, having heard the king complaining, weeping, and groaning, she approached his bed

very softly; and taking off the coverlet, the king began to say to her, drawing a deep sigh, and weeping so violently that the sobs interrupted his words: 'Ah, my nurse, my dear nurse, what blood, what murders! ah! what evil counsels I have followed! O, my God, pardon me, and have mercy on me, if thou canst. I know not what I am. What shall I do? I am lost: I see it well.' The nurse said to him, 'Sire, let the murders rest on those who counselled you to them! And since you consented not to them, and are repentant, trust that God will not charge them upon you, and will cover them with the mantle of his Son's justice, to whom alone you should turn.' Upon that, having brought a handkerchief, his own being saturated with his tears, after his majesty had taken it from her hand, he made her a sign that she should retire and allow him to rest.

Soon after he expired, exhibiting on his death-bed the appalling exhibition of a tortured conscience and an avenging heaven."

12. ROCKWOOD.

DURING the Papist persecution in England, one Rockwood distinguished himself for his busy malignity, and in his last sickness he fell to raging, "I am utterly damned!" He was exhorted to ask mercy of God, but he roared out, "It is now too late, for I have maliciously sought the death of many godly persons, and that against my own conscience, and therefore it is now too late."

13. BISHOP BRAMBLE.

WHEN the celebrated Mr. Blair of the seventeenth century, was deposed by Bishop Bramble of Derry, in Ireland, he cited the bishop to appear before the tribunal of Christ, to answer for that wicked action. "I appeal," said the bishop, "from the justice of God to his mercy."

"Your appeal," replied Mr. Blair, "is likely to be rejected; because, in prohibiting us the exercise of our ministry, you act against the light of your own conscience."

The bishop was shortly after smitten with sickness, and when Dr. Maxwell, his physician, inquired of him what was his particular complaint, after a long silence he replied, "It is my conscience!"

"I have," rejoined the doctor, "no cure for that."

This confession the friends of the bishop endeavoured to suppress; but the countess of Andes, who had it from the doctor's mouth, and who was worthy of credit, used to say, "No man shall suppress that report; for I shall bear witness of it to the glory of God, who smote him for persecuting Christ's faithful servants."

SECTION. IV.

The Dying Infidel.

1. VOLTAIRE.

“The Frenchman first in literary fame,
Mention him if you please—Voltaire?—The same,
With spirit, genius, eloquence supplied,
Lived long, wrote much, laugh’d heartily, and died.
The Scripture was his jest-book, whence he drew
Bon-mots to gall the Christian and the Jew.
An infidel in health;—but what when sick?
O! then a text would touch him to the quick.”—COWPER.

It is well known that this celebrated infidel laboured through a long life to diffuse the poison of infidelity. In life he was pre-eminent in guilt, and at death in misery. He had been accustomed for years to call the adorable Saviour “the Wretch,” and to vow that he would crush him. He closed many of his letters to his infidel friends with these words—“Crush the Wretch;”—yet such is the detestable meanness, as well as wickedness of infidelity, that during these efforts to destroy Christianity, he was accustomed to receive the sacrament, and to attend to some other outward acts of religion, that he might be able to deny his infidelity if accused of it! Such was he in health; but dangerous sickness and approaching death, though they could not soften the hard heart of the hypocritic infidel into real penitence, filled it with agony, remorse, and despair.

Voltaire had risen, in poor deluded France, high in worldly prosperity and fame; but the Most High appeared to permit him to rise to the pinnacle of glory, only that he might sink with deeper ruin to the gulfs

below, and thus afford a more impressive warning of the effects of his folly and his sin.

The following awful description has been given of his last hours :—

“It was during Voltaire’s last visit to Paris, when his triumph was complete, and he had even feared he should die with glory amidst the acclamations of an infatuated theatre, that he was struck by the hand of Providence, and fated to make a very different termination of his career.

“In the midst of his triumphs, a violent bleeding raised apprehensions for his life. D’Alembert, Diderot, and Marmontel, hastened to support his resolution in his last moments, but were only witnesses to their mutual ignominy, as well as to his own.

“Here let not the historian fear exaggeration. Rage, remorse, reproach, and blasphemy, all accompany and characterize the long agony of the dying atheist. His death, the most terrible that is ever recorded to have stricken the impious man, will not be denied by his companions in impiety. Their silence, however much they may wish to deny it, is the least of those corroborative proofs that could be adduced. Not one of them has ever dared to mention any sign given, of resolution or tranquillity, by the *premier chief*, during the space of three months, which elapsed from the time he was crowned in the theatre, until his decease. Such a silence expresses how great their humiliation was in his death!

“It was on his return from the theatre, and in the midst of the toils he was resuming in order to acquire fresh applause, when Voltaire was warned, that the long career of his impiety was drawing to an end.”

In spite of all the infidel philosophers who flocked around him, in the first days of his illness, he gave signs of wishing to return to the God he had so often

blasphemed. He called for the priest, who ministered to Him whom he had sworn to crush, under the appellation of "the Wretch." His danger increasing he wrote, entreating the Abbe Gualtier to visit him. He afterward made a declaration, in which he, in fact, renounced his infidelity.

This declaration was signed by himself and two witnesses, one of whom was the Marquis de Villevieille, to whom, eleven years before, Voltaire was wont to write, "Conceal your march from the enemy, in your endeavours to crush the Wretch!"

"Voltaire had permitted this declaration to be carried to the rector of St. Sulpice, and to the archbishop of Paris, to know whether it would be sufficient. When the Abbe Gualtier returned with the answer, it was impossible for him to gain admittance to the patient. The conspirators had strained every nerve to hinder their chief from consummating his recantation, and every avenue was shut to the priest, whom Voltaire himself had sent for. The demons haunted every access; rage succeeded to fury and fury to rage again, during the remainder of his life.

"Then it was that D'Alembert, Diderot, and about twenty others of the conspirators, who had beset his apartment, never approached him, but to witness their own ignominy; and often he would curse them, and exclaim: 'Retire! It is you that have brought me to my present state! Begone! I could have done without you all; but you could not exist without me! And what a wretched glory have you procured me!'

"Then would succeed the horrid remembrance of his conspiracy. They could hear him, the prey of anguish and dread, alternately supplicating or blaspheming that God whom he had conspired against; and in plaintive accents would he cry out, 'O Christ! O Jesus Christ!' and then complain that he was abandoned by God and

man. The hand, which had traced, in ancient writ, the sentence of an impious and reviling king, seemed to trace before his eyes, 'Crush then, do crush the Wretch.' In vain he turned his head away; the time was coming apace when he was to appear before the tribunal of Him he had blasphemed; and his physicians, particularly Mr. Tronchin, calling in to administer relief, thunder-struck, retired, declaring the death of the impious man to be terrible indeed. The pride of the conspirators would willingly have suppressed these declarations, but it was in vain. The Mareschal de Richelieu flies from the bed-side, declaring it to be a sight too terrible to be sustained; and Mr. Tronchin, that the furies of Orestes could give but a faint idea of those of Voltaire."

In one of these visits the doctor found him in the greatest agonies, exclaiming, with the utmost horror, "I am abandoned by God and man." He then said, "Doctor, I will give you half of what I am worth, if you will give me six months' life." The doctor answered, "Sir, you cannot live six weeks." Voltaire replied, "Then I shall go to hell, and you will go with me!" and soon after expired.

2. THOMAS PAINE.

"Horrible is the end of the unrighteous generation."

THIS unhappy man is well known to have been one of the most malignant enemies of Christianity. He was an avowed infidel in principle, and an open profligate in practice. He lived despised by the wise and good, and, like many other infidels, died apparently full of dread of the future, though a stranger to that repentance which is unto life. The following account of the concluding scenes of his life, is from the pen of Dr. Manley, a respectable physician, who attended him in his last illness:—

“During the latter part of his life, though his conversation was equivocal, his conduct was singular. He would not be left alone night or day; he not only required to have some person with him; but he must see that he or she was there, and would not allow his curtains to be closed at any time; and if, as it would sometimes unavoidably happen, he was left alone, he would scream and halloo until some person came to him. When relief from pain would admit, he would seem thoughtful and contemplative, his eyes generally closed, and his hands folded on his breast, although he never slept without the assistance of an anodyne. There was something remarkable in his conduct at this time, which comprises about two weeks before his death, particularly when we reflect that Thomas Paine was the author of the ‘Age of Reason.’ He would call out during his paroxysms of distress, without intermission, ‘O Lord, help me!—God, help me!—Jesus Christ, help me!—O Lord, help me,’ &c.; repeating the same expressions without the least variation, in a tone that would alarm the house. It was this conduct, that induced me to think that he had abandoned his former opinions; and I was more inclined to that belief when I understood from his nurse, who is a very serious, and I believe a pious woman, that he would occasionally inquire, on seeing her engaged with a book, what she was reading; and being answered, and at the same time being asked whether she should read aloud, he assented, and would appear to give particular attention. I took occasion, during the night of the 5th and 6th of June, to test the strength of his opinions respecting revelation. I purposely made him a very late visit; it was a time which seemed to suit my errand, it was midnight. He was in great distress, constantly exclaiming in the words above-mentioned, when I addressed him in the following manner, the nurse being present: ‘Mr. Paine, your opinions, by a large

portion of the community, have been treated with deference. You must be sensible that we are acquainted with your religious opinions, as they are given to the world; what then must we think of your present conduct? Why do you call upon Jesus Christ to help you? Do you believe in the Divinity of Jesus Christ? Come now, answer me honestly—I want an answer as from the lips of a dying man, for I verily believe that you will not live twenty-four hours.’ I waited sometime at the end of every question: he did not answer, but ceased to exclaim in the above manner. Again I addressed him, ‘Mr. Paine, you have not answered my questions; will you answer them?—Allow me to ask, do you believe?—or let me qualify the question—Do you wish to believe that Jesus Christ is the Son of God? After a pause of some moments, he answered, ‘I have no wish to believe on the subject.’ I then left him.”

He was also visited by a Quaker who was in the practice of visiting the sick, for the purpose of affording them consolation. He said, he never saw a man in so much apparent distress. He sat with his elbow on his knee, and his head leaning on his hand; and beside him stood a vessel, to catch the blood that was oozing from him in five different streams, like spider’s-webs—one from the corner of his mouth, one from each eye, and one from each nostril! This Friend endeavoured to get him into conversation, but was only answered by horrible looks and dreadful groans. He was also visited by a preacher of the Methodist order. His object was, if possible, to get from him the truth in his dying hour, in relation to his future prospects with eternity. But all he could get from him, in answer to his questions, was awful groans, which seemed to unnerve the whole system. This man was with him until he drew his last breath, and his immortal spirit had fled.

3. FRANCIS NEWPORT.

“The wicked is driven away in his wickedness.”

FRANCIS NEWPORT, who died in the year 1692, was favoured with both a religious and liberal education. After spending five years in the university, he was entered in one of the Inns of Court. Here he fell into the hands of infidels, lost his religious impressions, forsook the paths of virtue, became an avowed infidel, and associated himself with a club of educated but abandoned wretches, who met regularly to encourage and confirm each other in wickedness.

He continued thus for several years, till habits of dissipation and vice brought on an illness, during which his former religious impressions revived with invincible force. The horror of his mind was inexpressible; the sweat poured from his system; and in nine days he was reduced, principally through mental anguish, from a robust state of health to perfect weakness. His expressions and language, all the while, were the most dreadful that imagination can conceive.

Writing to his companions, he said, “Who, alas! can write his own tragedy without tears, or copy out the seal of his own damnation without horror? That there is a God I know, because I continually feel the effects of his wrath; that there is a *hell* I am equally certain, having received an earnest of my inheritance there already in my breast.”

His friends, who had only heard he was distracted, hearing him deliver himself in such terms, were amazed, and began to inquire of those around, what made him talk at such a rate? He, hearing them whispering together, and imagining the cause, called them all to him, and said, “You imagine me melancholy or distracted; I

wish I were either, but it is part of my judgment that I am not. No; my apprehension of persons and things is rather more quick and vigorous than it was when I was in perfect health; and it is my curse, because thereby I am more sensible of the condition I am fallen into. Would you be informed why I am become a skeleton in three or four days? See how then I have despised my Maker, and denied my Redeemer; I have joined myself to the atheists and profane, and continued this course under many convictions, till my iniquity was ripe for vengeance, and the just judgment of God overtook me when my security was the greatest and the checks of my conscience were the least. How idle is it to bid the fire not burn when fuel is administered, and to command the seas to be smooth in the midst of a storm! Such is my case; and what are the comforts of my friends? But I am spent,—I can complain no more. Would to God that the cause of my complaining would cease. The cause of my complaining! this renews my grief, and summons up the little strength I have left to complain again, like an expiring blaze before it is extinguished. It is just so with me; but whither am I going?”

As he said this he fainted away, and lay in a swoon for a considerable time; but by the help of some spirits, he was brought to himself again.

“My business,” says the writer, “calling me away for a day or two, I came again on Thursday morning pretty early. When I came in I inquired of his friends how he spent his time. They told me he had had little company; and his expressions were much shorter; but what he did speak seemed to have more horror and despair than before. I went to his bedside, and asked him how he did. He replied, ‘Damned and lost forever.’ I told him the purposes of God were hidden; perhaps he was punished in this life to fit him for a better. He

answered, 'They are not hidden to me, but discovered; and my greatest torment, my punishment here, is for an example to others. O that there was no God, or that this God could cease to be, for I am sure he will have no mercy upon me!'

"'Alas!' said I, 'there is no contending with our Creator, and therefore avoid such words as may provoke him more.'

"'True,' replied he, 'there is no contending; I wish there was a possibility of getting above God—that would be a heaven to me.'

"I entreated him not to give way to such blasphemous thoughts, for—. Here he interrupted me. 'Read we not in the Revelation of them that blasphemed God because of their pains? I am one of their number. O how do I envy the happiness of Cain and Judas!'

"'But,' replied I, 'you are yet alive, and do not feel the torments of those that are in hell.'

"He answered, 'This is either true or false; if it be true, how heavy will those torments be, of which I do not yet feel the uttermost? But I know it is false, and that I endure more than the spirits of the damned; for I have the very same tortures upon my spirit that they have, beside those I endure in my body. I believe at the day of judgment the torments of my mind and body will both together be more intense; but, as I now am, no spirit in hell endures what I do. How gladly would I change my condition for hell! How earnestly would I entreat my angry Judge to send me thither, were I not afraid that out of vengeance he would deny me!' Here he closed his eyes a little, and began to talk very wildly, every now and then groaning and gnashing his teeth; but soon after, opening his eyes, he grew sensible again, and felt his own pulse, saying, 'How lazily my minutes go on! When will be the last breath, the last pulse, that shall beat my spirit out of this decayed mansion,

into the desired regions of death and hell? O, I find it is just now at hand! And what shall I say now? Am not I afraid again to die? Ah! the forlorn hopes of him that has not God to go to! Nothing to fly to for peace and comfort!" Here his speech failed him: we all, believing him to be dying, went to prayer, which threw him into an agony; in which, though he could not speak, he turned away his face, and made what noise he could to hinder himself from hearing. Perceiving this we gave over.

"As soon as he could speak, (which was not till after some time,) he said, 'Tigers and monsters, are ye also become devils to torment me, and give me a prospect of heaven, to make my hell more intolerable?'

"'Alas! sir,' said I, 'it is our desire of your happiness that casts us down at the throne of grace; if God denies assistance, who else can give it? If he will not have mercy, whither must we go for it?'

"He replied, 'O! that is the dart that wounds me! God is become my enemy, and there is none so strong as to deliver me out of his hands. He consigns me over to eternal vengeance, and there is none able to redeem me! Were there such another God as he, who would patronize my cause; or were I above God, or independent of him; could I act or dispose of myself as I pleased; then would my horrors cease, and the expectations and designs of my formidable enemies be frustrated. But O! this cannot be, for I ——.'

"His voice failed again, and he began to struggle and gasp for breath; which, having recovered, with a groan dreadful and horrid as if it had been more than human, he cried out, 'O! *the insufferable pangs of hell and damnation!*' and then expired.

4. SERVIN.

THE account which the celebrated Sully gives us of young Servin is uncommon. "The beginning of June, 1623," says he, "I set out for Calais, where I was to embark, having with me a retinue of upwards of two hundred gentlemen, or who called themselves such, of whom a considerable number were really of the first distinction. Just before my departure, old Servin came and presented his son to me, and begged I would use my endeavours to make him a man of some worth and honesty; but he confessed he dared not hope, not through any want of understanding or capacity in the young man, but from his natural inclination to all kinds of vice. I found him to be at once both a wonder and a monster; I can give no other idea of that assemblage of the most excellent and most pernicious qualities. Let the reader represent to himself a man of genius so lovely, and an understanding so extensive, as rendered him scarce ignorant of anything that could be known; of so vast and ready a comprehension, that he immediately made himself master of what he attempted; and of so prodigious a memory, that he never forgot what he had once learned; he possessed all parts of philosophy and the mathematics, particularly fortification and drawing; even in theology he was so well skilled, that he was an excellent preacher whenever he had a mind to exert that talent, and an able disputant for and against the reformed religion indifferently; he not only understood Greek, Hebrew, and all the languages which we call learned, but also the different jargons or modern dialects; he accented and pronounced them so naturally, and so perfectly imitated the gestures and manners both of the several nations of Europe, and the particular provinces

of France, that he might have been taken for a native of all or any of these countries; and this quality he applied to counterfeit all sorts of persons, wherein he succeeded wonderfully; he was moreover the best comedian and greatest droll that perhaps ever appeared; he had a genius for poetry, and had written many verses; he played upon almost all instruments, was a perfect master of music, and sung most agreeably and justly; he was of a disposition to do, as well as to know, all things; his body was perfectly well suited to his mind—he was light, nimble, dexterous, and fit for all exercises; he could ride well, and in dancing, wrestling, and leaping, he was admired; there are not any recreative games that he did not know; and he was skilled in almost all the mechanic arts. But now for the reverse of the medal: here it appeared that he was treacherous, cruel, cowardly, deceitful; a liar, a cheat, a drunkard, and a glutton; a sharper in play, immersed in every species of vice, a blasphemer, an atheist; in a word, in him might be found all the vices contrary to nature, honour, religion, and society; the truth of which he himself evinced with his latest breath, for he died in the flower of his age, in a common brothel, perfectly corrupted by his debaucheries, and expired with a glass in his hand, cursing and denying God.”

It is evident from this extraordinary case, that “with the talents of an angel a man may be a fool.” There is no necessary connexion between great natural abilities and religious qualifications. They may go together, but they are frequently found asunder.

5. EDWARD GIBBON.

EDWARD GIBBON, the celebrated author of the history of the "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," is well known to have been what is termed a philosopher and an infidel.

He was born in 1737. In early life he became a papist; he afterward renounced popery, and seems to have paid little attention to religion in any form; nor does it appear that he ever made it a matter of serious thought or inquiry. In his memoirs he has undesignedly presented a striking view of the cheerless nature of infidelity. "The present is a fleeting moment—the past is no more—and our prospect of futurity dark and doubtful. This day may *possibly* be my last, but the laws of probability—so true in general, so fallacious in particular—still allow about fifteen years. I shall soon enter into the period, which, as the most agreeable of his long life, was selected by the judgment and experience of the sage Fontenelle. His choice is approved by the eloquent historian of nature, who fixes our moral happiness to the mature season in which our passions are supposed to be calmed, our duties fulfilled, our ambition satisfied, our fame and fortune established on a solid basis. In private conversation, that great and amiable man added the weight of his own experience; and this autumnal felicity might be exemplified in the lives of Voltaire, Hume, and many other men of letters. I am far more inclined to embrace than to dispute this comfortable doctrine. I will not suppose any premature decay of mind or body; but I must *reluctantly* observe, that two causes, the abbreviation of time and the failure of hope, will always tinge with a browner shade the evening of life."

At another time, alluding to the death of a friend whose excellencies he had mentioned, he wrote, "*All this is now lost, finally, irrecoverably lost! I will agree, that the immortality of the soul is, at some times, a very comfortable doctrine.*"

Having no hope for eternity, he was eager for the continuation of his present existence; he declared to a friend, about twenty-four hours previous to his departure, in a flow of self-gratulation, that he thought himself a good life for ten, twelve, or perhaps twenty years. During his short illness, he never gave the least intimation of a future state of existence. This insensibility at the hour of dissolution, is, in the language of scepticism, "dying the death of a philosopher!"

6. HOBBS.

HOBBS was a well-known infidel, a century and a half ago. When alone, he was haunted with the most tormenting reflections, and would awake in great terror, if his candle happened but to go out in the night. He could never bear any discourse of death, and seemed to cut off all thoughts of it.

Dr. Wallis relates of him, that discoursing one day with a lady in high life, Hobbes told her, "That were he the master of the world, he would give it all to live one day longer." She expressed her astonishment, that a philosopher who had such extensive knowledge, and so many friends to gratify and oblige, would not deny himself one day's gratification of life, if by that means he could bequeath to them such ample possessions. His answer was, "What shall I be the better for that, when I am dead? I say again, if I had the whole world to dispose of, I would give it to live one day." How different is the language of the real Christian! "Having

a desire to depart and to be with Christ, which is far better,"—far better than the highest enjoyments that can be attained in this world.

He lived to be upwards of ninety. His last sensible words were, when he found he could live no longer, "I shall be glad then to find a hole to creep out of the world at." And, notwithstanding all his high pretensions to learning and philosophy, his uneasiness constrained him to confess, when he drew near to the grave, that "he was about to take a leap in the dark."

7. DIDEROT.

DIDEROT avowed himself an atheist, and declared that he gloried in so doing. He was a man of high talent and large information, though his personal character was odious. Sir W. Jones, who knew him at Paris, shrank in disgust from his vices; and some of his works are characterized in "*La Biographie Universelle*" as "a collection of all indecorum." Confined, for his writings, in the castle of Vincennes, he became almost distracted. When death drew near, he sent for a priest, and prepared to make a recantation of his opinions. His friends, however, smuggled him away into the country, where he died concealed.

8. D'ALEMBERT.

D'ALEMBERT was the head of the Encyclopædists. He is said to have been sceptical in everything but mathematics, though less offensive in his writings than the rest. When he was dying, Condorcet ran to the door, and barred it against all entrance, saying afterwards, "If I had not been there, *he* would have flinched too."

9. MADAME DU DEFFANT.

MADAME DU DEFFANT was conspicuous in the gay circles of France, before the period of the first French Revolution. She bore a high character as a *bel-esprit*, and was distinguished for wit, whim, and talent. Yet, though the object of constant attention and flattery, she was the victim of ennui, and fatigued her friends by complaining of life as an intolerable burden. In the estimation of her most familiar acquaintance, this tedium was occasioned by her complete dissatisfaction with all the objects for which she had lived, and by her ignorance of the truths which alone can, in any case, render life dignified, and the prospect of death tolerable. In a letter to Horace Walpole, dictated in advanced life, she thus describes her dismal and dreary sensations:—

“Tell me why, detesting life, I yet dread to die; nothing convinces me that anything will survive myself; on the contrary, I perceive the dissolution of my mind as well as that of my body. All that is said on the one side or the other makes no impression upon me; I only listen to my own sensations, and I find only doubt and obscurity. ‘Believe,’ I am told, ‘that is the safest way;’ but how can I believe that which I do not understand? . . . If I am not pleased with others, I am still less so with myself. I have more difficulty in enduring myself than any one besides.”

This state of mind was what might have been anticipated from the society in which she had, during life, delighted; that, namely, of Voltaire, Grimm, Hume, and the rest of the “philosophers.” Her melancholy end was in precise accordance with the tenor of her life. Death seized her whilst in the act of playing at cards, in the midst of a circle of her gay and thoughtless friends.

So little concerned was the rest of the party at the solemn event which had just occurred, and so destitute of all human sensibility, with a hardened indifference rarely to be equalled, played out their game before they gave the alarm !

10. A DYING INFIDEL.

A CERTAIN individual who resided not far from Dudley, in Worcestershire, was for some years a steady and respectable professor of Christianity. During this time, he was a good father, a good neighbour, and a loyal subject. A wicked man, however, put into his hands Paine's "Age of Reason," and Volney's "Ruins of Empires." He read these pernicious books, renounced Christianity, and became a *bad father*, a *bad neighbour*, a *disloyal subject*, and a *ferocious infidel* ! At length, sickness seized him, and death stared him in the face. Before the period of his dissolution, some Christian friends, who had formerly united with him in the sweet duties of devotion, resolved, if possible, to obtain access to him. With much difficulty they accomplished their object. They found him in a most deplorable state. Horror was depicted on his countenance, and he seemed determined not to be comforted. They spoke to him, in a suitable manner, respecting the Lord Jesus Christ and salvation. But he replied with fury, "*It is too late ; I have trampled on his blood !*" They offered to *pray* with him ; but he *swore* they should not. However, they knelt down and presented their supplications to God in his behalf. And while, in this humble posture, they were pleading the merits of Jesus, the poor miserable infidel actually *cursed God and died* !

11. ALTAMONT.

“ But that I am forbid
To tell the secrets of my prison-house,
I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soul ; freeze thy warm blood ;
Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres ;
Thy knotted and combined locks to part,
And each particular hair to stand on end,
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine :
But this eternal blazon must not be
To ears of flesh and blood ! ”—SHAKESPEARE.

THE late Dr. Young, in an account of the last hours of a young man of rank and talents, whom he denominates Altamont, has described one of the most affecting death-bed scenes that ever was beheld :—

“ The sad evening before the death of the noble Altamont, I was with him. No one was there but his physician, and an intimate friend whom he loved, and whom he had ruined. At my coming in he said : ‘ You and the physician are come too late. I have neither life nor hope. You both aim at miracles. You would raise the dead ! ’ Heaven, I said, was merciful. ‘ Or I could not have been thus guilty. What has it not done to bless and to save me ? I have been too strong for Omnipotence ! I plucked down ruin ! ’ I said, the blessed Redeemer—‘ Hold ! hold ! You wound me ! This is the rock on which I split—I denied his name.’

“ Refusing to hear anything from me, or to take anything from the physician, he lay silent as far as sudden darts of pain would permit, till the clock struck. Then with vehemence ; ‘ O time ! time ! it is fit thou shouldst thus strike thy murderer to the heart. How art thou fled forever ! A month ! O for a single week ! I ask not for years ; though an age were too little for the much I have

to do.' On my saying we could not do too much; that heaven was a blessed place—'So much the worse. 'Tis lost! 'tis lost! Heaven is to me the severest part of hell!' Soon after I proposed prayer. 'Pray you that can. I never prayed. I cannot pray—nor need I. Is not heaven on my side already? It closes with my conscience. Its severest strokes but second my own.'

"His friend being much touched, even to tears, at this, (who could forbear? I could not,) with a most affectionate look he said: 'Keep those tears for thyself. I have undone thee. Dost weep for me? That's cruel. What can pain me more?'

"Here his friend, too much affected, would have left him: 'No, stay, thou still mayest hope. Therefore hear me. How madly have I talked! How madly hast thou listened and believed! But look on my present state, as a full answer to thee, and to myself. This body is all weakness and pain: but my soul, as if stung up by torment to greater strength and spirit, is full powerful to reason, full mighty to suffer. And that which thus triumphs within the jaws of mortality, is, doubtless, immortal. And, as for a Deity, nothing less than an *Almighty* could inflict what I now feel.'

"I was about to congratulate this passive involuntary confessor, on his asserting two prime articles of his creed, extorted by the rack of nature; when he passionately exclaimed: 'No, no! let me speak on. I have not long to speak. My much-injured friend! my soul, as my body, lies in ruin—in scattered fragments of broken thought. Remorse for the past, throws my thoughts on the future; worse dread of the future, strikes them back on the past. I turn, and turn, and find no ray. Didst thou feel half the mountain that is on me, thou wouldst struggle with the martyr for his stake, and bless heaven for the flame: that is not an everlasting flame; that is not an unquenchable fire.'

“How were we struck? Yet, soon after, still more. With what an eye of distraction, what a face of despair, he cried out, ‘My principles have poisoned my friend; my extravagance has beggared my boy; my unkindness has murdered my wife! And is there another hell? O! thou blasphemed, yet most indulgent, Lord God! Hell itself is a refuge, if it hide me from thy frown.’

“Soon after, his understanding failed. His terrified imagination uttered horrors not to be repeated, or ever forgot. And ere the sun arose, the gay, young, noble, ingenuous, accomplished, and most wretched Altamont, expired.”

2. ANTITHEUS

MR. CUMBERLAND, in the “Observer,” gives us one of the most mournful tales that ever was related, concerning a gentleman of *infidel* principles, whom he denominates Antitheus.

“I remember him,” says he, “in the height of his fame, the hero of his party; no man so caressed, followed, and applauded; he was a little loose, his friends would own, in his moral character, but then he was the most honest fellow in the world; it was not to be denied that he was rather free in his notions, but then he was the best creature living. I have seen men of the gravest character wink at his sallies, because he was so pleasant and so well-bred, it was impossible to be angry with him. Everything went well with him, and Antitheus seemed to be at the summit of human prosperity, when he was suddenly seized with the most alarming symptoms: he was at his country-house, and (which had rarely happened to him) he at that time chanced to be alone; wife or family he had none, and out of the multitude of his friends no one happened to be near him at the moment

of his attack. A neighbouring physician was called out of bed in the night to come to him with all haste in this extremity: he found him sitting up in his bed, supported by pillows, his countenance full of horror, his breath struggling as in the article of death, his pulse intermitting, and at times beating with such rapidity as could hardly be counted. Antitheus dismissed the attendants he had about him, and eagerly demanded of the physician, if he thought him in danger. The physician answered that he must fairly tell him he was in imminent danger.

“ ‘How so! how so! Do you think me dying?’

“ ‘He was sorry to say the symptoms indicated death.’

“ ‘Impossible! you must not let me die: I dare not die: O doctor! save me if you can.’

“ ‘Your situation, sir, is such, that it is not in mine, nor any other man’s art to save you; and I think I should not do my duty if I gave you any false hopes in these moments, which, if I am not mistaken, will not more than suffice for any worldly or other concerns which you may have upon your mind to settle.’

“ ‘My mind is full of horror,’ cried the dying man, ‘and I am incapable of preparing it for death.’

“He now fell into an agony, accompanied with a shower of tears; a cordial was administered, and he revived in a degree; when, turning to the physician, who had his fingers upon his pulse, he eagerly demanded of him, if he did not see that blood upon the feet-curtains of his bed. There was none to be seen: the physician assured him, it was nothing but a vapour of his fancy. ‘I see it plainly,’ said Antitheus, ‘in the shape of a human hand: I have been visited with a tremendous apparition. As I was lying sleepless in my bed this night, I took up a letter of a deceased friend to dissipate certain thoughts that made me uneasy: I believed him to be a great philosopher, and was converted to his

opinions; persuaded by his arguments and my own experience, that the disorderly affairs of this evil world could not be administered by any wise, just, or provident being, I had brought myself to think no such being could exist, and that a life, produced by chance, must terminate in annihilation: this is the reasoning of that letter, and such were the thoughts I was revolving in my mind, when the apparition of my dear friend presented itself before me; and unfolding the curtains of my bed, stood at my feet, looking earnestly upon me for a considerable space of time. My heart sunk within me; for his face was ghastly, full of horror, with an expression of such anguish as I can never describe; his eyes were fixed upon me, and at length, with a mournful motion of his head—"Alas, alas!" he cried, "we are in a fatal error!" and taking hold of the curtains with his hand, shook them violently, and disappeared. This, I protest to you, I both saw and heard; and look! where the print of his hand is left in blood upon the curtains!"

Antitheus survived the relation of this vision very few hours, and died delirious in great agonies.

What a forsaken and disconsolate creature is man without his God and Saviour!

13. LORD P——.

"To die! to sleep!—

To sleep! perchance to dream! ay, there's the rub;
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause!"

THE case of Lord P—— is detailed by Mr. Simpson in his "Plea." He was an apostate, a deist, and a mocker of religion. On his dying bed his conscience was overwhelmed with horror at what he had done. In this

agony of mind he called to a person to "go and bring *that cursed book*," meaning the work by which he had been seduced into Deism—"I cannot die until I destroy it."

It was put into his hands. With mingled horror and revenge he tore it into pieces, hurled it into the flames, and soon after died in great horrors.

SECTION V.

Insensibility in the Hour of Death.

I. DAVID HUME.

IT is an awful proof of the depraved condition of human nature, that so many persons exert their utmost efforts to sink themselves to a level with the brutes that perish, and to strip themselves of man's distinguishing honour—immortality. Infidels at the same time soar with the pride of Satan and grovel with the reptile of the dust. Now they exalt man so high that he needs not the instruction or care of the Deity, but soon they debase him to an equality with the worm, while they maintain that like the worm he dies and is no more.

Mr. Hume appears in one respect to have differed from most infidels. His life was tolerably moral. This has been a subject of boasting among his unbelieving friends, but it has been most justly remarked, "All evil beings are not *immoral*." Satan himself "offends not in the articles of eating, wine, or women;" he is differently employed. He is employed in tempting others to offend.

"The matter of fact is: *that life cannot be in the right, which is spent in doing wrong.* And if to question all the doctrines of religion, even to the providence and existence of a God, and to put morality on no other foot than that of utility—if to do this be not to do *wrong*, then farewell all distinction between right and wrong forever more. To maintain and diffuse the truth of God, is to *do his will*; to deny, corrupt, or hinder it, is to *work iniquity*; and a life so employed is a *wicked life*—perhaps the *most wicked* that can be imagined. For

what comparison is there between one who commits a crime of which he may repent, or, at worst, it may die with him; and one who, though he do not himself commit it, teaches and encourages all the world to commit it, by removing out of the way the strongest sanctions and obligations to the contrary, in writings which may carry on the fearful work from generation to generation?"

As he lived and taught like a philosopher, so, Mr. Gibbon says, he died like one. His death has been the boast of infidels. "It may be taken as their apostolic specimen, standing parallel in their history, to the instance of St. Paul in the records of Christianity, 'I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord the righteous judge shall give me at that day.'"

We are informed, that when he was extremely debilitated by disease, he went abroad at times in a sedan chair, and called on his friends; but his ghastly looks indicated the rapid approach of death. He diverted himself with correcting his works for a new edition, with reading books of amusement, with the conversation of his friends, and sometimes in the evening with a party at his favourite game of whist.

On one occasion, when his dissolution drew near, he expressed to Dr. Smith the satisfaction he had in leaving his friends, and his brother's family in particular, in prosperous circumstances. This, he said, he felt so sensibly, that when he was reading, a few days before, "Lucian's Dialogues of the Dead," he could not, among all the excuses which are alleged to Charon,* for not readily entering into his boat, find one that fitted him.

* Charon, in the old heathen tales, is said to have ferried departed souls over the river Styx, in their way to Elysium or Tartarus.

He had no house to finish,—he had no daughter to provide for,—he had no enemies upon whom he wished to revenge himself. “I could not well imagine,” said he, “what excuse I could make to Charon, in order to obtain a little delay. I have done everything of consequence which I ever meant to do. I could at no time expect to leave my relations and friends in a better situation than that in which I am now likely to leave them. I therefore have all reason to die contented.”

“He then diverted himself,” says Dr. Smith, “with inventing several jocular excuses, which he supposed he might make to Charon, and in imagining the very surly answers, which it might suit the character of Charon to return to them.”

“Upon consideration,” said he, “I thought I might say to him, ‘Good Charon, I have been correcting my works for a new edition. Allow me a little time, that I may see how the public receives the alterations.’ But Charon would answer, ‘When you see the effect of these, you will be for making other alterations. There will be no end to such excuses; so, honest friend, please to step into the boat.’

“But I might still urge, ‘Have a little patience, good Charon; I have been endeavouring to open the eyes of the public; if I live a few years longer, I may have the satisfaction of seeing the downfall of some of the prevailing systems of superstition.’ But Charon would then lose all patience and decency: ‘You loitering rogue, that will not happen these many hundred years. Do you fancy I will grant you a lease for so long a term? Get into the boat this instant, you lazy loitering rogue!’”

He died soon after; and this was dying like a philosopher. Here the triumphs of infidelity are seen; glorious triumphs for a philosopher, a son of reason! Ah! if we had not learned that the philosophy of such men is the

foolishness of folly, we might have felt surprised to see a man of sense, at any time of life, amusing himself with the ridiculous heathen story of Charon and his boat. But as such men love darkness rather than light, so it is a self-evident proposition, that they prefer the most debasing folly to the most elevating wisdom, when they prefer this absurd tale to the glorious prospects of immortality. Compare Hume, dying and jesting about Charon and his boat, and the Christian, expiring with expressions of praise and gratitude to God, and of confidence in his obtaining eternal life through the merits of his Saviour, and then say, Is the difference between hell and heaven wider than that between the dying philosopher and the dying believer!

In the miserable deaths of Voltaire, and Thomas Paine, some of the horrors of infidelity are seen, but the hardened stupidity of Hume, gives as awful a view of its dreadful influence.

Some observations that other writers have made on this subject, are so excellent that they are inserted here. Bishop Horne, in his letter to Dr. Adam Smith, Hume's encomiast, says, "Are you sure, and can you make us sure, that there really exists no such thing as a God, and a future state of reward and punishment? If so, all is well. Let us then, in our last hours, read Lucian, and play at whist, and droll upon Charon and his boat; let us die as foolish and insensible, as much like our brother philosophers, the calves of the field, and the asses of the desert, as we can for the life of us. But, if such things be—as they most certainly are—is it right in you, sir, to hold up to our view, as 'perfectly wise and virtuous,' the character and conduct of one, who seems to have been possessed with an incurable antipathy to all that is called religion?"

"You would persuade us, by the example of David Hume, Esq., that atheism is the only cordial for low

spirits, and the proper antidote against the fear of death. But surely, he who can reflect, with complacency, on a friend thus misemploying his talents in his life, and then amusing himself with Lucian, whist, and Charon, at his death, may smile over Babylon in ruins, esteem the earthquake which destroyed Lisbon, an agreeable occurrence, and congratulate the hardened Pharaoh, on his overthrow in the Red Sea. Drollery, in such circumstances, is neither more nor less than

Moody madness, laughing wild,
Amid severest woe.

Would we know the baneful and pestilential influences of false philosophy on the human heart, we need only contemplate them in this most deplorable instance of Mr. Hume."

Another writer observes, "The jocularly of the philosopher was contrary to good taste. To be in harmony with his situation, in his own view of that situation, the expressions of the dying philosopher were required to be dignified. It is true, that good men of a high order, have been known to utter pleasantries in their last hours. But these have been pleasantries of a fine ethereal quality. These had no resemblance to the low and laboured jokes of our philosopher—jokes, so laboured as to give strong cause for suspicion, after all, that they were of the same nature, and for the same purpose, as the expedient of a boy, on passing through some gloomy place in the night, who whistles to lessen his fear, or to persuade his companions that he does not feel it.

"Such a manner of meeting death was inconsistent with the scepticism, to which Hume was always found to avow his adherence. For that scepticism necessarily acknowledged a possibility and chance, that the religion which he had scorned might be found true, and might, in the moment after his death, glare upon him with all its

terror. But how dreadful to such a reflecting mind, would have been the smallest chance of meeting such a vision! Yet our philosopher could be cracking his heavy jokes, and Dr. Smith could be much diverted at the sport.

“To a man who solemnly believes the truth of revelation, and therefore the threatenings of Divine vengeance against the despisers of it, this scene will present as mournful a spectacle, as, perhaps, the sun ever shone upon. We have beheld a man of great talents, and invincible perseverance, entering on his career with the profession of an impartial inquiry after truth, met at every stage and step by the evidences and expostulations of religion, and the claims of his Creator, but devoting his labours to the pursuit of fame, and the promotion of impiety. We behold him appointed soon to appear before that Judge to whom he had never alluded, but with entire malice and contempt; yet preserving, to appearance, an entire self-complacency, idly jesting about his approaching dissolution, and mingling with these insane sports, his reference to the fall of ‘superstition,’ a term, of which the meaning is hardly ever dubious, when expressed by such men. We behold him at last carried off, and we seem to hear, the next moment, from the darkness in which he vanishes, the shriek of surprise and terror, and the overpowering accents of the messenger of vengeance. On the whole globe there probably was not acting, at the time, so mournful a tragedy as that, of which the friends of Hume were the spectators, without being aware that it was any tragedy at all.”—*Eclectic Review*, 1808.

2. ROUSSEAU.

J. J. ROUSSEAU was one of the philosophers of the last century, and was honoured by the infidels of France with the second place in their Pantheon. His life was a life of crime; and considering this, his death was one of the most awful imaginable. The following brief sketch, drawn mainly from his own account of himself, may show what he was.

After a good education, in the Protestant religion, he was put apprentice. Finding his situation disagreeable to him, he felt a strong propensity to vice; inclining him to covet, dissemble, lie, and at length to steal—a propensity of which he was never able afterward to divest himself. “I have been a rogue,” says he, “and am so still sometimes, for trifles which I had rather take than ask for.”

He abjured the Protestant religion, and entered the hospital of the Catechumens at Turin, to be instructed in that of the Catholics: “For which in return,” says he, “I was to receive subsistence. From this interested conversion,” he adds, “nothing remained but the remembrance of my having been both a dupe and an apostate.”

After this he resided with a Madame de Warrens, with whom “he lived in the greatest possible familiarity.” She was a very good Catholic, or pretended at least to be one, and certainly desired to be such. If there had been no Christian morality established, Rousseau supposes she would have lived as though regulated by its principles. All her morality, however, was subordinate to the principles of Mr. Tavel, who first seduced her to adultery by urging, in effect, that exposure was the only crime. “Finding in her,” he says, “all those

ideas I had occasion for to secure me from the fears of death, and its future consequences, I drew confidence and security from this source."

The writings of Port Royal, and those of the Oratory, made him half a Jansenist; and notwithstanding all his confidence, their harsh theory sometimes alarmed him. A dread of hell, which till then he had never much apprehended, by little and little disturbed his security, and had not Madame de Warrens tranquillized his soul, would at length have been too much for him. His confessor also, a Jesuit, contributed all in his power to keep up his hopes.

After this he became familiar with another female, Theresa. He began by declaring to her that he would never either abandon, or marry her. Finding her pregnant with her first child, and hearing it observed in an eating-house, that he who had best filled the Foundling Hospital was always the most applauded, "I said to myself," quoth he, "since it is the custom of the country, they who live here may adopt it." And he did adopt it, and relieved himself of the burden of no less than three illegitimate children by placing them in the Foundling Hospital.

After passing twenty years with Theresa, he made her his wife. He appears to have intrigued with a Madame de H——. Of his desires after that lady he says, "Guilty without remorse, I soon became so without measure."

Such, according to his own account, was the life of uprightness and honour which was to expiate for a theft which he had committed when a young man, and laid it to a female servant; by which she lost her place and character.

After giving an account of a life thus atrocious, he says, "Whenever the last trumpet shall sound, I will present myself before the Sovereign Judge, with this

book in my hand, and loudly proclaim, 'Thus have I acted—these were my thoughts—such was I. Power Eternal! Assemble round thy throne the innumerable throng of my fellow mortals. Let them listen to my confessions; let them blush at my depravity; let them tremble at my sufferings; let each in his turn expose, with equal sincerity, the failings, the wanderings of his heart, and, if he dare, aver, I was better than that man.'

The death of this strange man was like his life; he died with a horrid lie on his lips, accompanied by the most impious appeal that man could make.

"Ah! my dear," said he to his wife, just before he expired, "how happy a thing it is to die, when one has no reason for remorse, or self-reproach!" And then, addressing himself to the Almighty, he said, "Eternal Being! the soul that I am going to give thee back, is as pure, at this moment, as it was when it proceeded from thee: render it partaker of thy felicity."

3. HORACE WALPOLE.

HORACE WALPOLE was in his day "the glass of fashion, and the mould of form," valuable for little besides his epistolary style, in the material in which his own nothingness is enclosed, as in amber, till it has acquired a certain conventional value. Rank, fortune, humour, were all his own; yet he lived for few things which were not frivolous, and maintained the contemptible character of a male gossip. What his thoughts of death were, the following passage from his letters will demonstrate:—

"I am tired of the world, its politics, its pursuits, and its pleasures; but it will cost me some struggles before I submit to be tender and careful. Christ! can I ever submit to the regimen of old age? I do not wish to dress up a withered person, nor drag it about to public

places ; but to sit in one's room, clothed warmly, expecting visits from folks I do not wish to see, and tended and flattered by relations impatient for one's death ! Let the gout do its worst as expeditiously as it can ; it would be more welcome in my stomach than in my limbs."

His letters, written at the end of life, some of which were to Miss Hannah More, show that, though occasionally much disgusted at life, religion exerted no influence whatever. Indeed, even in writing to that lady, he omitted no opportunity of satirizing both piety and its followers. Yet he confessed himself a disappointed man, though he could not forbear to jest at his own approaching dissolution. Living and dying, he was the same heartless and selfish voluptuary. "I shall be quite content," he writes, "with a sprig of rosemary,* thrown after me, when the parson of the parish commits my dust to dust !"

4. FREDERIC OF PRUSSIA.

"FREDERIC of Prussia, died," says Zimmerman, "in a continued disbelief of revelation, and of the immortality of the soul." His will provided that his body should be buried near his dogs in his garden.

5. CARDINAL MAZARINE.

"Give what thou wilt, without thee we are poor,
And with thee rich, take what thou wilt away."

THE minority and early days of Louis XIV., bore witness to the extensive power of Cardinal Mazarine. As a mere politician—regarding that character as unin-

* The symbolical language of the rosemary is remembrance ; "I'll remember thee." Sprigs of it were often thrown upon the coffin when it had been lowered into the tomb or grave.

fluenced by high and noble motives—he possessed great abilities. Death reached him in the zenith of his power; and, when his political ambition seemed to have grasped all which it desired, when consulted upon his case, Guenard, his physician, told him that it was only possible for him to live two months longer. He alone, whose whole heart and soul have been absorbed by the world, can imagine the despair with which Mazarine received the announcement. A few days after the sentence, he was observed to drag himself in his night-cap and gown along the gallery of his palace, and to mutter, as he looked at the splendid collection of pictures his wealth had amassed, “Must I quit all these?”* Perceiving Brienne, his attendant, from whom the account is derived, he broke out, “Look at that Corregio!—this Venus of Titian!—that matchless Deluge of Caracci! Ah, my friend, I must quit them all! Farewell, dear pictures, that I loved so dearly, and that have cost me so much!”

At another time, whilst in his easy chair, he was heard to murmur, “Guenard has said it—Guenard has said it.” One of his last amusements was cards, which were held for him by another, as his enfeebled hands refused to perform their office. When the time of his death drew near, he became most restless and uneasy, and was heard to say, with tears, “O, my poor soul! What will become of thee? Whither wilt thou go?” To the queen-dowager of France, he said, “Madam, your favours have undone me; were I to live again, I would be a monk rather than a courtier.” His last hours were, however, marked by greater firmness. On the 7th of March, 1661, he received extreme unction, and took

* This passage will recall to the minds of many readers, Johnson’s exclamation to Garrick, when the latter was showing to him the objects of taste with which his villa at Twickenham was beautified,—“Ah, David, David, these are the things that make a death-bed hard!”

leave of the king and royal family. After this, he assembled his household, begged their pardon for his faults with a great appearance of humility, and employed himself during the rest of the day in religious devotion. Yet, though in his interview with the prince of Condé, whose mortal enemy he had been, he expressed himself with apparent freedom and affection, that prince afterward discovered that he had not uttered a word of truth. He ordered himself, though dying, to be rouged and dressed, and then taken once more into public, that he might receive the hypocritical compliments of his courtiers on his apparent recovery. Some of his last words expressed his conviction that his physicians had not understood his case, and he was heard to say, "They have killed me." The day he died, one of them having brought to him nourishment, he fixed his eyes upon him with an intent and piercing expression, as if he suspected him of having hastened his end; and his last confession was, that he had sinfully murmured against the means adopted for his cure. Such was the miserable end of one who had subjugated France to his will, and appeared, after many tremendous struggles, superior to all his enemies. Will earthly possessions satisfy?

6. LORD BYRON.

"The bed, where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt, and pains, by turns dismay'd."—GOLDSMITH.

THE name of Lord Byron is as familiar as its associations are melancholy. His history was throughout peculiar, and its contrasts hideous. He had rank and genius; the latter was of a noble order, and was powerful alike in description and in passion, in pathos and in satire. His fame was sudden and resplendent; and although taste has already abated somewhat of its lustre,

it was not in the main deceptive. The circumstances of his early life might claim our pity, if pity were not overpowered by the strong moral reprobation demanded by his deliberate errors. Irregular and petulant as a boy; debauched and outrageous as a youth; entering upon life with every accompaniment of riot on the one hand, and sad disappointment on the other; contracting marriage with as heartless a selfishness as ever disgraced humanity, and surrounded after it by all the irregularities of vice and entanglement—the age of thirty saw him, “with all his household gods shivered around him;” separated from his wife—self-divorced from his country—a “Prometheus,” (to use his own title,) with all the vultures of conscience let loose upon his soul. His genius, which, properly nurtured, might have illuminated mankind, flared with a self-consuming fire. In the triumphs of his first success, he wrung from an admiring public, as piece after piece appeared, tributes of admiration never equalled; yet he ended his career by making his high powers instruments of the most bitter infidelity, the most caustic malice, and the most self-degrading buffoonery.

His death was doubtless, in its remote cause, produced by habits of intoxication freely indulged, and by the otherwise severe regimen he instituted to preserve his Apollo-like beauty. Self-will had been the leading impulse of his life, and was his ruling passion at the last. He had been exposed after a debauch to inclement weather, and was overtaken by dangerous sickness. No persuasion could induce him to submit to the necessary remedies. In vain was early bleeding urged upon him; he persisted in his resistance to the remedy till it was too late. He died at Missolonghi, in Greece, April 19th, 1824.

“It is with infinite pain,” says one of his physicians, “I must state, that though I seldom left Lord Byron’s

pillow during the latter part of his illness, I did not hear him make any, even the smallest, mention of religion. At one moment, I heard him say, 'Shall I sue for mercy?' After a long pause, he added, 'Come, come, no weakness; let's be a man to the last!'

7. ROBERT BURNS.

THE death-scene of Robert Burns was melancholy indeed. "I was struck," says a lady, in a confidential letter to a friend, "with his appearance on entering the room. The stamp of death was imprinted on his features. He seemed already touching the brink of eternity. His first salutation was, 'Well, madam, have you any commands for another world?'"

8. MIRABEAU.

GABRIEL HONORE DE RIQUETTI, Count of Mirabeau, drew his first breath at Bignon, March 9th, 1749. He was born *tongue-tied*, with a twisted foot, and with two molar teeth already cut. The first-named peculiarity little indicated the future fame of the brilliant orator. When three years old, he was attacked with confluent and malignant smallpox. Some quack ointments were imprudently administered; the result was, that on recovery his features were disfigured and deformed by huge and uneffaceable seams and furrows. At ten years of age, his life was in jeopardy from violent fever, the effects from which were neither slight nor transient. At fifteen he was placed at a military school in Paris. Here he became a proficient in the dead and living languages; but his favourite study was mathematics, united

with architectural drawing. In his eighteenth year, under an assumed name, Mirabeau entered the military service as a volunteer. For about a year all went well. He then became the rival of his colonel in a love affair. Dissensions ensued. Very possibly, military authority was pushed to tyranny. At all events, his regimental duties became unbearable: he abruptly quitted his corps and fled to Paris. His father, never friendly to him, now interposed. Through his intervention, Mirabeau was sent a prisoner to a fortress in the Isle of Rhé. His wish was, to have banished his son to the pestilential swamps of Surinam; but this the friends of the family overruled. Such was Mirabeau's position at the age of twenty! Released, by the good offices and favourable report of the governor, from his prison in the Isle of Rhé, he was entered as second lieutenant in the Legion of Lorraine, and despatched to Corsica. In 1771 a temporary reconciliation took place between the father and son. Mirabeau visited the marquis, who now consented that his first-born should assume the title of Count Mirabeau.

In the summer of the following year, he married Mademoiselle de Marignane, an amiable young lady, and an heiress in prospective. His matrimonial life was unhappy. Extravagant propensities soon involved him in debt; and his inflexible father, taking advantage of his embarrassments, obtained another *lettre-de-cachet*. Its effect was to compel Mirabeau to withdraw from his ancestral residence, the castle of Mirabeau, and to retire to Manosque, an insignificant town in its vicinity. Here he wrote his "Essay on Despotism."

The marquis's animosity was still unappeased. Not content with his son's retirement at Manosque, he sought and obtained against him an interdict from the Châtelet at Paris. Nor was this all. A letter of exile, by the same active intervention, was procured, whereby

Mirabeau was forbidden to pass the boundary of the town of Manosque, save under peril of severe punishment. To this alternative he subsequently subjected himself by avenging in the public road, some twenty miles away from Manosque, an insult offered to his sister by a dastard styled the Baron of Villeneuve-Moans. Him Mirabeau flogged soundly on the king's highway. The result was his arrest while attending the sick couch of his apparently dying child, followed by incarceration in the castle of If. Thither his wife declined accompanying him. She preferred a residence at her father's mansion at Aix to sharing her husband's prison apartments at If. His pen again beguiled Mirabeau's weary hours. He wrote in his rock-prison the life of his daring grandfather, Jean Antoine de Mirabeau, who spoke his mind to the king (Louis XIV.) on the venality and licentiousness of his court. M. Dallegre, Mirabeau's keeper, won by the wit and frankness of his captive, relaxes the severity of his treatment, and grants him many a welcome indulgence,—nay, more; becomes interested in his fortunes, and endeavours to procure his release. The marquis learns this, and instantly transfers his son from If to the castle of Joux—an exchange materially for the worse in point of comfort and situation, and reduces his allowance from 250*l.* to 50*l.* per annum. His talents again win for him the favour of the governor, who permits him to visit the neighbouring town, Pontarlier. There he became acquainted with the aged Marquis de Monnier and his beautiful and youthful wife,—a couple paired, not matched—the former being seventy-five, the latter eighteen. The acquaintance issued in the elopement of the marchioness with Mirabeau.

The guilty parties took refuge in Holland, and fixed their abode at Amsterdam. There, prompted by his necessities, Mirabeau, who had assumed the name of St. Mathieu, (from an estate of his mother's in Limousin,)

sought literary employment. He had, however, been in Amsterdam more than three months before it was secured by him. Then it poured in; and by labouring incessantly from six in the morning to nine at night, he contrived to earn a louis per diem. But those were now tracking him whose search he was not destined long to escape. He had admitted at Amsterdam being the author of the "Essay on Despotism." This was well known in France to be Mirabeau's, and the secret of his retreat became at once divulged. M. Monnier sent entreaties begging his wife to return, promising to forget and forgive everything; and even offered money to the fugitives. Sophie declined the marquis's proposal; and he, irritated at her refusal, commenced proceedings against her and Mirabeau to regain his settlements and her dowry. They resulted in a decree of the bailiwick of Pontarlier, by which the male offender was pronounced "guilty of abduction and seduction," condemned to be beheaded in effigy, to pay a fine of five livres to the king, and forty thousand livres to the Marquis de Monnier; the adulteress, Sophie, was sentenced to perpetual imprisonment in the Besancon house of correction, to be there shaved and punished like the females of the place, and to forfeit all her rights and privileges of every kind; her marriage portion going to M. Monnier.

At this in Amsterdam the fugitives smiled. But fiercer enemies were in hot pursuit. The Marquis of Mirabeau and the parents of Sophie had jointly resolved on terminating this criminal connexion and punishing the parties. The united efforts and united interest of Sophie's family and Mirabeau's effected a violation of international law; a police officer, Brugnières, was sent to Holland with letters of arrest, signed by Amelot and Vergennes; and with instructions to seize the fugitives *alive or dead*.

Of these proceedings Mirabeau, by some means, was

secretly apprized. Having ascertained that his and his guilty companion's arrest was "fixed for the 15th of May, on the 14th they decided on disappearing from Amsterdam. The flight was doubly difficult and dangerous from Sophie's situation. In the evening, however, fearful of being seen together, Mirabeau left the house, and a friend was to have conducted Sophie by another road to an appointed *rendezvous*. Scarcely had he turned out of the Kalbestrand, ere tidings reached him that she had been arrested at the very moment of leaving the house. He flew back, and found the account to be true; found, moreover, that his wretched and half-maddened companion was in the act of taking poison. Appealing to her love for him, to her duty to their unborn child, Mirabeau at length succeeded in extorting from her a promise that she would abandon her intention; with the reservation, however, that, did she not hear from him in a certain time, death should end all love and suffering forever."

And thus they parted! amid sighs, and tears, and protestations; amidst declarations of unalterable attachment and hourly remembrance,—to meet, after an interval of some years, as foes, with no other feelings than those of alienation, animosity, bitter and quenchless hatred; the conclusion, again and again exhibited, of lawless and unhallowed passion.

Madame Monnier's first destination was St. Pélagie, changed subsequently to another and milder house of correction, in the Rue de Charonne at Paris. In this she was entered under the assumed name of Madame de Courvière, and removed from it, after the birth of her child, by her sorrowing parents to the convent of Gien, near Montargis;—not very far from Bignon. Mirabeau's destination was more severe. He was sent into the donjon of Vincennes, there to abide a long, and rigorous, and wearisome imprisonment. While here,

among other questionable productions, he wrote those infamous letters, which one who has studied well his history thus severely condemns :—

“The darker portion of Mirabeau’s conduct relates to *Sophie* ; not to Madame de Monnier. When, under that name, he dragged her before the public, and indulged a loose and prurient fancy, in providing for the worst appetites of licentious minds, he became justly the object of aversion, and even of disgust ; and ranged himself with the writers of obscene works, but took precedence of these in profligacy, by making his own amours the theme of his abandoned contemplations. It is *the very worst passage in his history* ; and it is nearly the only one which admits neither defence nor palliation.”—*Lord Brougham*.

Three years rolled away. The ministry grew shy of the Marquis of Mirabeau’s *lettres-de-cachet* ; came to a conclusion that they were asked for rather too frequently ; and ultimately refused further participation, direct or indirect, in his private persecutions. Earnest appeals in his son’s behalf poured in upon the hard-hearted parent. Conscience smote him. He relented ; and on the 13th of December, 1780, after a captivity of three years and a half, Mirabeau’s liberation from Vincennes was effected. The prison-portion of his impetuous life was ended.

Months, many and tedious, elapsed before Mirabeau was received by his father. At length a reconciliation, apparently cordial and permanent, took place between these near relatives ; and the father and son went down together to Bignon. There a last interview took place between Sophie and Mirabeau—a painful and memorable interview. It seems that a short time previous to Mirabeau’s release from Vincennes, Sophie’s confinement had been materially mitigated, and she had been permitted to receive visitors. Among the latter was a

Monsieur de Rancourt. Mirabeau's jealousy was instantly aroused; and he avowed it in several angry and upbraiding epistles; answered not by explanation and disavowal, but by recrimination and counter-upbraiding. Pending this state of mutual angry feeling, Dr. Ysabeau, the convent physician, proposed an interview, which was eagerly accepted. All intercourse between the parties being strictly prohibited, the meeting must unavoidably take place by stealth and in disguise. Dressed as a pedlar, with the doctor and a nun for witnesses, Mirabeau succeeded in reaching the cell of Sophie. It was four years and two months since they had beheld each other. Then they parted with deep and earnest vows of everlasting constancy and love. Now they met bitter foes; sarcastic, suspicious, exasperated; each breathing complaint and invective against the other; till in mutual and ungovernable rage they separated, never on earth to meet again.

In 1783 occurred Mirabeau's two duels with M. de Galiffet. In both encounters the Provencal landowner was wounded. The next year saw Mirabeau in Paris, but with finances so crippled and prospects so clouded, that we find him applying to his friend Chamfort, for pecuniary aid; and that gentleman, not having cash, instructing him to sell some wine of his, and make use of the proceeds. The same year, 1784, France being no longer a safe residence for him, he fled with Madame Nehra, *Sophie's successor*, to England, with the intention of earning his subsistence by his pen. His stay extended to eight months. Finding his plan of supporting himself in London by writing French books wholly visionary, he returned in March, 1785, embarrassed and desponding, to Paris.

From this period, Mirabeau entered upon that course of intrigue, duplicity, and desperate action which made him one of the prominent actors in the early stages of

the French Revolution. Our limits will not permit us to trace him through this period. Suffice it to say that he exhibited the same deplorable want of moral principle which had marked his whole career. Talents and capacities of extraordinary mark combined with the utter destitution of every virtuous and honourable sentiment, make his name and memory infamous.

The last months of his life were a round of unbridled licentiousness. His sister, Madame du Saillant, grew alarmed; and the more, because she distrusted the skill and experience of his medical adviser.

In the middle of March his symptoms were aggravated by a tumultuous and exhausting banquet which he gave to a gay assembly, and where he indulged in unusual and imprudent conviviality. On Friday, the 25th, the debate on the regency closed; and on the 26th (Saturday) he went down to Argenteuil to direct the laying out of his new residence. While there on the 27th, he experienced a return of those excruciating internal pains which had more than once racked him, and which were now doubly formidable from the absence of all medical advice.

Undeterred by suffering, he resolved to attend the Assembly on the Monday. On his way thither he found his strength so completely prostrated that he was obliged to rest at the rooms of his friend Lamarck. For nearly an hour he was in a state of semi-consciousness, and then pursued his route only by the temporary and deceitful aid procured by the unsparing use of strong stimulants.

So sustained, he entered the Assembly; spoke five times, and at considerable length; then, having carried his purpose, and having seen his projects made law, staggered from the Hall.

As he was descending from the Terrace of the Feuillans, leaning heavily the while for support on the arm of a young friend, M. Lachèze, a concourse of people

gathered around him, some cheering him, some preferring petitions, some asking questions, some gazing silently and wonderingly upon him. The noise and hubbub distracted him, and he whispered faintly to his companion, "Take me hence! I have need of repose." His wishes were attended to.

The dying man then took a bath. Slightly refreshed by it, he went to the Opera. Many minutes had not elapsed before pain compelled him to retire. He could with difficulty descend the stairs, and had to be held up in the arms of his friends till his carriage could be found and driven round. He was then carefully placed within it *for the last time*.

"After inconceivable efforts," says Cabanis, "he arrived at his home, in a most frightful state. I found him nearly suffocating, breathing with great difficulty; the face swollen from the stoppage of blood in the lungs, the pulse intermittent and convulsive, the extremities cold, and himself making vain efforts to repress the cries his agony drew from him. Never, at the first sight, had any invalid appeared to me so decidedly death-stricken. My emotion made him perceive too well what I thought of his state. He said to me, 'My friend, I feel very distinctly that it is impossible for me to live many hours in this agony; these sufferings cannot long continue.'"

Early on Tuesday morning (the 29th) his illness began to be rumoured over Paris, and a few citizens, on presenting themselves at his door to make inquiries, learned the astounding information, that he was not merely ill, but was actually dying.

His last night on earth dragged heavily through, but at length came the dawn. As soon as day had broken, the windows were flung open, and the mild spring breeze stole in and fanned his feverish temples.

"My friend," said he, addressing Cabanis, "I shall

die to-day. When one is in that situation, there remains but one thing more to do; and that is to perfume me, to crown me with flowers, to environ me with music, so that *I may enter sweetly into that slumber from which there is no awaking!*" The sun now burst forth, and as he basked in his beams, he said, with ill-timed, if not irreverent familiarity, "If that is not God, it is at least his cousin-german!"

He then exacted a promise from Cabanis, that he would not leave him till his death; and added, "Pledge me your word that you will not make me suffer useless pain. I wish to be able to enjoy without drawbacks the presence of all dear to me."

"It was a sublime spectacle," says a spectator, "to witness the brilliant exertions of his commanding intellect, and the general equanimity of his deportment, the moment after his severest paroxysms—he but assisted at his own dissolution!" It must be owned, however, that beneath the surface of his death-bed greatness there was concealed an awful tribute to the weakness of all philosophy merely mortal. Cabanis, the friend and physician, confesses that he was pledged to expedite Mirabeau's death by opium, the moment pain should become extreme, and recovery lie beyond a hope. This secret source of strength once touched, Mirabeau descends, as by magic, from his unchristian altitude.

About eight, the death-agony commenced. His body was convulsed. He writhed, as though in frightful and agonizing pain. In dumb torture he signed for drink. Water, wine, lemonade, jelly, were offered; but refusing all that was offered, he made a motion for pen and ink. Supplied, he wrote the one word "*dormir.*" He wanted the eternal sleep of opium; but Cabanis affecting not to understand his meaning, he again took up the pen, and wrote the dubious, but terrible question, "Do you fear, then, that death, or that which approximates it, may

produce a *dangerous sentence*?" Still not understood, or, at all events, not obeyed, he wrote the memorable words, preserved for us as the dying man penned them, "While it was thought that opium might fix the malady, it was well not to administer it; but now that there is no resource but in the great unknown, (the *phenomene inconnu*,) why not try it? Can you leave your friend on the rack, perhaps, through days?" The overwhelmed Cabanis made poor answers. Promising laudanum, he wrote for a trivial composing draught. While awaiting it, uncertain whether it fulfilled, or not, the awful compact, pain and impatience gave back the dying man his speech, and he exclaimed, "My sufferings are intolerable; I have within me a hundred years of life, but not a moment's courage. You are deceiving me," he continued, as the messenger for the draught failed to return.

He was assured that the most urgent instructions had been sent to the doctor's.

"Ah, the doctors! the doctors!" he exclaimed, in agony; and, turning to Cabanis, "Were you not my doctor and my friend? And did you not promise to spare me the pains of such a death? Must I carry with me the regret of having confided in you?"

Dr. Petit entered, and Mirabeau became additionally anxious about the opium.

"Swear to me," said he eagerly to Cabanis, "that you will not tell Petit what you are preparing for me!" These were the last words of the great orator.

The draught painfully-expected came at last. He snatched the vessel and, drinking it off, turned on his right side with a convulsive movement, raised his eyes toward heaven, and died!

It was Saturday, January 2, 1791, about half-past eight, A. M., in the forty-second year of his age.

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